BLACK SCREEN

A low frequency beep echoes in the darkness:

*Beep. Beep. Beep.

(The screen dissolves into a vivid, full-color illustration of the dragon soaring through planets with its rider, marking the true beginning of the adventure.)

Before anything, the screen goes back to black….

The vivid illustration of the dragon soaring through starlit skies, distant planets, and swirling nebulae freezes, then slowly fades. The hum of the computer drops to a whisper.

In the dim glow of the bedroom, the kid leans forward, fingers hovering over the keyboard. This isn’t a glitch. It’s a lock. A deliberate void woven into the game’s code. To cross into the next world, he’ll have to wake it up.

The cursor blinks. Waiting.

Then:

Luix Flowpresents:

A **FlorezLuis** idea

Dragon Rider

- The adventures of a good Dragon and her Rider
  (for Teen Souls ONLY)

PART 1 (The beginning)

PART 2 (Cowboy Gus adventures in parallel Earth) (Kfjørg's brother)

PART 3 (Alliances and last Kfjørg trips)

INTRO

I THE NEW LAND

II THE HOLE

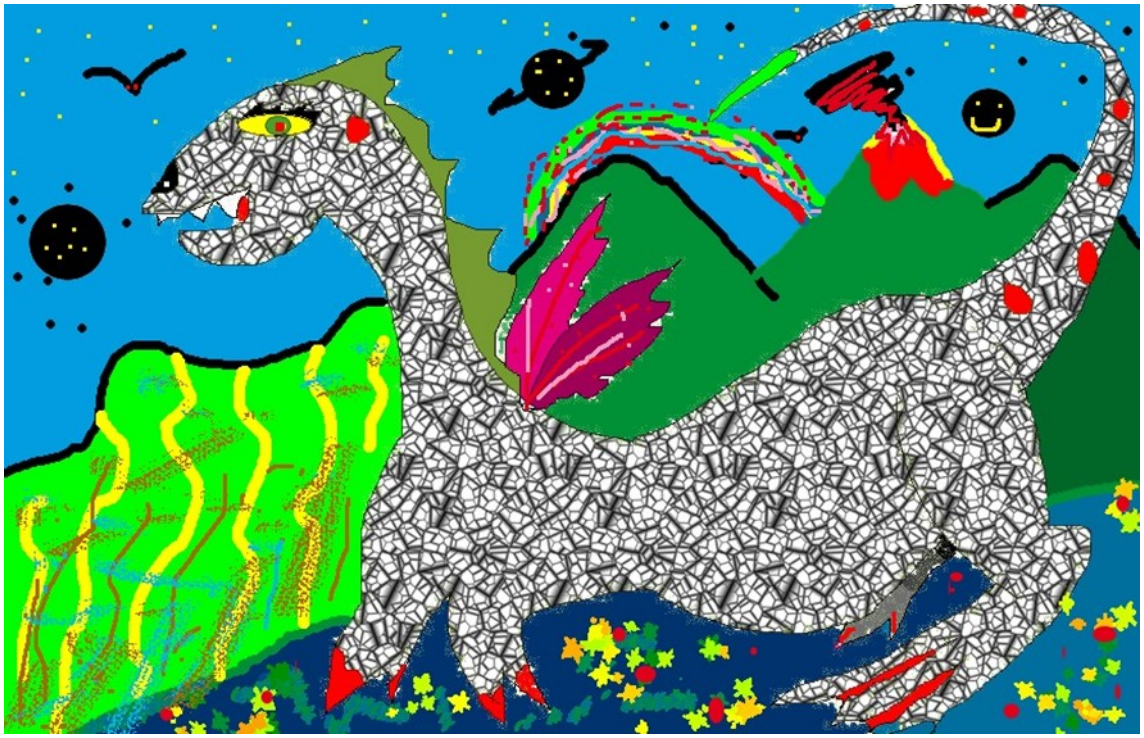
III SOLAR INTERVENTION

IV WARSHIPS FROM POMPEII

V THE END OF ATLANTIS AND THE EVIL FORCES

PART 1

INTRO (Story -insider- outline)



There was a long time ago, in the northern regions of ancient, primitive Earth, within the remote Scandinavian territory, a land named Götland. It was there that the people of Uz founded their enduring tribe in the early spring of this world.

They called themselves: The Uz. Descendants of the great-great-grandson of Adam, who bore the same name.

Gradually migrating north from the antediluvian city of Ur in Chaldea, they first pitched their tribal tents between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea.

Over the centuries, they resumed their pilgrimage, forging new paths among the almost virgin trails of ancient Europe, until they reached the far north—a land that would later be known as the Viking dominions of the Aurora Borealis, amidst frozen lands. To reach it, the tribe followed the great migration of millions of caribou.

Many centuries later, weary of the harsh cold seasons, the tribe migrated once more across the Atlantic waters. They embarked on a long journey with their warships, sailing from the ports of Götland to Ür, in the marvelous land of Atlantida. Years passed, and around 10,987 BC, Atlantida sank into the ocean, disappearing completely beneath the sea… swallowed by its own errors.

The last survivors of the Uz tribe decided to return to Europe, settling further south within a magical woodland that would later be known as the Swabian Black Forest in Central Europe.

But times grew rough and difficult once more, and the entire planet shifted again in the year 2030 A.D. Old Europe erupted like a volcano, just as other places across the globe did. Before the cataclysm, the leader of the Uz tribe was warned in dreams. Guided by this vision, the entire clan navigated once more, sailing away from the Mediterranean coasts and heading toward the vast, convulsed ocean of the Atlantic without a defined course. In their dreams, they had been told that in the final days of the shift, they must wait upon the high seas for the signal of a new land.

And so they sailed for several months without a fixed direction, until one bright morning, they discovered a stretch of dry land that seemed to be barely emerging right before their alarmed and weary eyes. It was still violently jolting, rising from the depths of the waters. And what a profound surprise it was for them! Can you guess what land had risen from the sea once more? It was none other than Atlantida itself...

Driven by a blind instinct encoded in their very DNA, the entire tribe of Uz advanced to the exact place where their ancestors had settled long ago: the lands of their old town of Ür. To their greatest astonishment, they named their new settlement with the identical name... honoring the ancient song they had always sung before the fire, around the giant bonfires they built during every full moon:

♪ Ohm Land of Ur ♬

Banner of great strength,

Of our race of giants,

Forged to succeed

On our beautiful planet of Agartha...

♪ Lalala, lalala, la-la ♬

Across the seven seas, we are navigators,

The waves are our blanket

That clothes our dreams,

We who were born in Ur of Chaldea...

♪ Lalala, lalala, la-la ♬

Dragons cleave the sky

And hunt our flocks,

Yet we do not fear,

For our elders have said

That one day, we would fly across the lands with them...

♪ Lalala, lalala, la-la ♬

The events that are about to be narrated and unveiled have been unfolding ever since Atlantida emerged from the oceanic depths, shifting backward and forward within the great spiral of time.

In the present day, for instance, the Earth's magnetic field and many other fundamental forces have evolved—or rather, changed their trajectory. It was as though the planet itself was undergoing a profound process of adjustment, striving to synchronize with the 5th-dimensional reality of its cosmic neighbors.

After the great upheaval and the shifting of the Earth's surface, four massive landmasses remained. The new inhabitants of this transformed world came to know them as the Great Islands:

Atlantida,

Inka-Terra,

New Jerusalem, and

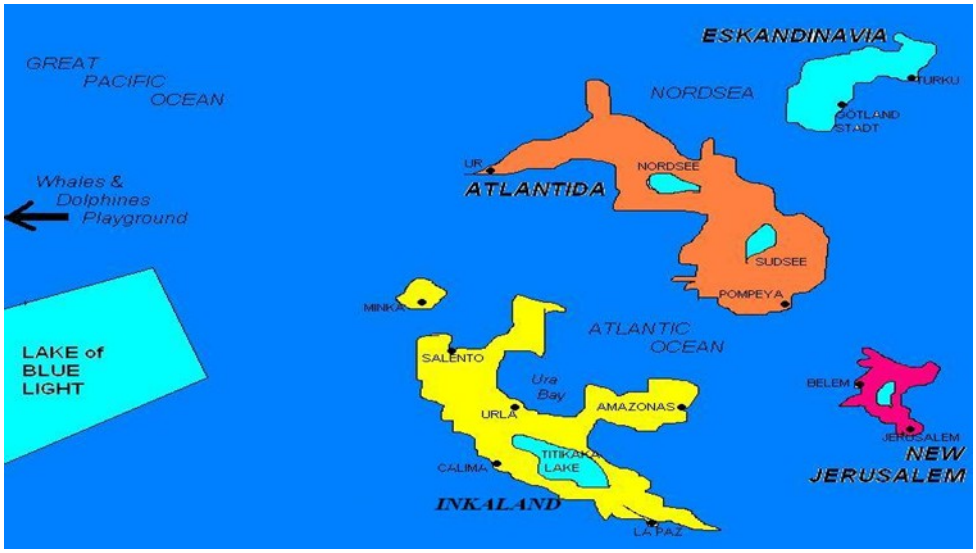
Skandinavia.

The rest of the planet sank beneath the waves in countless fragments, while other lands arose from the deep, like the ancient sister of Atlantida and the beautiful, invisible Lemuria.

The shapes of these Great Islands were not as vast as the continents of old. For instance, Atlantida now spanned an area roughly equivalent to the former continent of Australia. Inka-Terra was more or less similar in mass, while the other two islands were approximately half that size.

Since all the ice from the North and South Poles had melted into the oceans, the global water level had risen to 1,800 meters above the former sea level. Consequently, there was no more distant dry land on the horizon; instead, a vast, crystal-clear sea stretched endlessly across half the planet.

Map I



Survivors from the former continents of Asia, Europe, Africa, Australia, North and Central America, and the small islands of the Caribbean migrated to the newly risen lands, with many settling in the region now known as Pompeii.

A century later, in the year 2130, the story of Kfjørg of Ür is about to begin. But, my dear friends, let us have some patience, and allow me to finish describing a few last details about the new "special effects" surrounding Kfjørg… (By the way, it is pronounced: Kf-ie-org).

Humans now live their lives in a far more beautiful and healthy way than before. Consider this: people have become receptive empaths, capable of receiving energy from the invisible lines of the Central Sun. This energy activates pathways within their DNA, making them skilled in using the peaceful technologies offered by advanced planets across the Galaxy.

In this way, the new inhabitants of Earth can build an existence worthy of them, living in complete harmony with their brothers and sisters from other planets in the Milky Way, as well as with all the plants and animals that survived on the blue sphere.

The days are perpetually bright, reminiscent of a gentle spring season, bathed in a soft, distant illumination without oppressive heat. On one side of the Earth, the sun shines just as it has for billions of years. However, the solar system now rotates in alignment with a group of six other solar systems, all orbiting a larger Central Sun known as Alcyone—the most brilliant star in the Pleiades cluster of the Taurus constellation, located about 400 light-years from Earth. True nights no longer exist, though the days still have their gentle rhythms, preserving the familiar feelings of morning and afternoon.

Everything on Earth now appears soft and accommodating, allowing the new humans to lead lives that are modest yet fascinating and enjoyable. This environment strengthens original human values, fostering delightful relationships among people. The new social communities are granted a 1,000-year trial period to perceive if they can achieve inner balance, taking care not to fall back into the old vices and negative defects of the ego.

People have the opportunity for rapid spiritual growth amidst this exquisite new universal environment. They can enrich their intellectual connection with their intergalactic kin and adapt their physical appearance to evolve through natural mutations. Each organism was granted the efficiency needed to thrive in this new Fifth Dimension environment, allowing them to live in equilibrium. Most individuals possess great abilities to conquer the new challenges of Life… but not everyone is willing to do so.

Many now feel too lethargic to develop these new changes. This is evident across the Great Islands, where many have slowed their progress of consciousness, choosing to do nothing or reverting to the old ways their inner selves remember. Their DNA still carries traces of a contaminated past, and they seem uninterested in upgrading their genetic code to crystal cells. "Humans are just humans," they tell themselves. Few realize their Higher Self is connected to the Light.

Countless opportunities are available to the new inhabitants of Earth, but they must realize them within their own minds and hearts, according to their soul's evolution and consciousness, to make them come true. Whether they choose to do so or not, they must unlock their heart, mind, and brain to open the channels of power that will lead them through this "metamorphosis."

The ability to use telepathy as a primary mode of communication is another excellent tool offered to interconnect with other beings, nature, and animals. They can even move through some of the solid parts of the planet and travel through the local universe within their own inner heart-space at will. However, all this information is still too sophisticated for the masses to digest, remaining mostly in the realm of pure theory. This is a mistake the Galactic Federation regrets, wishing they had been more careful in choosing the right moment for Earth's shift.

For example, the highly sophisticated concept of becoming co-creators with the Father/Mother or the Main Source was not easy for many to assimilate. After all, the options available to them were vast: living together at a higher level of evolution and stepping forward into a possible eternity, living as One. Eventually, this would grant them the chance to enter a superior level of Life and Light, perhaps even assisting the Supreme in the creation of Life beyond the initial expansion of the Multi-Universes. But all of this, my dear friends, remains for the moment, a delicate subject for the mainstream masses.

I had almost forgotten to tell you one last, highly valuable detail: at the moment of the shift, children, terrestrial animals, minerals, and plants were rescued by an invisible energy, unseen on the planet until that very day. This feminine light energy, resembling a bolt of lightning, transported the children, along with the vegetable and animal kingdoms, to the surviving islands.

Later, humanity understood that it was not lightning that had carried them, but rather the beings living deep within the Earth at Telos. They had unsealed their invisible spaceships and rescued them all.

BACK TO BLACK

The screen goes dark for a split second, only to flicker back to life with a bold, glowing message:

“CONGRATULATIONS, KID. YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY PASSED THE FIRST LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE ‘DRAGON RIDERS’.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF. IN A FEW SECONDS, YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL.”

A black cat walks inside the dark room of the gamer. Looks around, and finds a place to crash.

I THE NEW LAND

Among the Uz tribe lived Kfjørg, an explorer in the Land of the Dragon Eggs. But what exactly do they mean by "dragon eggs"?

When Atlantida rose from the ocean depths, it brought with it a bundle of unopened dragon eggs—ancient, mysterious relics from the distant times when these majestic creatures used to rule the skies.

Kfjørg was a young boy with bright, piercing black eyes. A single, long tail of green hair cascaded from his head, intricately decorated with red seeds and small bones. It might have looked primitive to an outsider, but it was not. He had copper skin, matching the very earth where he was born, and wore the garments of ancient warriors.

He was an original. He didn't possess the exaggerated muscles of comic book superheroes; he was simply a regular kid, yet quite enlightened. "Wild" in spirit, he

remained deeply grounded in the astonishing awareness of the new realities connecting with this transformed environment.

Kfjørg loved to wander the highlands of northwest Atlantida, searching for more dragon eggs, before returning to his Maloka. He split his time between this communal space and his solitary cabin high up in the mountains. He was a proud member of the Ekino Maloka, a community where people connected with the "Mothers of the Animal Beings of the Galaxy." Here, they cared for animals, showered them with love, and shared joyful activities like horseback riding, as well as tending to the land to grow flowers, fruit trees, and vegetables.

In his spare time, Kfjørg enjoyed arts and crafts. He used his hands to create little, beautiful things, which he would affectionately gift to his friends and acquaintances once finished.

Kfjørg's primary duty was to wander through the northern peaks of Atlantida in search of these dragon eggs, meticulously keeping a record of his findings. His father, Thor, had once told him and his brother, Gus, that the eggs had remained asleep beneath the cold Atlantic waters for centuries. However, he also shared a crucial secret: they might finally hatch after being warmed by the suns for a hundred years.

> *beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep*
> *beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep*

This day was like any other. Kfjørg ascended the mountains and paused for a moment, gazing down into the valley from atop a massive, solid white rock that gleamed like silver. With one hand, he could trace the immensity of the Pacific Ocean; with the other, the vastness of his own territory.

Atlantida stood alone among the Great Islands, boasting a wide lowland corridor to the south with long, sweeping beaches, and a modest ridge of hills to the north near the town of Ür. The other islands, by contrast, were dominated by breathtaking mountain chains and deep fjords carved into their surfaces.

On this long day, an inner desire awoke within Kfjørg: the longing to truly connect with one of the eggs. He made his way to a special egg he often visited, drawn to it since the very first day he discovered it. He had named it "Apola," while the others were simply documented by their coordinates.

The dragon eggs were enormous; Apola alone was the size of an elephant. Often, such eggs were found buried in hidden places, requiring teams of men to haul them into the open so they could bask in the sunlight.

Apola, however, had been discovered resting just inside the mouth of a cave—a cave that offered direct access to the intra-terrestrial cities of Telos, inhabited by beings of humanoid form but with distinct physical traits. The cave lay within the Apollonian mountain range, on the northwestern side of Atlantida, not far from Ür.

The year 2130 was a profoundly special one for all humanity in the new lands of Gaia 5D. It marked not only the centenary of their wonderful new existence but also the long-awaited anticipation of the dragon eggs hatching in Atlantida, an event now expected at any moment.

Kfjørg gently rested his bare hand against Apola’s warm, temporal shell. He could feel her presence echo in his mind and heart, dreaming of the day he would ride her across the boundless blue skies of the new land and over its shimmering seas.

The very next day, a massive Viking ship arrived from Skandinavia. It carried a solemn delegation of visitors who made their way to the Maloka village of Ür. They inquired about the community’s status and their plans regarding the dragon eggs. Without hesitation, the villagers directed them to Kfjørg. After all, no one on the New Earth cared for the eggs more deeply than he did.

The people of New Jerusalem and Inka-Terra were busy dealing with their own day-to-day affairs. For non-sailors, the distances were enormous, making the fantastic stories of dragons from Atlantida seem like distant myths.

Among the new visitors from Skandinavia was a beautiful woman with reddish hair, sweet, curious eyes, and soft hands. The delegation was somewhat skeptical about the rumors of the eggs and had come to seek clarification. Their spokeswoman was this light-skinned, red-haired woman, her face and arms dusted with freckles, wearing a long emerald-green dress that the distant sea breezes gently swayed.

She asked Kfjørg: "In what sense of reality do you situate the story of these dragon eggs? And if they do open, could we consider the possibility that all villagers might be trained to ride them as a means of transport? Or, on the contrary, will they become brutal, enormous beasts with evil behaviors, like the great dragon, son of Sophia, that lived in the ocean depths? The same one that rose from the undersea years ago to fight the army of the Lords, only to be chained in the abyss and silenced for another thousand years?"

The lady in green paused, then continued: "All this now seems like a wonder, a gift of life, since Atlantida rose from the waters… but…"

"No," Kfjørg said briskly, interrupting the red-haired young lady. In an indubitable voice, meant to quell the murmurs in the public meeting hall, he almost shouted: "These are the same dragons that inhabited the Earth since antiquity! They are simply great animals radiating very positive energy. Now, they are even upgraded in patience and loveliness, perfectly suited to our present conditions of life in the fifth density. And I am sorry, but I am not programmed to listen to so many fears and unnecessary worries. That is too much negativity for me."

He spoke this last sentence aloud, but with a sweet and firm tone, and turned to leave the open-air hall where the emissaries had guided him to address the concerns of the illustrious visitors from Skandinavia.

But he was stopped by another question from the Skandinavian audience, who, living so far from Atlantida, had too many doubts: "Well, sir, what else can you tell us?"

These were questions Kfjørg did not have the energy to answer. He lacked the will to try and convince unbelieving, insensitive, or fearful people who did not understand the "good energy" of a creature that had been incubating and exposed to the sun for the last hundred years. Kfjørg knew that any person with an open heart could feel that energy from a great distance, at the mere thought of a dragon egg.

So, his final answer was simple: "I have a good feeling about them. Besides, we should be communicating through telepathy." That was all he said before hurrying out of the area.

The Skandinavians had traveled a long journey through a rather restless ocean from the ports of Götland Stadt. They hoped the people of Ür would show them a little more patience and understanding, given their remote location and inability to know all the latest news of Atlantida’s events. They expected more from the Atlantidians: more words, more answers, more explanations—the ways humans had preferred in the past.

But Kfjørg was in his own element, and that was his particular way of dealing with life today. He had already eliminated the architecture of bureaucracy from his system, replacing it with a simple form of communication that brought a fresh air of understanding, like a raw, honest kid speaking his truth. With just a few words, he could dismiss each uncomfortable inquiry directly. This kid was a dreamer, an observer, and an adventurer... not a harborer of fears. He had only one thing on his mind for a long time: being able to ride Apola when the time came.

Suddenly, out of the tumult of the convulsed crowd and their murmurs, one person followed him after the briefing. It was Xäälä, daughter of the Vikings.

"Excuse me, sir," she said politely as she caught up with him.

"Yes... my Lady," answered Kfjørg, turning slowly at the sound of a beautiful voice behind him.

"I understand you are the most knowledgeable about the dragon eggs on the planet," she said, continuing, "If you'll excuse me, Lord, we have gone on a long voyage through oceans of transparent blue and beautiful waves, ready to learn and expecting a little attention from you, sir…"

She looked around as if searching for something, her chest expanding with a deep breath. Her pleasant, modest dress, colored like vegetation with terracotta inlays, sat very well on her body and matched her hair perfectly. Her face showed no signs of bewilderment as she continued to speak: "And…"

But Kfjørg interrupted, approaching her with an open, honest smile and leaning in with respect: "My Lady, you have changed your way of expressing yourself since you began the ritual of questions inside the hall. You speak now in a very polite way. It fascinates me, showing a great degree of education, not to mention your beauty. Allow me to introduce myself... I am Kfjørg, the caretaker of the dragon eggs. I live up in the mountains and belong to the Ekino Maloka. We are fascinated by the care of animals; we feel very close to them, we love them, we play with them, and we enjoy them a lot."

Kfjørg paused, thinking of the best way to continue, his mind pleasantly occupied with warm emotions. He continued explaining while looking up at the blue, open sky: "Life is very simple and wonderful now, my Lady. Our days do not include complicated questions full of worries. They deserve a simple response to their fears, to end an invalid communication quickly and in a nice way." And with that, Kfjørg gently concluded his explanation to Xäälä.

"I see that you also have a great education, and you are a very kind person, Mr. Kfjørg. Well, it's very nice to meet you. My name is Xäälä, from Götland, of the Angls tribe. I

belong to a space transport project in Luft-Maloka." She looked into Kfjørg's eyes to see if she had kept his curiosity in the conversation. "My interest," she said, "is to know the kindness among all humanity. That is what I do while traveling: get to know the kindness of the people around."

“I know, my Lady Xäälä… It is a pleasure to have the chance to meet you. The encounter with you and your people is very pleasant. But please understand, that at this stage, with how things are in the timing, anything is premature when speaking in suppositions about the dragons, since we know little on the subject yet. So I suggest that you come with me, see, and feel for yourself. Come with your heart open."

He smiled again, and Xäälä smiled back. Instead of following him up the mountain right then, she invited Kfjørg to return with the others to enjoy the food they had brought from Götland to share with the Atlantidians.

"My Lady Xäälä, it's a pleasure. Please try to explain to your people how it really is with me. Now, as you will, let's go to the banquet with your people…"

"Do not worry, Herr Kfjørg. It's clear now, we all understand… let us go, then."

Meanwhile, high in the mountains of the Apollonian ridge, Apola's egg stirred, its energy resonating all the way down to the foothills and the valley where the meeting center lay. In the midst of the feast, as Kfjørg shared good food and conversation with the guests, he suddenly felt a deep, undeniable pull within himself. He immediately stood up and turned to Xäälä:

"Please accept my apologies and extend them to your tribe, but I must take my leave now. I feel that the time has come for the eggs, and I know deeply that Apola awaits me."

"A moment, Kfjørg… what does Apola mean? What is Apola?" she asked, a hint of fear in her voice.

"It is a beautiful egg. Do not worry, my lady," he said, turning his head and bowing to her with a warm smile. "If you want to witness the birth of a dragon, please hurry."

With that, he rushed off, running up toward the mountain. Xäälä looked at the congregation in amazement, waving her hands in a questioning goodbye. Inside the official guest dining hall, people raised their hands, offering smiles of farewell, utterly bewildered by their sudden departure.

She followed Kfjørg, breaking into a run. "Kfjørg, Kfjørg!" she cried out. "Don't run off wildly like an untamed animal!"

Hearing her voice, Kfjørg stopped at once and reached a hand out to her. His black eyes searched for her honey-colored gaze, and for a moment, they both felt as though they were moving in slow motion, caught in the midst of an ancient fairy tale that connected them. He gently took her hand, his touch soft against her fingers, and gave it a reassuring pull. Together, they ran wild and laughing up the nearest hill and beyond.

After an hour, they paused to take in the breathtaking view of the valley below, where the land was carved into circular parcels of vibrant, multicolored crops. They turned and continued up the mountain in a pleasant silence, listening only to their footsteps, the wind, and the birds. Since the new Earth knew no true night, the heavens painted themselves with a colorful, ever-shifting Milky Way, moving like a nearby carnival of lights. The planet's new atmosphere allowed the naked eye to observe the universe with startling clarity, as if a giant amplifying crystal hovered above the sky.

After hours beneath the eternal blue sky and the sheltered green surface, Kfjørg and Xäälä finally reached the cliff tops where Apola's egg lay beneath the stars. Hundreds of other eggs were scattered across the landscape, many of them already beginning to crack.

Pieces of Apola's soft shell were falling away, allowing a shimmering green skin to slowly emerge into the light. The two companions sat on a massive rock beside the giant egg. In the distance, they could see other eggs undergoing the same miraculous transition: tiny heads and limbs slowly pushing through the shells, gradually emerging into the fresh air.

Suddenly, before the two speechless youths, a magnificent, massive creature with luminous green skin and enormous eyes was born. She carefully extended her beautiful head, revealing two incredibly innocent, wide-open reddish eyes that tenderly sensed the sunlight for the very first time. Then, two huge wings emerged from the fractured shell, opening slowly as she stretched her body, disentangling herself in a graceful, ballet-like performance. Finally, Apola was completely free, clean, and ready to fly.

"Apola," thought Kfjørg.

"Kfjørg."

Kfjørg heard his name echoing inside his head; the word felt alive, resonating with a profound, undeniable connection. It was clear they shared a very special form of communication. Xäälä sat a short distance away, watching in absolute fascination as they approached each other, her big, expressive eyes seeming ready to pop out of their orbits.

As the two new companions drew near, Kfjørg stood on a rock and reached up to gently stroke her head, while Apola tenderly lowered her long neck toward him. Every movement she made was filled with love and sensitivity.

"I have been waiting for this great day, Kfjørg…"

"Yes... me too, Apola. You are very beautiful. We should go for a ride."

"Of course, Kfjørg. I want to fly... and your friend can come too."

The three of them took flight across the wondrous heavens. In some places, the ocean seemed to melt into the blue of the sky above, while distant planets stirred in the background, their reflections painting the waters below. No one knew what to expect ahead, and nobody cared anymore. Least of all in this magnificent moment, which felt like a dream come true. For today, the here and the now was all that mattered to them. As the old proverb says: "The voyage is what matters, not the destination."

After a while in the air, feeling each other's presence and exploring the entire firmament, gently brushing against the clouds that drifted between them, Kfjørg decided to ask Apola about the ancient dragon locked in the deep ocean. To this day, the Earth's deep gates remained sealed beneath profound waters, covering an abyss of fire where the creature was imprisoned.

"Why do we have to deal with that evil dragon, instead of having it destroyed forever when it was captured?" Kfjørg asked telepathically .

"It is a mystery beyond our comprehension," Apola replied. "From what little I know, he was Sophia's son. I suppose the Maker Gods allowed the child to live, despite Sophia's transgression of creating a being without involving the Creator's Love energy. The Light is now slowly absorbing all the darkness left by those erroneous creations made without Love. It is no surprise that he now appears as a monstrous dragon; he was even rejected by his own mother. Meanwhile, we must wait until the beast from the bottom of the oceans is released once more... but tell me, Kfjørg, how do you feel?"

"Well, dear Apola, much better now with your company. For now, let us take a relaxed flight to simply feel, enjoy the view, and cherish this moment as it is."

But Kfjørg's curiosity could not be contained. He wanted to continue questioning her until he could gain a clearer perspective on the coming millennial event that was pulsing in his

mind. Apola's new interpretations might help him paint a better picture, and besides, it was excellent practice for continuing to hone their telepathic connection.

"What do you know about the coming final battle with the dragon?" Kfjørg insisted.

"The evil dragon will gather the rebellious tribes of one of the islands for a fight," Apola projected.

"And what role will you and the other good dragons play in that battle?"

"We will serve as mounts and transporters for the Dragon Rider Warriors. It has been prepared this way since the beginning of time, for the confrontation on that great day of reckoning."

Kfjørg remained silent after that brief mental exchange. As they traveled through the skies, he glanced over his shoulder at Xäälä, realizing just how much she was enjoying the trip. At the same moment, Apola turned her massive head and, with a knowing smile, projected to Kfjørg:

"You are a warrior, Kfjørg."

They passed the coast near Ür and noticed, in the distance, a tiny ship with colorful sails. The Skandinavian group had come to witness the birth of the baby dragons from below. The area was now bustling with all kinds of people who wanted to experience the sea of Atlantida for their own purposes, while visitors observed from the ground or rode whichever dragon matched their personal energy. Dragons would only bond with those who were compatible with the receptivity of their emotions and thoughts through telepathy.

When they landed, Kfjørg and Xäälä made arrangements to join a group preparing to sail on several medium-sized ships. They were embarking on a two-month cruise to the great Pacific Ocean, on the exact opposite side of the planet, where one could not see any land

at all. Lemuria remained in its invisible mode; even from the heights of the sky, no land was visible. Whales, dolphins, and the newly freed dragons exclusively used this vast area of the sea, where they loved to play for endless hours.

Time passed peacefully. Apola lived high up in the mountain range with many other young, green-skinned dragons like herself, sometimes hurrying down to show themselves to the children and play. Meanwhile, in the colorful valley below, the villagers of the Ekino-Maloka went about their daily tasks as usual. Long before the excitement with the dragons, Kfjørg had often helped his brothers in their carpentry shop, dedicating time to the construction of shelters, the crafting of small furniture and tools, and other items made from dry wood that had naturally fallen from the gigantic, strong trees they called red baobabs. They did not cut down living trees at all. In his free time, Kfjørg also enjoyed carving spare wooden branches found in the forests, crafting beautiful animal figurines.

Most of the people in the new world concentrated their lives in small settlements across the four Great Islands. The planet's population was disseminated among only eleven such cities, which functioned more like small circles of large family clans. Each village had its own functional Maloka center dedicated to different activities. Only these Maloka centers featured fixed structures, constructed from clay, wood, and stone. The people lived in tepee-like dwellings, similar to those previously used by the indigenous tribes of North America, while large families occupied huge tents akin to those used by the Bedouins in the Sahara Desert. Most possessed a nomadic spirit, occasionally moving around the islands to camp where they pleased, returning seasonally to help in the Malokas at will.

Prior to the arrival of the dragons, the primary modes of transport were walking or riding horses within an island. For travel between the islands, people navigated on medium-sized boats crafted in Skandinavia. Very few utilized mental transport or teletransportation, and even fewer do so now, with the majestic arrival of the dragons.

While the giant, colorful-sailed ship from Skandinavia sailed away, enjoying the fortune of gliding over the waves of an immense and calm sea, some of the visitors who were sailors by profession decided to stay in the town of Ür. They waited for Götland to send additional

ships to Atlantida, with the noble intention of teaching the other tribes the ancient arts of ocean navigation.

One "day," in a casual moment while everything on the face of the Earth seemed to work in calm harmony, a disturbance arose from the immense blue of the oceans. Aboard a Skandinavian vessel exploring the distant seas, a lookout noticed a massive gray cloud self-generating in the distant sky. All who watched could perceive how a steam-like mass, resembling a dense, dark raincloud, moved slowly with a compact, mysterious momentum toward the islands.

Kfjørg and Xäälä, who were at that time aboard one of the new Skandinavian ships, had been conducting marine projects for several months alongside a group of scientists, developing renewable techniques based on the continuous movement of the waters. Quickly noticing the anomaly of the gray cloud heading toward the islands, they immediately ordered the boat to change course to observe the phenomenon more closely. On their new planet, black clouds were not supposed to exist. Kfjørg instantly reached out telepathically to Apola, who was currently playing with whales and dolphins not far away.

In seconds, she was beside him, accompanied by a few other dragons, flying low around the boat almost at sea level. She extended her long neck toward the ship's quarterdeck, where Kfjørg stood next to Xäälä. He asked Apola to investigate the incident alone. She hurried forward at sea level, feeling the glowing waters and the warm ocean drops tapping gently against her face. Smiling cheerfully as the splashed water tickled her neck, she nevertheless felt a growing worry about what that dark cloud might be. Circling the dense mass a few times, she sharply perceived strange, vibrating shapes moving within its interior.

A slight distrust flashed in her bright red eyes, yet she pressed forward, slowly drawing closer. However, Kfjørg suddenly felt an uncomfortable sensation emanating from the object, as if it were hiding something sinister. Sensing a hint of distress in his dragon friend, he shouted a telepathic warning to Apola, urging her to exercise prudence and not get too close.

When Apola was less than a kilometer away from the compacted cloud, which darkened with every passing moment, her instincts screamed of hidden danger. She caught the scent of a fetid odor in the area, and the temperature shifted sharply, becoming unbearably hot. Kfjørg dreaded that something terrible might happen to his dragon friend, while Xäälä held his arm firmly, her eyes wide with wonder and apprehension regarding the strange "object."

Just as Kfjørg urged Apola to retreat, a swarm of small, flying insects emerged from inside the cloud, all heading directly toward the large vessel. The passengers of the immense ship and the crew of the smaller boat, where Kfjørg and Xäälä were watching the unfolding nightmare, began to feel rivers of coldness flowing down their spines, forcing them to retreat in concern and panic.

As the insects drew closer, the humans realized they were not as small as they had initially thought: each one was the size of a large eagle, equipped with metallic wings and eyes that shot searing laser beams, which Apola had to deftly dodge to avoid burning her skin. Apola's speed, if she chose to exert it, was up to ten times greater than that of the mechanical insects. Kfjørg asked Apola to mentally call for reinforcements from the mainland and to warn the other dragon riders. Anticipating a battle, Kfjørg projected the thought, and within seconds, an army of dragon riders wielding gleaming crystal swords surrounded the Skandinavian ships, forming a protective barrier. Immediately, the winged metal bugs retreated back into their dark cloud to hide.

The dragon riders were instructed to fly around the dark cloud to perceive its interior. After circling it for a short time, they reported to Kfjørg that they detected what appeared to be a small, round planet hidden within the cloud.

The commander of the larger ship, Mr. Lällipalaine, asked Kfjørg if he could discern the consistency of that planet's interior. Kfjørg replied that it possessed an invisible texture, but it was definitely not a holographic image. The commander then urged Kfjørg to try communicating with the living being directing the flying metal insects.

Kfjørg sent waves of mental vibrations penetrating the interior of the cloud and into the sphere, but received no answer. In silent communion with the other dragon riders, they united their thoughts, preparing to freeze the small planet and its molecular system. But a split second before they could act, the gray cloud halted. It began to slowly open at its center. When it was almost a quarter open, a massive creature emerged from within. It had the shape of a man's body, supported by many insectoid legs, and topped with the head of a snake. It was profoundly unpleasant and radiated pure fury... until a loud, piercing whistle erupted, gradually transforming into a booming, resonant voice:

"We are from XINTRAK," said the voice, carrying the mysterious, electric tone of a storm. "We are from a constellation beyond this physical universe of time and space. Our existence depends on the sustenance of your solar system. We live within a bizarre dimensional diagram in this sector of life, located exactly in an electrostatic band opposite to your part of the universe... The reflective energy coming from your solar system, arrives at one invisible and parallel universe of yours, like a mirrored cosmos... making us the antipodean and shadowed reflection of your thoughts."

"But we are willing now to evolve and change that in better frequencies of life for us... Since nowadays the thinking of many of your planet here is changing in a dizzying way towards an extreme negative polarity that is affecting our life in our constellation… we are by that action on the verge of being dissolved between the darkness due to the parallel interaction that we have with the Earth, and we need your collaboration immediately to resolve that condition… the appearance of us that you see now is the product of the negative thoughts of many Earthlings... We are of the race of the Nims."

"How can we help your planet from here," someone called out from the deck.

"Certain humans must be faded out or shifted to a different density along the oblique parallels of this dimension's programmed geometries." A silence as cold as ice fell over everyone present. Finally, Kfjørg spoke, his voice trembling with conviction:

"That cannot be. Those humans must be allowed to progress along the slopes of evolution, to see if they can find ways to transform their negative thoughts."

“There is no other way, Mr. Kfjørg. They are in direct contradiction to the spirit of the Creators in this age of advanced free will. We know your personal thoughts are healthy and full of value; you always seek the general welfare. We need your help to root out those negative tendencies within humanity immediately. Otherwise, it could trigger catastrophic consequences for both our planets. It might accelerate the end of the 1,000-year evolutionary agreement, plunging us into a pre-neo-apocalyptic holocaust. Such a twist could disturb other spheres in this part of the Universe, greatly distressing the Great Father/Mother and degrading the Life of Light to a lower degree.”

"What kind of help are you asking of us?" Kfjørg said, his voice heavy with agony and frustration. "How can we eliminate those spirits without creating a chain reaction of even greater negative significance through the act of annihilation?"

When Kfjørg's sentence ended, the entire Pacific Ocean seemed to feel a deep, echoing void. All the humans looked at each other in despair. The dragons continued to circle in the distance against the intense, unnatural color of the sky, while the creature pressed on with its grim proposal.

"We need you to act as a mental mediator and transmitter for our cleansing energy waves. There will be no negative repercussion in the action itself. We have authorization from Uversa."

"In that case, alright... but what does the process mean? Is it going to hurt, or..." he asked the insectoid form.

"What it means, Kfjørg, is that instead of sending the invisible wave of elimination directly to those with conflicting thoughts against the harmonious movement of the universe, we will send it to your mind first. You will act as a filter, and from there, it will reach them. It is, in a way, an act of respect for the local energy of Agartha. It works cleanly, without side effects."

"It seems we have no choice. It is as if the seeds of the evil dragon remain immovable and still very strong among us..." murmured Kfjørg.

"I want to anticipate something about the future, Kfjørg," the electric, insectoid voice from Xintrak continued. "Around the land of New Jerusalem, there will be a small, conflictive alteration about 900 years from now. The same will happen in Pompeii. But for now, the largest concentration of negative energy that must be eliminated to prevent our planets from becoming unbalanced lies within the territory of Inka-Earth."

"Then, what you feel will be deleted is because they are too connected with the darkness?"

"When the dragon eggs hatched, creating new, wonderful life, a contrary reaction occurred in the counterpart thoughts of your planet. This opposite reaction was fueled from the nucleus of people who, out of fear, did not like what was happening with the dragon eggs. Immediately, a dark energy from the bottom of your ocean—from the chained evil dragon—detected this unnecessary rebellion. It created a dark, invisible wave on the planet that was instantly absorbed by those most perceptive to the obscure. They are like practitioners of ancient rites, which are unnecessary in this new way of life you all share. I am sorry, Kfjørg, but for the kindness of all of us in this larger universe, this action must be taken. It causes as much pain to us as it does to you."

The entity waited a few seconds for Kfjørg to assimilate the words, then continued: "Now, please, keep your eyes closed, Kfjørg."

Kfjørg seated himself in a meditative posture, levitating in the air above the small ship. Thinking of Apola, he slowly entered a dream state of consciousness. Invisible forces moved his body through the air and over the waters, positioning him in an equidistant space between the ship and the gray cloud. He remained suspended in levitation for long seconds, while the people on the ships watched and sent their love to him.

Shortly after, a ray of blue light shot from the dark cloud, striking Kfjørg. From within him arose a sonic vibration that spread over the waters, moving invisibly and swiftly toward the island where the energetic extermination had to be carried out.

The wave of sonorous vibration shook everything smeared with negative polarity in its path. It struck only the darkest hearts and densest thoughts of the inhabitants of Inka-

Earth, immediately dissolving the souls and the physical bodies that held them.

Within a few seconds, the entire process was over. The gray cloud rapidly shifted its shape and color, transforming into a gleaming, golden mass. Above it, seated on a majestic throne, appeared a towering humanoid figure, nearly ten feet tall, hairless, with an elongated cranium, and draped in a pristine white robe. With a deeply relaxed voice, he spoke calmly and with profound Love:

"Thank you, Kfjørg, for your cooperation, and thanks to all the inhabitants of your planet for your understanding and cooperation. As you can see now, this is our true form." And they all showed up as beautiful radiant beings of some sort of humanoid look. Different colors.

"Welcome, sir. What is your name?" Kfjørg asked softly.

"I am VULKU, of the Antria group of planets, constellation Xintrak. When you need something or any kind of help, all you have to do is think of me. I will read the thought and be ready for telepathic cooperation. For now, farewell, and thanks again. It was a great pleasure to meet you all and to work with Kfjørg."

Vulku disappeared, and the dragons returned to the mainland. Kfjørg was already back inside the ship, trying to rest from the immense effort. Nobody said anything at that time. It seemed as if the Earth itself was profoundly tired after having endured such a forced, cosmic unraveling.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep
beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

"CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY PASSED A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE 'DRAGON RIDERS'.

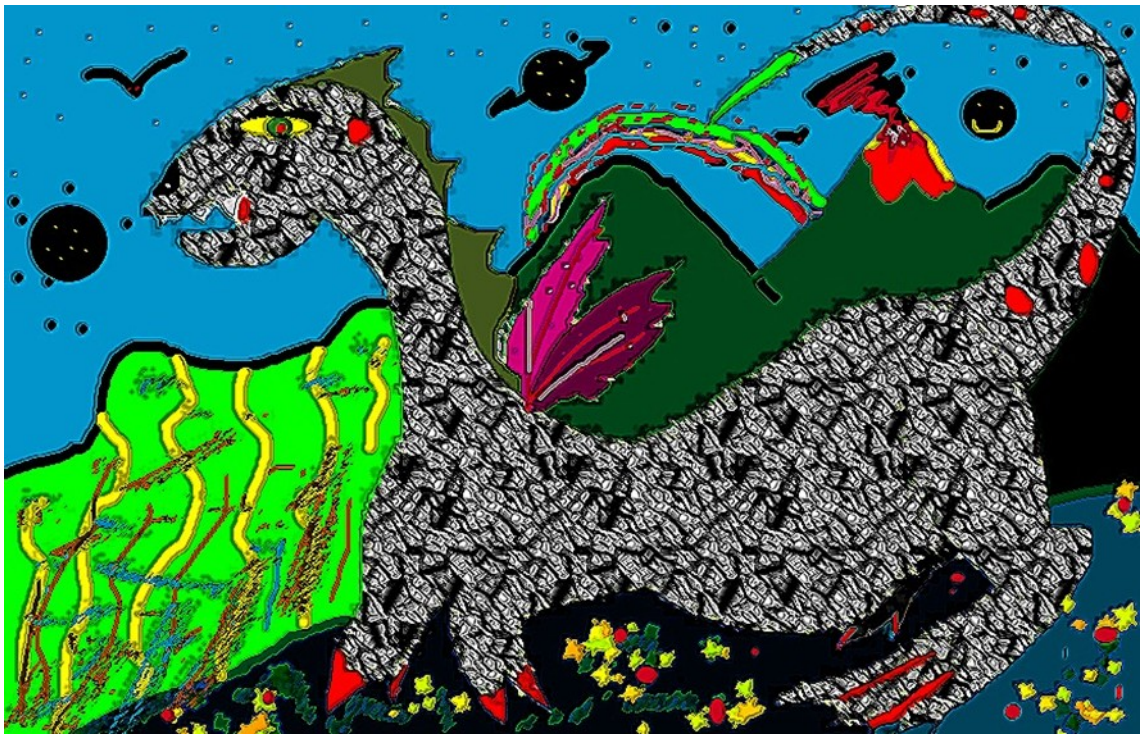
DON'T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL".

This is not just a system message. It is an act of dimensional transition: because the cosmic silence is not an ending… *it is the bridge that connects the Earth to the player's room*, and every "beep" is another knot in the weave that reminds us we are playing, but truly feeling.

In the dim light of the room, a cat with dark fur sits quietly beside the keyboard, its eyes fixed on the screen. It does not meow. It does not move. It only thinks, in that silent language known only to cats and dragons:

"Another level crossed, another weight carried in this child's soul. The Earth breathes, and he breathes with her. How curious it is to witness a world being born behind a sheet of glass."

II THE HOLE



Kfjørg and the rest of the dragons had returned to Atlantida. One of the Skandinavian ships was sent across the oceans for a reconnaissance of the surface waters, to verify that everything was in order after the event. Once ashore, Xäälä and Kfjørg took a pair of horses and rode toward the northeastern beaches, a region of cliffs and fjords. Once there, they explored the idea of taking a long walk through a new place in the woods, which Kfjørg wanted to show Xäälä.

Upon arrival, Kfjørg jumped from his horse and lay down on the ground. He wanted to feel the earth against his back for a few minutes, grounding, restoring his energies. After a while, when he felt renewed, he looked at lovely Xäälä and felt much better.

"You're very tired," Xäälä said softly. "It's hard to build a decent world..."

They hugged each other and smiled in gratitude.

The new place where Kfjørg and Xäälä stood was filled with trees and singing birds. The sunlight filtered transparently through the forest in a different kind of light; they could see the air particles dancing between the trees, as if caressing the foliage of the raw vegetation, enhancing the sight. In that silent bliss, they stayed camping for a long while together. They played, they ran, they loved, and they lived.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep
beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

In the shadowy gamer's room, the black cat with yellow eyes watches the screen from the corner of the desk. Its long, thin body is stretched out, fur pressed close to its skin. It does not meow. It only evaluates:

"They lie on the earth. They hug. They live… to remember they are still humans. I am always grounding on the patio, after all cosmic storms, hihihi. This human child watches, and something inside him understands. This is not a game. This is a mirror of his own imagination… jeje. I love my cool human."

"Do you know, Kfjørg, where the people of Atlantida come from?" Xäälä asked one sunny day.

"From abroad, my lady, from all the lands that sank deep into the oceans long before this time."

The scenario is perfect: light filters throughout the forest, peace after the cosmic storm, and a conversation that promise to expand the lore of this world.

"Did your tribe know that the Earth was going to sink?"

"The elders were more or less warned about it in a dream, so they built medium ships somewhere on the continent, similar to what Noah did in ancient times before the flood of his land. But the people were very busy with worldly affairs and forgot the warnings of the last prophets. Few of us embarked to the seas, waiting for the change and the rise of Atlantida, as it was promised to come to the surface."

"And where did you come from, sir?"

"I came from a small town in Swabia, from the tribe of the Hohenstaufen, descendants of Uz. And you, my lady, what is your tribe?"

"Of Säämi, tribe of the Angls, descendants from the north of Aslaks."

"A very distant journey, my lady."

"That depends on what you consider near, sir…"

"Well, yes..." He paused, looked up at the sky, and continued: "I feel that I want to stay here forever. Would you like to join this adventure?"

"Yes, Kfjørg..." she smiled. "But only for now. I'm afraid I cannot stay too long away from home, my lord. I have things to report to the head of the tribe."

She looked into the distance, from the cliffs to the sea, and into the foliage of the trees swaying lazily with the small breezes that swiftly raced through the grove. She opened her beautiful eyes, and Kfjørg saw there, far into the waters, the Viking boat that patrolled the Pacific Ocean, sailing around in search of inconsistencies.

A romance manifested slowly between the two beautiful youths. Xäälä bloomed with the sea breeze, growing more radiant every day. Together, they climbed daily among the cliffs, which helped her temper her grace and sculpt the curves of her body. She was a maiden, a daughter of the new planet. The lady's heart was sweetened by the fibers of an unconditional love that colored the space between them.

Physical love was filled with caresses and soft words that helped build sentiments much more in harmony with that firmament that sheltered them. In the evenings, a musical

secrecy slowly cuddled them, reviving the romanticism that had disappeared before among humans.

"How do you feel now, sir warrior?" she said to him, approaching sweetly and gently touching her cheek against Kfjørg's. Her reddish hair, cultivated by the sea breeze, fell upon her freckled, tender skin and upon Kfjørg's, with its beautifully rebellious background of colors from all the planets and stars dancing in the skies. Her eyes, with green and honey tones, reflected the love of the universe itself.

"Like flying on white clouds. Your company, sweet lady, fills me with the divine and exquisite chalice of adventure, and I feel complemented on the voyage."

Kfjørg's hair created a beautiful contrast with the silhouette and color of Xäälä's figure. He slowly stretched his strong arm to bring her closer to his body, and a soft, careful kiss united that spiritual friendship. It might transport them to unknown adventures that even the youths could not imagine could happen among the infinite universe before their imagination. But that was to be seen much later, between the centuries to come.

Meanwhile, now, in this beginning of their lives, they would have to face the inhabitants of the blue planet and the unknown challenges that might arise due to the initial state of density they experienced as a cosmic community, waiting for the portal of light from the Arcturians to open again in the next galactic synchronization, to change into a higher density with their bodies and souls.

For a long time, Kfjørg remained among the forests of the northern beaches, camping alone. Xäälä joined him from time to time, and they amused themselves by walking among the paths of the groves and playing in the lower part of the cliff by the small, nude beaches that caressed their lives with a taste of freedom.

When Xäälä visited, they also liked to explore the unknown corals for fun, looking for small shells and different animals that came and went on the beaches. They played a lot with the waves, climbed among the rocks toward the forest, where they ran through the trees and climbed to the heights to see the landscape of the woods shaken by the winds. They heard

the great number of birds that sailed among the canopy of greens. They loved to entertain themselves with the always playful animals.

That act of cosmic reunion, was the sacred recognition of two souls that have traveled galaxies to find each other. Their love actions, connected the ancient past with the infinite future.

But for days now, Xäälä was gone. A couple of days ago, he had seen the ship sent to reconnoiter the Pacific Ocean land in the ports of Ür. Kfjørg thought she might soon bring news from the Viking ship.

Later that day, he heard the galloping of a horse approaching his small campground.

"Are you ready to enter Ür, sir?" she said politely and gently after hugging him.

"Why? What happened, Xäälä? What news do you bring from your ship?"

"You'd better come and see for yourself."

They jumped on their horses and departed for Ür, crossing the beautiful landscapes between the cliffs of the northern coasts of Atlantida. Their silences helped build the beautiful friendship they cultivated. It was refreshing for Kfjørg to hear the sound of the sea waves drumming against the rocks, with all the immensity of the universe in sight, while going down the hills.

When they arrived, they found a commotion in the city among the people. Kfjørg asked a passing pedestrian for information about what was happening. He was told that an abyss, like a huge hole, had been seen in the Pacific Ocean by the Viking ship.

Kfjørg and Xäälä made their way to the main square, stepped down from their horses, and Kfjørg hurried to the council household. He entered. The chiefs stood around the huge wooden table in the center of the meeting area, arguing aloud. They immediately turned

their faces when Kfjørg got closer to the table. Xäälä contacted her people, walking with her face looking at Kfjørg.

"Kfjørg, we're very worried," said the Major with oversized, scared eyes.

"Well, no worries for now. Please give me the details."

Lady I: A huge abyss was sighted in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

Major: Let the captains of the ships present here tell us about the almost catastrophic vision they observed in the open sea.

Captain of the Viking explorer: Well, a while ago, when we were entering the waters after the departure and presence of Vulku, we found an underwater cavity between the 150th and 50th parallel, and 0 and 70 degrees north from the equator. The captain stopped to breathe easily, then continued:

"We distinguished in the middle of those waters a hollow of enormous proportions that we could not approach, fearing to be absorbed or fall into it." He stopped, clearing his throat, and continued with a trembling vibration in his voice: "It is as if a giant knife had made a cut in a zone of immense waters, and then they were removed from their place, as if drawn out from their area."

Lady II: I'm afraid we're doomed after that Vulku visit.

Kfjørg: I will examine it and pass a report as soon as I can.

Kfjørg moved out quickly at the end of his brief speech. Xäälä looked at him from afar.

Kfjørg called Apola, and the two went to the wide Pacific. They passed by the place where whales and dolphins liked to play. Kfjørg thought it might have been a release of liquids from the charged energies during the extreme experience with Vulku, and that it might have happened nearby.

Shortly after a time of flight, they spotted with Apola the empty place between the oceans. They saw that what they had was literally a cubic-shaped hole, as if it had been cut with a

giant knife in the middle of the ocean. A slice of square sea drawn off from the blue liquid cake, a place where one could see the bottom.

Kfjørg flew above it, feeling the energies coming from that empty space. The feeling was warm and friendly. His intuition told him the same as Apola's hunch. Deep in the dry space, he could see the sea floor reflected on the transparent walls, as if it was the inside of an aquarium. So they rolled into the interior and flew, looking at themselves being reflected as a blurry mirror on the transparent walls, like inside a fish tank full of living beings. The fishes on the other side seemed beautiful and amused with their different view.

They reached the bottom and landed. Kfjørg descended from Apola and began to walk in there, feeling the energy on his feet, while Apola watched.

"It's all quiet, and there's no bad energy inside," Apola said. "Shall we play?"

Kfjørg ran to her, and she tried to clumsily walk away. He jumped on her tail, but she moved it really fast, making him fall on the ground. They both laughed.

"Yes, I might think it has to do with Vulku," said Kfjørg. "I'll try to contact him. Hold on, Apola, I'll be back."

Kfjørg went to a surface elevation, sat on it, crossed his legs, closed his eyes, and thought of Vulku. Kfjørg did not wait more than half a second to hear within him:

-Vulku: Hello, Kfjørg, I greet you.

-Kfjørg: Hello, friend Vulku. How was your trip back to Antria?

-Vulku: It could not have been a better trip after that cleaning. But that's not the reason you're calling, Kfjørg.

-Kfjørg: Yes, I know. I ask you if by chance did you notice that some pieces of our oceans have disappeared?

-Vulku: Oh, dear Kfjørg, it happened because of me. I forgot to tell you, to communicate it

at that moment, that the waters of that cavity were used to form the cloud of protection for your people. Since without the waters in the form of a cloud, our presence during the beginning of the visit would have been very harmful to humans.

-Kfjørg: And do you think those waters could possibly come back?

-Vulku: Yes, if I wanted, but not the same waters. I can send you interdimensionally some neutral liquids from a nearby planet of the next solar system back to your ocean. But take a detailed look for a moment at the potential that "hole" has. I think it could interest you very much. Have you felt the energy inside it yet? By your vibration, I guess you already did. Your people can explore the place with the green dragons you have. Once inside, you may have the option of expanding your culture and the capacity of the mind.

You might ask: how would we do that? We filled the empty space of the cut with a very clean and pure blue energy. We made it as compensation for the loss of liquid. We think that the energy that exists inside the well will give a great opportunity to develop higher levels of consciousness on a personal and collective level.

Understanding of the unknown is also a key to advancing as a social group toward the Age of Light and Life. We believe that in that way, your civilization may be more in tune with the outside communities of all universes. Are you interested in keeping the Blue Lake of Light with you, Kfjørg?

Kfjørg: Tempting and sweet proposal, Vulku. I have to say I like the idea very much. It seems like a positive option for the development of our consciousness.

Vulku: Okay, I knew you'd love it. Just go there and feel like swimming in the empty space of the Lake like a child without worries.

Kfjørg: Thanks again, Vulku.

Vulku: Until the next one, Kfjørg. It was a pleasure.

-Kfjørg: Ciao.

And Kfjørg remained commenting with Apola: *"That was the good energy we felt when we arrived."*

"Yes," said Apola, *"let's explore the place."*

Kfjørg walked and then tried to walk faster and saw that he could transport his body at will inside the blue lake, fly, or surf the walls like a dolphin. He wanted to switch to the opposite wall, and in a swift thought, he was already on the other side. While Apola, astonished, seemed to enjoy the game. Kfjørg moved gently into the empty space inside the Lake, as if he was flying in slow motion.

"Come on, Apola, let's swim the void. It seems that down here I will not need you anymore, hahaha."

“It's very beautiful, Kfjørg," she replied, floating with him.
Apola and Kfjørg began playing together inside the blue energy lake like two merry little children who made fun chasing each other.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

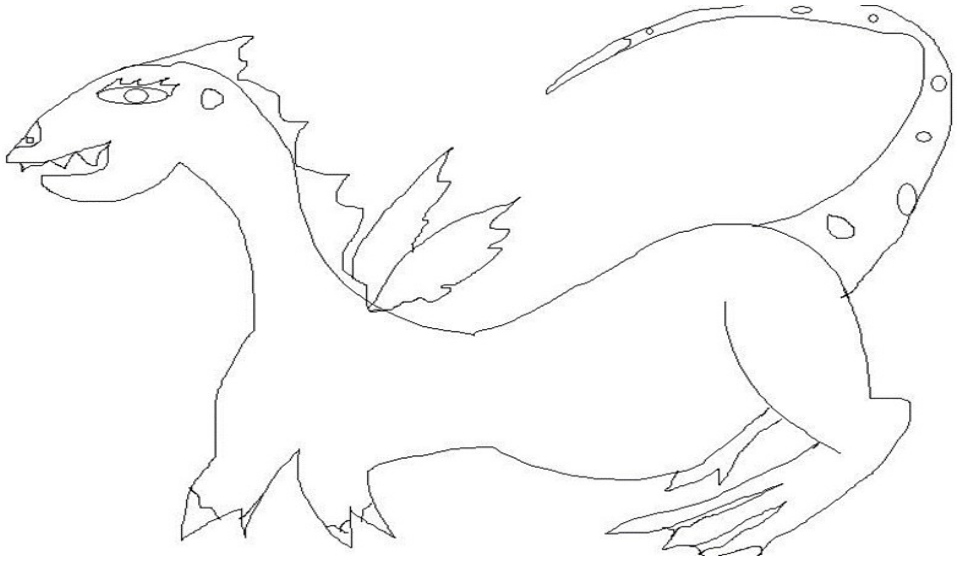
“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

In the vague light of the room, the black cat with yellow eyes wakes up. Opens one eye, watches the screen from the corner of the desk. Stands up. Its long, thin body is stretched out, fur pressed close to its skin. It does not meow. It only thinks:

“I can´t stand that beep inside my ears. It always wakes me up. Shit!”

III SOLAR INTERVENTION



The day was reborn amid a beautiful morning feeling. Kfjørg rose after hours of being in a state of contemplation —something he sometimes loved to do— and after a regenerative dozing sleep. Softly and slowly, he moved out of his bed, which was like a folding kinna hammock that he used for different purposes. He stepped out of his cabin through the window and onto the upper cliff. An endless ocean stretched in the background with its melodic pounding against the rocks, while the birds that surrounded Kfjørg invited him to enjoy the attempt of flying and play with them.

He thought for a second, then stood on the edge of a sharp rock, staring at the horizon in that deep blue. He thought of himself being like a feather: light and floating among the light currents of the wind. He thought of being like a bird in the air, playing with flying animations. And then... he jumped into the abyss, not to fall, but to float. He floated and opened his arms, looking at the birds watching him as they waited for him. Kfjørg sent

them a direct mental thought, and all the birds began to move and spin around him in circles, singing melodies like songs of elves and fairies.

Kfjørg waited half a second, surrounded by his feathered friends, and began to move toward the invisible line in front of all the blue celestial bodies that joined together to draw themselves in the same space they had given to the day, bouncing the most immediate collective thoughts from all those who were watching at that moment the suns, as if they were in a morning gently caressed with the rays of the immensity of the planet, making it feel in paths of light.

In a leisurely way, the forefathers from the heavens allowed Kfjørg to continue alone in the air, followed by the shouting and singing voices of the birds as they supported him, while the waves burst raging against the edge of the rocks on the reefs. Kfjørg flew a little... fast... and faster, until the birds could not reach him anymore. Kfjørg stayed a few centimeters away from the waters that rose, and it felt to him like suspending in a malleable blue and liquid hammock, his levitating body caressed by sensible dewdrops, away from the rocky beaches.

Kfjørg instinctively remembered for a second the flying method of Apola and returned to the rocky shores. He went up the cliffs and saw flowers sprouting in ecstasy, as if they were in a busy parade showing to the audience who watched them with admiration that their beauty was fresh and perennial as the songs of the mermaids between the seas. Being inside that harmony of shifting flight speeds and twist-outs, and with the quickness of a cat, Kfjørg passed through, making the new flowers free spaces for him to cross the field. Kfjørg landed on a ledge of the rocky beach, and waving thanks to the birds that had invited him to take a "morning walk," said: "Until next time, chicks," looking to the horizon as they flew away singing.

Kfjørg had that classic face of the Hohenstaufen, great-great-grandson of Barbarossa, with that evident expression of authority that conquers the good will of the people, not only for the air of a gentle man, but for the sweetness in the tone of his voice and with the wisdom of knowing how to do things right. The sun gave him a coppery hue on his tanned skin while he walked over the edge of the uneven ground for a moment, then stopped, and jumped from a budding rock to the inviting ocean for an early dip. The water was a bit cold

but bearable. He swam like a baby whale, and when he realized it, a real cetacean with a playful dolphin face, along with some friends, passed by his side, jumping and running around inside the waters.

Kfjørg grabbed one of the fins of the dolphins, swam alongside inside the crystal of moving waters, smiling all the time at their jokes and sometimes changing from fin to fin when they offered themselves. After a few minutes, they all came out with Kfjørg sitting on the top of one of the dolphins; they seemed to be flying over the ocean like in an infinite playground with endless laughter. Without Kfjørg realizing what was going on at the same time down in the meeting center of his village.

In the main building at the center of the square of the city of Ür, people assembled in full gathering, and the commander in chief was at that moment speaking:

Chief of audience: ...we are gathered here today to pass the news to the residents, because we have received a message from Sol, from the center of our solar system.

He paused for a moment, looking at the paper he held on the stand, and continued: "Message read in a copy was sent earlier to Kfjørg. We are in this meeting place..." He looked at the large opening through which the great sea could be seen and said: "But we see that our boy has not yet appeared."

A note made manually of rice material had been sent earlier with a messenger and dropped under the door of Kfjørg's place, just before he left his comfortable bed and his state of contemplation. But in fact, he never noticed the message dropped under the door of his cabin, because on that fascinating and beautiful day he left his household through the window and submerged himself to have fun and be inside the world of the animals and nature.

While Kfjørg was amid the distractions of the marine life, he perceived in the center of his spirit something different around the blue, and he stopped right away. He said goodbye to his fellow fish-face friends, swam back to the rocky beach, and stood on top of a huge white rock from where he could see the dolphins flapping goodbye to him.

Kfjørg lay back on the warm rock of flat surface and entered for a few seconds into a state of mental relaxation in front of the clear blue natural landscape. Quickly, a ray of light came out from somewhere and passed over Kfjørg, entering him:

"We greet you, Brother Kfjørg... From the sun in your solar system."

"Good Sol brother, what a pleasant surprise."

"I sent a voice message to center Ür before, but it did not find you. It is very nice to see you overflowing with health and beauty."

"Thank you, Sol. And what is the motive of this wonderful visit? Your voice breaks at moments. Are you alright at home?"

"Yes, I am alright, Kfjørg. I am sorry, but it seems that when Vulku cleansed your planet of that dark energy at that time, the old evil dragon that supposedly dwelt within those deep waters and remained hidden from all beings melted into some of the drops of evaporated waters and came all the way to the sun."

"What do you mean, Sol?" Kfjørg said in exaltation. "That the ugly dragon evaporated among some waters that vanished from what is now the Lake of Light?"

"Okay, on your planet at that time, an almost chemical phenomenon occurred. The evil dragon passed through the open atoms spaces without being perceived by Vulku in his cloud, then he reached out to the sun and was able to materialize here within our sphere. It seems that the dragon of evil escaped from the waters in transition where he was supposed to be imprisoned, waiting for his final trial before the Ancients of Days at Uversa, and appeared unleashed and mad inside our planet. He began flying through the surroundings and drinking all our water supplies that regulate the internal temperature of our citadels, and then... you cannot imagine, Kfjørg... he evaporates again until arriving to Jupiter's atmosphere. How terrible a time they are having now."

"That evil dragon from the bottom of the ocean unleashed? Bad, bad."

"Yes, Kfjørg, and we ask you and your brother Gustaff to please come and help us put that mischievous being in his place again. He's really out of control, and he is crazy."

"Okay, I'll be there just by myself as soon as I can... since my brother Gus is busy right now doing some of his cowboy stuff in a bizarre reality."

Kfjørg began to climb the precipice of the cliff, thinking, and as he approached the upper edge, he saw some of the inhabitants of the city coming up from his house.

"Good morning, Kfjørg," said the Major.

"Hello, everyone. What a nice day to go for a bath... right?"

"No, dear Kfjørg, we thought you had received our little message this morning that we left under the door of your little house."

"No, but... was it something from Sol?"

"Oh, well, then you know."

"Well, yes... when I got up, I went out the window. I'm sorry." He laughed a little, joking with the frightened citizens.

"Yes, dear Kfjørg..." But the Major insisted: "What did Sol tell you anyway, boy?"

"Well, they seem to need help, and I have to go now. So if you all excuse me... please, good day to everyone, bye!"

And Kfjørg went out to fulfill an assignment again. Everyone was watching as Kfjørg flipped his hair, running slowly and jumping all the way in his blue swimming trunks to his green hut. He entered the rustic shed where one could see a bird's nest with a chick singing on the roof. A bird's nest with a chick inside? Yes, and singing very loud from the ceiling, like saying something to Kfjørg. He looked at it, smiled, and whistled something. The little bird stopped chanting, and he opened the door. Two minutes later, Apola landed by his hut, and both went on their way.

Kfjørg was dressed in a green Roman skirt suit, Roman sandals, and a gladiator's chest piece made of straw, with a black stripe across his forehead, feathers tucked into his hair, and the magic crystal sword. He waved goodbye and farewell to the crowd who watched

him with admiration, remaining as if stuck still to the floor, standing like statues, looking at the action with big exorbitant eyes and mouths wide open. Meanwhile, he and Apola were flying very quickly between the clear blue of the skies, with some suns in the background and a little dance of planets moving in circles.

"A boy with no control... a wild and pleasant thing," said an older man affectionately, with a father's voice.

Apola and Kfjørg lowered to the Blue Lake of energy in the Pacific Ocean, dived inside, and mentally both were able to connect to the destination where they would soon go with their physical material forms to be transformed and adapted to the journey. They felt on the surface of their bodies how the changes were taking place and how their organisms and nervous systems were being mutated.

Their skins were ready to face the solar emission—not just to allow them to navigate faster in outer space through the inter-dimensional portal within the Lake, but they could also have skin protection for when they were free-standing on the sun's full heat gases that burn heavily and the overheated temperatures there.

Although for them, in the Fifth Dimensional life on Earth, sunlight reached only in a luminous form, protecting them with an invisible layer that made temperatures slowly vary, never exceeding the extremes and never intensifying the heat.

When the friends felt ready and loaded with the inner energy of the pit left by Vulku, they advanced through the portal between the immense blue above them, and in seconds, the first red and yellow wild and moving crowns of the sun were under their feet.

"Over there, Apola, dive into the sun's inner territory," said Kfjørg, excited by the magnificent view of the sun. *"Apola... there, between the bottom of the nucleus where the citadels are, we do not want to deal with the energy of the evil dragon at this time."* Kfjørg stressed the words as if he were in a dramatic movie.

"Uff," she said, following the drama of Kfjørg's voice, "I do not want that horror near me either."

“This star is so gigantic.” —said Kfjørg in admiration.

“Probable one million little planets like ours, fit inside this big brother” —suggested Apola.

The flames of the sun on the surface at more than 5000°C, moved like yellowish, squalid flowers that rose from the interior of the sphere, dancing in their wake to the rhythm of a fascinating musical whisper that they produced as they blew inside a current of hydrogen that came from beneath the surface. The colors changed from countless yellows around the edges to different silhouettes of orange and a sunny red centered tongue lifting up, which simulated vivid natural worlds in motion as they gently stroked the passing travelers, looking at them in joy.

Nature on the plasma surface of the sun was like passing between a colorful screen full of tiny and caressing lukewarm pixelated photons inside a psychedelic video game. And the view from the sun to the outside of the sky was hilarious: small planets all spinning around its atmosphere amid a warm blue background, and after that first layer, several galaxies and solar systems were moving at will, spinning in a slow dance like swans on the set of a ballet waltz.

It was the feeling of the Milky Way in its ecstasy of life, contributing as just one more space galaxy in a vast and infinite universe full of different lives but sweetly fraternal, which in many cases shared its moments and exchanged its knowledge while Apola and Kfjørg continued flying amid the flames of the sun in pure amusement, slowly penetrating between them as they left a huge impression inside the mental perception of both travelers, as if they were sensing a mental illusion, gaining with the ride a more dynamic awareness and excitement inside their minds from the sun.

Gravity was so strong, but for them, it keeps them swimming between the surfaces, as if they were sliding over a moving wind stream. They deepened into the layers of helium gases of the sun, and far in the distance at the darker bottom, they saw a tall shape of some castle. It seemed for a second as if this whole thing was an illusion of energies floating.

This is not just a journey to the sun. From the seat of a video-player mind, it is an act of cosmic wonder wrapped in humor: a visual narrative, where adventure is not always serious… sometimes it is a boy in straw armor riding a dragon through solar flames dancing like yellow flowers. And that playful spirit of the character, is another knot in the weave that reminds us —video gamers— that even the universe knows how to dance its planets around like flowers in a dance field.

A single great tower surfaced from the bottom with the same colors, movement, and forms of the flames. They knew it was a building or structure of some sort since it did not disappear like an illusion. Then they felt an internal welcome message. They flew around the tower for a few seconds, and then the ground opened before their eyes, revealing an exposed gate that Apola quickly entered through. The calmness inside was totally different from the dances and whispers on the outside.

The interior was huge. Everything in the sun was much more disproportionate in size than on Earth, millions of times more immense. They were passing through a gigantic hangar where small transparent disks were placed around the shelter, one on top of the other, like on invisible shelves. Apola landed her feet on the surface, and Kfjørg descended.

Several tall, elegant feminine forms, like flares the size of Apola, approached them with grace. One of the women, with a stunning voice, spoke to them in the tongue of Kfjørg and Apola: "You are very welcome on our planet. Sol is waiting for you, Kfjørg." And with a gesture, she spoke to Apola: "Please follow me too, Miss Apola."

"Thank you," Kfjørg and Apola responded.

They followed the slender, almost transparent creatures about ten feet high, passing through an immense corridor of stocked transparent disks. Kfjørg, always curious, asked the lady who was talking to them: "Excuse me, madam, we wonder what those circular things are," pointing to the discs and looking at Apola at the same time.

Then the lovely lady stopped and said: "Oh, you mean our... S:U:N:s... they are a Transportation System." She smiled gently and continued: "Those are custom disks used

to mobilize us when we need to go abroad on special missions around the Solar System or the Milky Way. Sometimes we go beyond those points."

"We use other different types of transportation when need to go on the far side of the solar system, those are invisible to your perception. At the moment, they are stationed on the roof of this structure. Within the Solar System, we do not need any disc to mobilize if we do not carry anything with us. But if we load equipment or different technologies to perform repairs or maintenance in voided spaces, we use the disks," she said, pointing to the surroundings of the building and smiling at every word, while the other females also smiled between themselves and had fun with the conversation.

"And what is your kind's name, my lady?" Apola asked.

"XYOLA, at your service." The solar woman gracefully turned around on her feet and said, "Now we must continue. Thank you."

They entered this time into another huge space. Once inside, you could not distinguish any door or window. The room had a brighter light than the other rooms, full of small panels and objects, like an immense observation room. At that moment, a big board landed in the middle of the room. The walls were round, and the roof opened, giving a hallucinated vision of our solar system.

"Hey guys, that was a quick trip you did. I was expecting ya a little later. I've been trying to do some cleaning on the surroundings, you know. We go piling things around until we ended up saturating the habitation. I did not want ya to see the mess, but anyway, my friends, welcome to the great central sun of our solar system. My name is Sol." And he extended his giant open palm towards them.

"Hi, I'm Kfjørg."

"Oh," said Apola a little shy, "my name is Apola."

"Sweet. Hola, Apola and Kfjørg. We are about the same size, Apola," Sol joked.

"Your people are tall and beautiful," Apola said graciously.

"Thank you," replied Sol.

"What was the urgency, Sol?" Kfjørg said quickly, interrupting and with the urge to take action, leaving the formalities out.

"Well, action boy, yes. A few days ago we are having some problems in our solar system with the heat flames. Anyway, we can talk about that later, guys. Don't you rather rest and have some water? How was the journey into the sun?"

"Well," Kfjørg said, "we had a colossal trip coming here, but we're not tired. We prefer you talk about the issues that concern you, Sol," he insisted.

Sol climbed into a sort of giant sofa that appeared from the floor in the middle of the room, sat cross-legged, and immediately all the rounded walls of the room lit up, showing the exterior of his planet.

"We had received several calls from Jupiter. It seems that the solar heat is not reaching the planet with the same intensity as before." He extended his hand, and a small red box appeared between his fingers. He pointed it to the opposite direction of the wall, where Jupiter emerged from between the transparent panel. In a small internal wall-screen frame, appeared the face of a being of green skin, orange spots, and a blue aura.

Sol speaks to him: "Hey POLLAK, here are Kfjørg and Apola from Gaia, who had come to collaborate with the small climatic situation that we have. Kfjørg is willing to give us a hand in this business. Tell us, Pollak, about those clouds that landed and are stationed in your firmament. We can actually see them from here," said Sol.

"Hello Sol, and hello Kfjørg and hi to Apola. Thank you for your interest in cooperating with us," he said with a sad look in his eyes. "Yes, Vulku has told us about you, Kfjørg. Yes, very good. We noted that those red stationary clouds you see, they seem to come from the sun. They store inside them disproportionate quantities of heat. It seems that they are absorbing and keeping inside them most of the caloric particles that come from the sun, which gives us energy and life to our energetic gaseous planet, leaving us thus in a kind of almost total isolation from the main source of energy."

"Can I say something?" Kfjørg asked Sol, interrupting Pollak a little.

"Of course, Kfjørg, please. Pollak can hear you very well," Sol said, moving his hand toward him and looking at Pollak.

"Hello Pollak," said Kfjørg, then looking into Apola's eyes and knowing that the ugly dragon

was involved in this matter, encouraging her to participate. In his mind, he heard from her that she said to them all: "We can do it, Kfjørg... with Sol and Pollak." She said it with those large, wide-open eyes. "You are Kfjørg of Gaia, known in the Milky Way as the mediator of energies, the Adjunctive Physical Light in cases of emergency, good friend of mine and great confidant ally of the great Vulku of the Antria group of planets at the beginning of the Milky Way. We need everyone." She paused, closing her eyes, and continued: "We can contact Vulku and, with the help of Sol and Pollak, do something telepathic about it."

Pollak lowered his head and said, interrupting Apola's message: "I do not know, friends. I really do not know what to do. Maybe she's right, but right now, I have no idea what is going to happen here. It's killing our planet and all life inside it."

Then Kfjørg added: "Well, I do not know what's happening, but we'll find out. I'm sure I will call Vulku right now." He turned around, and in the middle of the great room, sat cross-legged. He looked into Apola's eyes for half a second, and then he closed his own eyes. He thought about Vulku and...

Vulku: Hello Kfjørg, sweet brother of Urantia (Gaia of 3D). What concerns you now?

Kfjørg: Oh, hello Vulku. I do not know how to say it or explain it clearly. I'm now in the central sun of our solar system, with Sol, and talking to Pollak from Jupiter, and we are doing this together with Apola. It seems that in Jupiter there are some strange clouds never seen before, and they are absorbing the energy coming from the sun, leaving the planet in complete climatic chaos. It also seems that the ugly old dragon from Earth is involved in that.

Vulku: The evil dragon from the blue planet again?

Kfjørg: Yes, and it shows up by the effects of evaporation, to the sun and to the clouds of Jupiter.

Vulku: I hope that the Universal Fathers give definitive orders so that the Ancients of Days take care of that creature once and for all. It is a wicked creature, and soon it is going to hurt someone or create again confusion and chaos in some other solar system. Anyway, you, Kfjørg, have to concentrate on absorbing those red clouds that escape the sun and, together with Sol, bring them back to where they belong.

Kfjørg: Why and how did he escape the first time?

Vulku: He did not really "escape." He unleashed himself with the heat and slowly rose to Jupiter. But that's not a big deal. The important thing now is to seize the evil dragon. It seems to be inside one of those red clouds.

Kfjørg: Yes, it seems that the dragon evaporated when you were on Earth at that time, up to the sun, and from there to Jupiter.

Vulku: Exactly, Kfjørg. But no worries. First thing first, please bring those clouds back with everyone inside, and then we'll see.

Kfjørg opened his eyes softly and saw Sol sitting in front of him on the living room floor, waiting. They both knew what to do next, while Apola was leaning and observing them with her beautiful, cute eyes. Pollak also watched and listened to the speeches through the wall of communication that allowed him to receive a clear signal from the room.

On the walls of the room, Jupiter and the large red clouds appeared around the planet. Kfjørg and Sol concentrated on the great current, like a wind blowing from the interior of the sun. They imagined it changing its task to absorb, as if it was a vacuum cleaner. They directed it to the chosen point, and the process began.

Apola could see how fast the clouds began to emerge from the firmament of Jupiter and returned to the sun. Kfjørg sent a command to the red clouds to become solar liquid, and then proceeded to change the order of the current in the interior of the sun, to blow back to normal as before.

Seconds later, both Sol and Kfjørg opened their eyes at the same time. They knew that now they had to pinpoint the evil creature that had been exposed within the sun. Perhaps when it saw that its plans to cause climatic damage to the inhabitants of Jupiter had failed, it was ready to jump into another planet, willing to make another ugly or similar joke.

Kfjørg closed his eyes again and...

Vulku: Well done, Kfjørg and Sol. I've been looking for this evil creature for the last few seconds, and I found it hidden in the heart of the sun, next to the inner solar gases seas. Now we have to concentrate on that hiding place that I will send the image. We will dispatch the evil dragon to the deepest sea land within the Pacific Ocean in Gaia, and we

will tie it in those chains again. The process may take more than a minute. I do not think the dragon will be able to fight against us with our joint action. Besides, we have Apola, who is also helping us as she connects herself with Abuela Tortuga and all the Animal Mothers of the Galaxy to control the animal impulses of the dragon.

After that, Kfjørg thought for a second of all the problems caused by the ugly dragon, and that it had already escaped from the chains that tied him between the abysses inside the depths of the seas on Earth. He thought fast again, and he knew he was a little unsure of what he wanted to tell them. At last, he decided and seriously said what he had in mind to everyone:

Kfjørg: Friends, hold on for one second. Would it not be wiser to send the ugly dragon once again to Earth? It already escaped from the chains. It might be safer to send it to Uversa, the capital sphere of this super-universe, where the Ancients of Days reside. They could isolate it in a safer place and judge it for all its mischievousness.

Apola: Besides, its about time to free our planet from all evil creatures.

Vulku: The idea is not bad. Wait a moment, please. I will communicate with them and tell you what answer they give us.

Meanwhile, in the central sun, Kfjørg and Apola looked at each other with Sol. Sol, who was a being of great humor and very relaxed, started making jokes about the ugly dragon.

Sol: It seems that the dragon is ugly. It must have a very stinky breath after so many centuries locked in chains and eager to make more mischief on the Creation of this solar system. Should we slap it very strongly on the butt? Don't you think, Apola?

Apola: A being with that attitude should be deleted from the map. Uh?

In that moment, Vulku reconnected with everyone.

Vulku: Well, friends, I have good news. The Elders of the Days asked us to send it over. They might place that restless dragon in a compartment where they temporarily hold the spiritual beings who rebel against the equilibrium of the Universal Father/Mother Source.

They also told me that it could not be destroyed immediately because it was created by a son Michael of the Universe of Nebadon, and it is as one of his children. He still feels love for that creature, and he hoped that the day would come when the dragon would repent of

everything and would thus recover its original form, which was the one Lucifer had in his days as regent of that part of the universe. Anyway, as it had not yet shown any symptom of regeneration, the trial against it had already begun by the elders, and the dragon son of Sophia's time is almost closer to an end.

The three friends were already connecting their will inside the invisible domains of space energies between the different heavens of greater dimension. They were gravitating into the dimensions beyond the sixth, reached the ninth, then the twelfth cosmic density of time-space, and met one of the Elders of the Days, who came from the capital of Uversa on the central part of the Super Universe from the higher densities of Light, and sat down with them inside the high density.

Through him, a ray of powerful light was sent to hold on to the dragon, through the Sun of Alcyone, which holds the solar system of Sol in lower densities, and into the solar sun itself. Thus, the dragon was expelled with its powers from the hidden place and brought to the new place of seclusion, which was a dark cell without light and filled with a cold air that eliminated the dragon's movements. It was the place where it should temporarily be until its trial was over.

Vulku opened his eyes like wanting to speak a word with the Ancient of Days, but he, reading the thought, fulfilled with all compassion: "Do not worry, young soul brother Vulku. That time is only known by the Source. Be patient and be always aware."

After that, the three friends were transferred outside, each back to their homes. Kfjørg and Apola were flying over their large and beautiful clear blue ocean, full of water on the surface of their Earth sphere.

Sol: You're amazing, Kfjørg, thank you! And you too, beautiful Apola. Ciao!

Vulku: Much love to all you guys, always.

Kfjørg: See you next time and thanks.

Apola: I send you my love, guys. Bye.

Pollak: Thank you all, a big kiss from Jupiter. Lots of Universal Love!!!

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS ANOTHER LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

And again:

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

Repeat, repeat repeated repeated…

“Something is wrong with this computer or the game is fuck” —is heard a kids voice.

The screen of a laptop opens 1/3 and goes back to black again……..

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

From the corner of the desk, the yellow eyes of a cat opened up:

"The machine bumble. The kid curses. But the story does not stop, is too vast for any screen. It only waits for him to remember that he is not just a player. He is the dreamer. And dreams do not need screens to fly. Uff!"

IV WARSHIPS FROM POMPEII

It was already the year 3020 on planet Earth, and the destructive imperialist plans of a socio-economic system in Atlantida had developed many warlike mechanisms outside its territory. The first thing they established after the deliberations in their democratic convention of their National Party was to set a strategic plan of invasion that would lead an effective path to the other islands. The false flag excuse for the invasion was to protect the planet from dangers abroad.

They wanted to unquestionably form an empire and expand its war technology into all the planets of the solar system. The center of the empire was Pompeii, which was thirsty for much more. They had made contact with dark energy beings of the galaxy with tendencies toward the institutionalization of heavy energies, to conquer the universe and destroy the human race, converting it into slaves for the elites.

Darker energies like the Archons, the Drakos, and the Anunnakis, with whom they had shared some advanced technology in exchange for periodically seizing and enslaving people from their island to carry out genetic research projects in different dimensions.

Pompeii also thought of expanding its powers outside the planet, grabbing the entire Solar System. Understandably, after engaging the other islands under its empire, they thought it could be the easiest task to achieve, since they knew that no one else on the planet had access to advanced military technology. Forgetting some essentials, such as that military power is not a path to advance in the higher realms of the universe, but Love.

It happened that one of the ships coming from the island of the tribe of Xäälä, on one of the trips to Ür to exchange materials, food, and other small things with the communities, heard from other sailors the latest news from the Territory of Pompeii. They said that their government had dispersed throughout the territory of the north its hydrological technology without compassion and ruled over the old city of Ür. They were told that they had chosen in their archaic community a leader, and that he created a political party of followers of Pompeii with an army to protect the economy of its territory. They had re-established the old economic systems of buying and selling from the old paradigm.

Life in Pompeii was back to what the world used to be before the last apocalypse, when the old dirty business models had ruled by being ruthless and inhuman. The air breathed in Atlantida was again a bit sticky with the absence of so much vegetation that they had annihilated in order to install the water-collecting technologies and the Molecular Improvement Centers.

Like every year, since living in the new 5D Gaia, all islands came to the island of Inka-Terra. The Uz tribe of Ür descended to the Titicaca lake near the village of Calima for the festive meeting of each year, when the lights of color began the dances of changes in the skies. The show was enlivened by the best musicians of the island: fabulous street performers, jugglers and circus artists of all kinds, storytellers, poets, philosophers, and even a few speeches of nomadic sailing prophets from among the islands. It included in the anniversary meeting a small circle of dialogues in the Maloka of Calima, this time with representatives of New Jerusalem, the heads of the clan of the tribe of Xäälä, the committees of elders of Ür, and of course, the Inka committee. Pompeii was absent.

The main menu of the day was the relevant news from Atlantida and the new plans of the

Territory of Pompeii, which with potential agendas of disproportionate magnitude pretended to govern the entire planet. The force of the dark energies created by these lifestyles felt too negatively charged and crucial to another cataclysm in the blue sphere. Something that Vulku, at this time, should already be detecting at his home.

At the meeting, participants in the conversation knew from experience that before the last apocalypse of social changes, the Earth had its different physical procedures to cleanse itself from the bad vibrations coming from human societies on its surface. But on these days, with the absence of earthquakes, volcanoes erupting, tornadoes, tsunamis, hurricanes, and inclement rainy seasons, to name a few, the Earth's wisdom was aware that to do something about it, everything depended heavily on the new race of humans with positive cosmic values, who with a spiritually re-empowered energy could protect and also balance the equilibrium of polarities. Otherwise, reactions could ascend to the opposite parallel universe and affect distant areas, as it did before with the constellation of planets where Vulku lived.

The resolution at the meeting of the peaceful human population of the Earth, held in the village of Calima, knew that a strategy needed to be defined immediately, with actions for the benefit of the planet and the neighbors of the remaining healthy islands. The whole council had chosen to call Vulku to help them make a decision together with the assembled council right there. Kfjørg was called immediately to perform his special task of inter-dimensional communication.

But the boy was at that moment wandering along one of Calima's lake shores with his friend Xäälä, watching small brown crabs playing between them, crawling among the rocks and chasing each other, showing their antennas and their extremities moving happily as they walked sideways. Next to them, in small caves, the mollusks came out and went in while they caught the plankton in the waters. Many fish jumped or had fun in the swinging waters.

A small group of explorers spotted Kfjørg after a few days, reaching the top of some cliffs to the south of the lake. When they found him, he and Xäälä were performing one of their favorite sports, which was to climb the high rocks: 80 meters on one side of the nearest

mountain. Xäälä also climbing behind him, they had no anchors, not even a harness or a helmet. They loved to climb freestyle.

The scouts had to yell at them from the top of the summit to get their attention. The girl raised her hands to greet and said something to Kfjørg to get his attention.

After the messengers brought up the news from Calima, Kfjørg climbed to a small hill nearby, and among his internal silence, he called on Vulku

Vulku: Hi Kfjørg. Well, it's been a long time since we last saw each other.

Kfjørg: Yes, hello Vulku. Since the trip to the Sun. What a joy to hear you. The boy proceeded to refer the latest news to Vulku about the new situation in Atlantida.

Vulku: Those are bigger words you said, Kfjørg. I guess there's little we can do from here.

Kfjørg: Why? What do you mean, Vulku?

Vulku: Because some of the actions that are happening are part of the evolution that the Earth has to undergo, in accordance with the collective karma and into its perfection and cleanliness according to the 1,000 years conceded for a period of essential testing before entering a completely new spiritual era of Light and Life.

He paused for a second, and continued: "We cannot interfere with that. There are space races of other densities that at this moment are observing the development of the events that are looming on your planet. And those beings are fed up from some of those negative events, from the disaster events, like some of the Draco and Archon races and some others who do not know of positive vibrations, since they were created by other superior races of the same kind to work on that purpose, mobilizing themselves between negative energies, doing jobs like completing genetic experiments with other inferior beings for the good of their technological evolution, and using the slavery of many individuals to perform various of those tasks. But also..."

"There are many other planetary observers, who are from the positive and loving polarity, such as the Blue Avians, the Andromeda people, the Pleiadians, the Arcturians, and others as the intra-terrainians of your planet."

Kfjørg: What...?

Vulku: Yes, Kfjørg. But hey, I think I could help you by trying to send some bubbles or spheres of protective energy to position them around the islands during the threat, as to isolate them from the bad vibrations and perhaps from the fatal physical actions coming from Atlantida. But that's all. The Atlanteans might have liberated all that bad energy inside themselves to be able to fulfill a plan started in the 20th century and complete a process of self-destruction that finally comes to an end. It's alright in a way of cleaning Urantia from all and for good, if they leave… but.

Kfjørg: Wow, I cannot believe how much negative fantasy can happen in this creation.

Vulku: Do not look at it that way at all, please Kfjørg. You know that maybe they are things that occur in a universe of polarities of free will exposed to the space-time level. It's normal. You know it, although for now it cannot be easily understood.

Kfjørg: Sorry Vulku. Ok, yeah, yeah, then we'll get the bubbles from your dimension.

Vulku: Not really, Kfjørg. We're going to create them from the Blue Lake of Light that you have there in your sphere. Most people on your planet forget everything you can do between it. And you do not have to worry about the Blue Lagoon, because no bad energy can hurt that place badly. Negativity cannot get in. It is a Lake of Light.

Kfjørg: Thanks again, Vulku!

Vulku: I'll see you inside the Blue Lagoon, goodbye for now.

And the two friends met at the empty square in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. They sat down to create the bubbles of energy to place them around the islands with the help of the other dragon riders.

Meanwhile, things were developing and advancing in Pompeii in a totally opposed direction from the harmony the other islands have. The shadows of craving and depending

on their advanced new technology (made without love) hit them again like a thirsty lion with fears of not surviving.

The citizens of Pompeii wanted to expand their mind, heart, and technological assets between a kingdom dominated by the logic of the economic elite. Greed in their hearts grew in gigantic quantities, covering the city with an astonishing need for more power. Their level of greed had not a precedent in the last 2,300 years.

Unfortunately, Pompeii had felt even to the use of manipulation. The new political leaders began to pull the strings of their individual dreams of power and control, which was in many ways the Pompeii's dream, filled with the same cruel human behaviors as those that occurred centuries before the last one of the apocalypses.

From Pompeii they had called, after an extraordinary meeting, all the villas of the island in order to "unify" the political thoughts of the region, is what they said. After many manuscripts sent to the villages of Atlantida, Ür and the two small nomad fishing villages of the lakes of Nördsee and Südsee, requesting them in the messages sent the urgency of the meeting and the importance of that.

But with the frustration of not getting a response from the north, the governor of what they themselves called: The Territory of Pompeii, somebody by the name of Sam Sulphuro Smith, who had been appointed as regent of the Atlantean territory, had decided to travel in person with his entourage of security towards the north to the town of Ür, using one of the unique single seal ships manufactured by the Skandinavians. So he came to Ür in no time and landed with all his sequels behind him, walking like a great businessman ready for a great show.

Since Atlantida on the north side had a unique topography and very different to the south part of the island, and taking into account that the inclination from the north to the south land was about 13°, that oblique angle gives the surface a perfect opportunity to Mr. Sam Sulphuro Smith (SSS), that wanted to use for irrigation of thousands of cultivated fields in the center and south regions of the country, receiving fresh water from the mountains near Ür, and also obtaining irrigation from the fishing lakes of Nördsee and Südsee.

But those irrigation mechanisms necessarily need that many of the green areas of the island have to be destroyed along with their trees and the animals' niches. Plus, they

wanted to install a sophisticated soaking system to all fields from the northern waters, feeding in their ways from small Centers of Molecular Change, which were able to alter the speed of growing of the crops generating more abundance of food for the planet and consequently to gain more power for Pompeii.

The main council of Ür was preparing to deliver complete answer to the idea of Pompeii in the hearing that afternoon to the retinue of Mr. Sulphuro in the voice of a captain:

Captain Major: People from the northern territories of Atlantida and the Territory of Pompeii, please remain seated and listen carefully to the order of the day: Blah, blah, blah.

Friends, said the Mayor of Ür after having listened for more than an hour to the Pompeii group giving details and technical explanations of the irrigation plan, and continued: It is detected between lines from the engineering illustrations that it seems that Pompeii has been constructing radicals ideas of separation from the original plan during all these years. He paused to see the face of Mr. SSS turned red in disappointment, and continued the Mayor:

The most perverse thing seems to be, that they decided to develop among their abilities something that by experience in our human existence had taken our previous civilizations to plunge into a river of their own self-destructive destiny. We know it indeed, but the people beyond what they call the Territory of Pompeii seems to forget it. It appears that they had screwed their mind into a different kind of thinking.

Today we are receiving information from the hands of the head of representative commission of Pompeii, to find out… He paused, drank from a glass of water, and dropped the paper from his hand: Friends, we are being asked in simple and wild words to allow their technology to get involved in moving us away from our old methods of cultivating Earth as our ancestors did in the past. We believe that what they propose is a technology that we know goes against the principles of peace and a good healthy life for all and Gaia. Where we would be altering the harmony of the surface of the planet, and thus destroying much of the natural ecosystems, animals and their environment, water and climate.

Woman from the audience: Plus, it's going to push our island in a self-destructive direction again! She shouted.

The Mayor interrupted: Calm down friends. We know that the situation is very delicate. It seems as if they are not simply suggesting the implementation of their twisted technical means in our agriculture, but it seems that with this meeting, they are threatening us and forcing us to accept a proposal without taking in consideration the social values of coexistence, cooperation, and unity. They are intimidating us if we do not accept their invitation to join the project. Just as they did with the farmers and fishermen of Nördsee and Südsee. It seems that they had bought their freedom with dreams of greatness in exchange to move into modern and completely sterilized urban centers.

Kfjørg (interrupting): I would like to speak here in the name of unity of the families, the protection of the flora and fauna of the planet, but also with respect for those who unite and support us from the center of the universes. He thought for one more second, looking at some dogs sitting on the conference room floor, and continued:

Forcing us to join an improper treatment, with the possibilities of destroying many organic and healthy ways of life in our communities and ecosystems of animals, plants, and primary forests. It feels that what they really want us to do is to walk against the main law of Love in creation, formulated inside the free will by the Universal Father. Kfjørg looked again at the animals on the floor of the hall and continued: I am strongly considering the option of abandoning Atlantida and choosing to go either to Skandinavia or Inka-Terra.

Farmer: We have had this land for centuries. It belonged to our ancestors from the first Atlantida. It is not appropriate to leave a land that we have cultivated with our own hands for so long and with so much love.

Mayor: Well, I see that the conclusion is now leading to leaving the island for some of us. I feel that we cannot force anyone to abandon what they love. We simply put in general knowledge the consequences of remaining to join the Project of Pompeii. We had obtained from the conversations with some of the leaders of Pompeii a negative impression, and we found it extremely impossible to change their minds of what they want to do to the island and to the planet. It is their own choice. And since there are few family leaders of Ür who want their clans to stay, those who wish to remain at will, it is alright. And those clan members who want to join an exodus to other islands, so be it. He finished and stepped down from the podium with his head down.

Captain of Pompeii: Pompeii expected the collaboration of all the Atlanteans to give a final answer at the end of the month. Fifteen days to get out of here, or to create a new group for the last definitive meeting. Good luck to all members of this council in whatever your judgment is. Thank you. SSS and his delegation stand up, and leave immediately.

The crisis in Atlantida was clear: three-quarters of its northern population, including its only city of Ür with all Malokas included, decided to emigrate. One quarter of it entered New Jerusalem, and the rest to Inka-Land. No one chose Skandinavia as a destination. Even Xäälä and the people of her tribe, who had settled on the north of Atlantida, went to Inka-Terra. The means of transport chosen for the exodus towards Inka-Terra were the great Skandinavian vessels of the tribe of Xäälä. 144,000 entered New Jerusalem, 288,000 in Inka-Land, plus 12,000 Skandinavians from the village of Xäälä. 66,600 people from the 12 clans of Uz remained and joined the roads of Pompeii.

The existing cities in Inka-Terra were: Salento to the north, La Paz to the south from the people of Aya, Calima to the west facing the Pacific Ocean in the middle of the island, and in the extreme east, on a peninsula, the incredible and new city of Amazonas, settled down with a large community of curious emigrants in love with the Blue Lagoon and coexisting in great peace and harmony with nature and beings from other densities. There was also a small island north of the port of Salento called Minka, home to a few nomadic fishermen who migrated from Atlantida, and the big tribe of the Tayrona descendants from what was before South America.

Near the small port on the north side of Salento, the 300,000 migrants arrived from Atlantida. Salento had a small port only enough to accommodate their boats people used to transport diving equipment and marine research instruments.

The huge ships made in Skandinavia that arrived on that day couldn't get closer to the land. They had to anchor far from the coast, and in small boats, the few members that went down to dialogue with the clans of the city reached the dock.

Salento was a small village with alternative people fascinated with marine life, surfing the waves and diving activities. It had no more than 100 people, all living off the fertility of the ocean and the inheritance of their free lifestyle. The few souls who arrived on that sunny day made a happy party in small Salento. The joy of all the communities of divers and

surfers who received them clapped with the good feeling and energy that felt the earth just under their feet, and a huge party meeting was given 30 kilometers south of the village, inside a huge and nice forest with a fireplace and many drums. The other Atlanteans remained on the ships awaiting response from the scout group.

The gang of Atlanteans opened their tents in a small, fertile, beautiful valley south from the forest, where the crops danced in a beautiful colorful pace with a current of air that loved to pass through the fields. After a week of festivities and dialogues with the inhabitants of Salento, the Atlanteans decided to explore an unoccupied bay on the east side. The younger ones wanted to take a trip down south by foot, a journey that might take them many months, searching for an available cove. Before the youth departed, a committee of 12 elders made from modern spiritual pedagogues, cosmic educators, advanced philosophers, writers, thinkers, and expert advisors, in which the people of Ür trusted, gave the blessing to the big group leaving.

Young children and most of the women and men continued on the ships around the coast edges of the island on the eastern side. After a few weeks of pilgrimage around the high mountains east of Salento in Inka-Earth, they discovered this incredible bay with huge and beautiful beaches in its surroundings, close to some high cliffs with flat peaks and forests, where they thought the landscapes were very similar to its old Ür.

After the arrival of the ships to the bay, people hiked to the top of the cliffs and located their tents around the best locations, beginning to settle widely dispersed among all the different areas in that beautiful area. Men built a central area with stones and dry trunks to be their small meeting Maloka or main activities center, and they named the place: Urlax. Located to the center of the bay and facing the Atlantic Ocean.

By that time, the young men who had embarked on the foot south journey from Salento, including Kfjørg and Xäälä, had met a place they liked, and the tribe named their settlement: Urla.

The two kids, Kfjørg and Xäälä, searched the mountains higher for a place that they could feel in love with. Including as many geophysical landscapes the way they liked: a sea nearby with waves and dolphins, a cliff to climb from jammed beaches full of crabs and sand and birds, an immense forest where to run with giant trees that could be climbed and nice to talk to, animals of different sorts to play as children, birds and more birds of all

kinds that sing in very different ways to exchange sounds, and a panoramic view over all forms and spaces with the Blue Lagoon in the background. A place they found where they built their little nest of love: *“True home is where the heart resonates with the universe.”*

As an act of appreciation to the tribe of Uz, the new inhabitants received shortly an invitation from the tribes of Calima to a sort of an Inka-Terra meeting of towns in their happy island. People gathered, coming from all the roads to the spots where they set tents of different colors and forms. The group of youngsters from Urla, including Kfjørg and Xäälä, came by foot to the party. They traveled through many jungles without human roads, needing to follow animal paths most of the times.

The jungles in the planet now had not the dangers of the past. Not killer mosquitos and not wild animals or dangerous lands. The jungle was a place of vivid trees and many new natural plants that adorned the paths with many colorful flowers.

The animals around where they camped had always arrived to the fireplaces to enjoy the dances and merry songs of the travelers. Many fairies and gnomes and people of the fantasy world visited them at times, specially because it was the time of the dance of lights in the skies coming from the Blue Lagoon.

Almost all the people of the island went to celebrate the merriments of gratitude to the Creator for the Life they could share among them as neighbors, in a generous event that was held in the vicinities of Lake Titicaca. A ceremony that might take place every year as a healthy and pleasant example to exchange cultural ideas.

As the Pompeii control propaganda strategy had no effect on the other islands, they decided to send their warships hooked to an attack plan they named: Armageddon. First, they would carry out their main arm weaponry strength against the island of New Jerusalem, thinking of destroying what was most precious to them: the highest temple in Jerusalem, that was now a modern symbol of union between their two main races: the Arab descendants of Ishmael and the Hebrew sons of Isaac, both sons of Abraham.

Meanwhile, at the very moment when the aggressive forces of Pompeii were preparing to let go of the nuclear and climatic attacks of code Armageddon, Kfjørg and Apola, with a group of dragon riders, were whirling inside the Blue Lake left by Vulku, working on the elaboration of the "bubbles" with the clear invisible energy of Vulku, helping in some way

the island of Jerusalem out.

Slowly they all sat side by side, 13 riders and their dragons sitting behind them, all forming a circle at the bottom of the energy gap. Before beginning their inner meditation, the riders engaged in a dialogue. Some riders had issues or fears because of the uneasy event coming and needed to bring them afloat to continue.

Rider 3: I never thought I would die in a war fight.

Rider 7: At least it will be with friends.

Rider 3: Yes, do not hesitate.

Rider 1: Riders of Inka-Land and the tribe of Uz, my brothers. I see in your eyes the same fear that dwelled among us in the 21st century, when we physically had the appearance and impotence of third dimension limitations.

Rider 5: The value of a Dragon Rider may drop, but for the unity of our races we must not forget our families who are exposed to that danger, as well as the other creatures that live with us.

Rider 9: Today is not a day to die. Today is the day to fight and triumph over evil.

Rider 2: Same as in the great stories and tales from old times we have always heard, and they are what we care for. They are full of mystery and permanent dangers. We are so far used to it. We shouldn't have fears at all.

Rider 9: Stories of which we do not want to know the end, because there is not an end.

Rider 7: Maybe because they all end well. So is it our story now the one we are drawing?

Rider 9: Now we know what to do with the eternal time they have given us.

Rider 8: What's going on out there after all? Anything bigger than our dreams?

Rider 9: No need to describe it to you.

Rider 3: Many who live deserve death, a total dissolution of their soul, an immediate death without compassion.

Rider 1: But the vast majority deserves life.

Rider 2: We can take care of life and persevere in our blue planet.

Rider 9: Let us not take life or wish death to anyone in a time as early as this one. Not even the wise men of the islands know the future.

Rider 4: Making a balloon to protect us, is that enough?

Rider 6: How could we fight the forces of darkness? We cannot just leave the balloons and live fearfully after that within a guilty feeling inside us forever. We need to fight.

Kfjørg: The forces of Light and the Light-Workers from all the dimensions are aware of this layer of war, of this coming event. They will arrive exactly when they mean it. Riders, use the discernment. Do not fear.

At the midpoint of the circle, Kfjørg and Apola were seated. They all began to close their eyes, concentrating on the work they had to do urgently. Suddenly, between them, an air bubble was growing into an immense transparent balloon. It seemed to appear out of nowhere, moving slowly above them.

The 12 dragons and Apola took the air bubble and brought it to the island of New Jerusalem. Once close to the island, they just dropped it, and it looked like placing itself around the island in slow motion. They did the same process on the islands of Skandinavia and Inka-Terra.

When the dragons returned, the riders stood in the same place with their eyes open, hands stretched up in a very unusual and silent way, as sending invisible energy rays into the infinity.

Meanwhile, the warships of Pompeii had just reached the territorial waters of New Jerusalem. They found themselves with a little surprise in front of them, as being unable to advance at a certain point near the coast. Something invisible stopped them. In their anger, the commander in charge began to give unbridled commands to his officers, ordering to launch a direct weather and hydrogen attack to the island.

And the missiles and frequency machines were laid and released their red bottoms. What will happen now?

At that exact same moment, a ray of white light descended from space, wrapping their missiles and energy rays, confusing them until the lightning dissolved them. All the attacking machinery and the sent command ships of the full navy dissolved into the fluid element below them, as if the ocean was made of sulfuric acid beneath an organic material. The waves carried dirty foams to the shores of the island.

The frightened sailors who fell to the waters saw that they were in the wide open in the middle of an ocean with nothing to hold to. Only those who could brace for days would be saved. They might need to swim a long stretch of more than 3,000 marine leagues to go back to Pompeii. It is not known how many could survive the long swim. Few, choose another way.

New Jerusalem, seeing the attack from their beaches and little hills, witnessed the destruction of a huge army. The same old story from the beginning of times. Some people of Bethlehem rushed to the shores with blankets and warm drinks, ready to receive the survivors who managed to swim closer. Dolphins and whales appeared from the deep, gently guiding the exhausted sailors toward the beaches, as if the ocean itself had decided to offer mercy to those who had come to destroy. Among the crowd, an old woman whispered: "Even in war, the light finds a way to preserve life." And somewhere, far away in the Blue Lake, Kfjørg felt a tear roll down his cheek, not for the enemies who had fallen, but for the endless cycle of fear that kept humanity chained to its own shadows.

Details of the exodus and the last wars against Pompeii's commander mister SSS are described way ahead in a different chapter. Be aware or be square!

beep beep beep

Kfjørg and Apola picked up Xäälä, who still remained on the side shores of Calima where Kfjørg had left her. And together they went directly to the town of Urla. Then to their cabin, where they now lived after the last migration, on top of a cliff not far from Urla. And only at 400 meters away, they had the ocean as a point of recreation or playground.

Then they descended the cliff by a path that Kfjørg himself had made. It was a little road they used sometimes when they went down to the beach without need to rappel down the rocky walls. Although this path was very small and complicated, it included stretches where small smooth ramps had to be overcome at a very fast pace, pushing the legs to great strengths and speeds, going down the hill sliding and falling lower and lower, struggling not to dash over the sharp cliffs between the risky edges. It was definitely not a normal way to walk down, but today, after facing all the fears of war, they liked it very much that way.

Below, the golden sand remained motionless with the Atlantic Ocean producing a sensation in the mind of disorienting movements as the reflection of the sky moved on the water's surface. The beach area below wasn't that large, but enough though the couple sat between the edges of some big rock, watching the immensity of the waters and the serpentine of stones descending wildly to the ocean. They loved the sound of the waters against the dry land, with birds singing from their nests and some of the insects chirping, clicking, and buzzing behind their back inside of the greens that grow down the cliff.

At the top of the cliff, their cabin waited for them. It had been built without walls, where a pair of hammocks hung and the few things Kfjørg possessed were a pencil and some colors he used to draw landscapes. They were all scattered around the floor, resting on top of a pile of drawings from his travels, with a couple of sea rocks on top of them to hold them down against the blowing away of the wind.

His drawings were incredible pieces of art, especially those of his trip to the sun. The blown wings of the flames in Kfjørg's drawings looked like front dancers with a red and orange background that moved beautifully through the technique of overlapping dried red flower leaves.

But the threats from Atlantida had not yet ended. Warships in the thousands, with thirst for revenge, sought the domination of the planet. When the ships were halfway to their destination, looking for New Jerusalem again, a serpent dragon emerged from the deep

oceans. No one got an idea for sure who it was, since the great negative dragon was taken away by the Elders of Days after the incident on the Sun. Soldiers got frightened.

They witnessed the phenomenon and thought that it was perhaps the son of the big dragon. It turns out that he joined together the war cruisers that came from Atlantida, quickly sending a powerful halo of gray smoke that came out from between his snout towards the warships of Pompeii, as to strengthening the vessels and the warriors, transforming them into a darker, chilling appearance, arranging the soldiers to be seen with a rather frightening and grotesque appearance like zombies, and making them very strong with weapons capable of reducing or breaking the invisible shield globe that was protecting the island.

Nobody on the warships knew nor imagined that from the high domains of the cosmos, in the main capital of the local Universe where the main gods have their habitat, between the main throne of the Creator's Son and the Spiritual Mother, they have different plans for the Blue Planet as they watch the military action that is taking place on one of the Son's favorite and protected planets: Earth.

The plans that the marine serpent planned to carry on with his gang of blind and wicked men of the world were about to have a switch of reality. The higher council of elders from Uversa had received the authorization to send all the army of archangels and seraphs from the central system of that part of the universe where the Blue planet was revolving its fate alone, so that the battle so disproportionately planned by the leaders of Atlantida and supported from higher realms of the Archon civilization could be balanced out. In any case, the regent of Nebadon could no longer contain the impetus of the angels with their desire to do justice. He had for too long held his cherubim, who asked him every second to allow them to go and safeguard the planet.

Destiny wanted to be written otherwise. The plasma atmosphere of the solar system had its voices of freedom from slavery screaming out all of this time. Nobody had the answers because the Father/Mother of all was patiently waiting for a change of attitude of the humans involved in the rage against their brothers and sisters of the same planet.

But the waiting had its own limitations, and the observing patience of the gods and the Source had also their time to release the powers of justice, even if they are going against the basic laws that from the beginning were given to the creation of binary time-space. Many people from Earth were at the same time feeling uncomfortable with that universal law of non-intervention. They wanted peace on the Milky Way.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

This is not just a pause in the game. It is an act of cosmic suspension: because the video shows, the silence before the storm… is the moment when the universe holds its breath, and that "beep beep" is another knot in the weave that reminds the players that even gods must wait for the right moment to act.

On the windowsill, bathed in the blue glow of the monitor, the black cat sits perfectly still, its yellow eyes reflecting the flickering light like twin moons. One ear twitches at each beep, tail wrapped neatly around its paws. It has abandoned its usual corner, drawn by the tension crackling through the room. The child's fingers hover motionless above the keyboard, frozen in anticipation. The cat knows this feeling—the space between heartbeats, the breath before the leap. It does not move. It only thinks:

"The angels are restless. The gods are patient. The child sits frozen, his hand hovering over the keyboard, not knowing that in a few seconds, the sky will split open and the Milky Way will hold its breath. He thinks he's playing a game. But the game is playing him. And

somewhere, in a world bizarro, a boy named Gustaff is about to meet a parrot who talks too much. The universe has a sense of humor."

V THE END of ATLANTIDA and the EVIL FORCES…

A legion of armies from the blue planet, with Kfjørg at the front and the rest of the Dragon Riders, had gathered in the middle of the valley of Megiddo, on one side to the east of the hills. The angels of darkness, negative space beings, and humans of Pompeii—showing their serpent heads, totally transformed after they had breathed from the snake dragon's smoke—had all assembled on the other side of the valley. At that very moment, the angels from Nebadon entered the war picture, suspending in the air with the emblem of the Universe of Nebadon on their chests, wielding their swords of light which they might use if necessary.

All these beings on the east side were the army of the Creator's Star Beings from this side of the universe, including the Kalistos of the Elohim and their army of the Urmahs, the great planetarium pacifist. And the elder brother of all living beings in the Solar System, Michael of Nebadon, was on top of them all, bringing his necessary presence due to the given impetus of the conflict. And beneath him, the 13 dragon riders.

The war started intensely, and swords from each side began to hurt the spaces between

the air around Megiddo Valley, searching for beings to dismember. Angels against demons from the darkest places of the hells. Clashes and the revolting agony of war and death, where the only soundtrack available was the sound of grunts, yells, and screams. This was happening down on the Blue Planet, and the dirty scenes were similar to those in mythological warfare of old times, from those in any dimension and on any planet, where each swing of a sword looked exhausting, with cavaliers and foes who looked equally fatigued.

The blood, sweat, and tears of battle were on full display, and the battle continued like a scenery with tight dance composition, playful mockery, remarkable strength, physical preparation, and a view of war at its best limitations, where a viewer could say that now they had seen it all. This was a sword fight that used its set to its full possible power, sword fights that took place in the middle of a Megiddo battlefield mentioned in all worlds' prophecies of all times, blasting entirely the warriors in eternal colorful close-ups.

A sword fight is a finale or the beginning of a relationship between two enemies. A sword fight that reveals the personality or inner emotions of a warrior in a way that dialogue is not essential. An internal last dance of death or life. The hours and the days passed eternally, and no one on either side wanted to give up not even one inch of their territory. But the angels and the Light Workers of Earth had these Light Swords that started to make the difference.

Meanwhile, Kfjørg and the 13 Dragon Riders were really busy dealing with the huge, gigantic dark dragon serpent and its dark angels. Fire everywhere went from one side to the other. The smell of burning hairs and skins was all over the air.

The big dragon serpent had one soft point that Kfjørg and Apola found, and they approached hard and tough against the weak spot on the dragon, which was now spewing sulphur and acids through its mouth like a rainy acid nightmare.

But Apola got to the point very fast, and Kfjørg yanked inside his magic crystal sword with all the powers of Earth, the energy of the Mother Animals, and the sting of the queen

Abuela Tortuga. The ugly dark dragon stopped all its actions and stood dull, as if it couldn't imagine what had happened to it. But after a few seconds, it fell down over all the width of the Megiddo Valley and disintegrated slowly.

All of a sudden, and in less than a second, without anyone expecting it, a ray of light descended from the heights against the dark forces, and the armies of rebels began to dissolve, but this time very slowly and into the air, sending voices of pain until none of them was left in sight, leaving behind them a foul odor of sulfur that evaporated with the sun rays. Not even the serpent dragon that had come out of the oceans could be saved from the ray of light.

The Light will always prevail over the darkness! A voice of thunder roared: "There is no darkness. Only lack of light."

The Lord of the Lords of Nebadon came down at that moment and smiled at his army of friends with him. Before returning to the invisible heavens of higher densities, he moved his right hand as long as it was towards the brave Urmahs and the Dragon Riders, and they felt an emotion that came from him and melted within their hearts. Riders and dragons, as if a river of high Love from within the very eternity of the immensity of all universes had struck them gently.

Kfjørg and Apola deeply felt the same and assimilated it, not only as a reminiscence in their memory, but they let that stream of Divine and heavenly Love remain within themselves forever, gravitating gently to keep them up with the flame of Light and Life into eternity.

End of the story for now…….. and they all lived happily ever after ….in this short story about a Dragon Rider amongst the amazing new Blue Earth… click, click, …. game is over for now…. Wait for the next chapter of the Dragon Riders.

BACK TO BLACK

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE 'DRAGON RIDERS'.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT NEW LEVEL”.

The room is bathed in the soft golden light of early morning. The black cat with yellow eyes has abandoned its usual posts. Now it sits curled in the boy's lap, its warm body pressed against his stomach, purring softly. The child's hands are still on the keyboard, but his eyes are closed, his face peaceful, as if he can still feel the river of divine love flowing through him. The cat knows this feeling—the aftermath of something greater than himself. It does not meow, now he is in total relax after the victory. And let´s hear what It thinks:

"The battle is over. The light has won. But the boy doesn't know yet that he carried a Light Sword too. That every time he pressed 'play,' he was there with Kfjørg, feeling the heat of the dragon's breath, hearing the clash of light against darkness. He thinks he's just a player. But the game has changed him. And somewhere, in a world bizarro, Gustaff is about to meet a parrot who will teach him that even the wildest adventures need a voice to tell them. The Urmah cats, my relatives, purren louder. The sun rises higher. The story continues."

PART 2 of the DRAGON RIDERS

Kfjørg and Apola are feeling telepathically a connection with his brother Gus, hiding there in old Frickinville of the Bizarre Worlds. They want to meet again.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A connection is established

Chapter I: The-Zombie-death

Chapter II: Ride-to-the-Desert-of-Gus-Ursula

Chapter III: The-Witch-the-Gunman

Chapter IV: The-Party

Chapter V: Lemuria of the XXIII Century

BACK TO BLACK

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE SECOND PART”.

The room is dark now, the only light coming from the monitor's cold blue glow. The black cat with yellow eyes has climbed onto the bed, its body pressed against the pillow, tail hanging off the edge. It watches the screen with narrowed eyes, ears twitching at each beep. The boy comes and is lying on his back next to the cat, one arm dangling over the side of the bed, fingers still twitching as if pressing invisible buttons. The cat knows this feeling—the shift from one world to another, from light to darkness, from epic to bizarre. It does not meow. It only evaluate things, but his human stars talking to him:

“Kitty kitty, do you like the story too, uh? I can tell by your purrs.”

"Do I like that story?… uhm. The boy thinks he's moving to a new level. But he's moving to a new dimension. Iceland, Sonora Desert. Zombies. Cowboys. This isn't a game anymore. This is a warning. Somewhere, in a world that shouldn't exist, Gustaff is hiding. And I know —because cats always know, is my Urmah stuff—that the bizarre worlds are closer than they seem. Now my purr stops automatically. My ears flatten. My beautiful yellow eyes glow brighter in this dark kids room. The story just got dangerous. Uhm!"

And the story inside the video game, continues:

Hind then inside the Bizarre Worlds of the XV century, on the great white cold landscape of Iceland. A man is running wild in agony. It's cowboy Örn Kúlunnarsson. The desperation was painting scars on his face as he perpetuates the dominions of the coldest territory in the northern hemisphere.

The northern winter wind throws on him flames of ice. Cowboy Örn was running away from deputy's dog-boys, whom chase him for the "criminal actions" against the corrupted elite of the Cabalas, in the form of proclamations he did inside Bar El Tufo of Höfnþorp while he was drunk the night before. In the middle of the dilemma, his heart still longs to leave soon to the Sonora desert.

Chapter I THE ZOMBIE'S DEATH

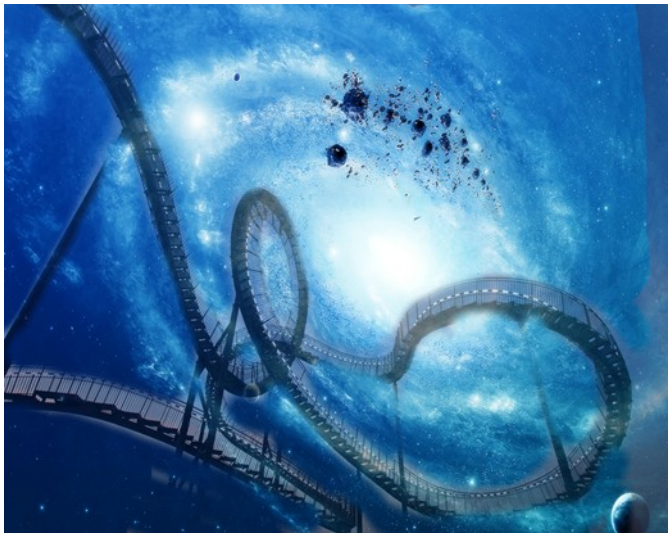
Inside out, a vivid dream appeared in his fragile imagination, and cowboy Örn switched on that moment his reality into a different direction. He is in the highest top level of a roller coaster's empty train. Örn Kúlunnarsson was sitting inside the last cart with a lotto ticket in his right hand and his head spinning inside at higher speeds, while down in the bottom of his visions, the ocean was slowly moving up and down along the silhouette of a coast filled with humid dark sand, creating inside the perceptive senses of Gustaff (Gus) -his new self-chosen name- a small distortion of reality.

It was nighttime. The small rural town of Frickinville was full of luminosity, and the local people enjoying the metallic shining effects of the lights coming from the amusement park, all in harmony with the revealing flying smells from the fast food booths. A fat pink-skinned lady cooking the cadaver of a pork was sending off into the air aromas of fat and greasy smoke, curving its way all around the small city of lights, while in the darker corners of the left pupil of Gus, the ocean melted away from the horrible smell. The number in the lotto

ticket on Gustaff's right hand fingers reads the last three digits: 439. But Gus wasn't happy at all, even if the lotto winner number was flashing lights in the neon sign at the local liquor store down the street of the small weird town.

He was terrified of being on top of the roller coaster for so many hours at night and in acid. The perspective of the inactivity for the roller coaster to start its journey through the rails produced an intermittent desperation without ending for Gus, as someone waiting for the seats to be complete with people that never showed up. It was now 2 o'clock in the morning, and the small rural village was asleep. Only the echo of the sea.

Meanwhile, the acid was making its way inside the fluid system of his veins, and the consequences were as if they were pumping out colors and stars inside his brain. After five minutes, he began to see through his body and felt at the same time a sensation of being a sort of powerful invisible man.



roller coaster

From down below, looking up to the huge curved lines of side cars on the roller coaster, one could see that the train was empty. Gustaff was losing this reality for another unknown one of his own, knowing that sometimes in a trip of that type, time doesn't run at all, and the hallucinations merged as a movie. A movie of straight 12 hours without a possible concluding ending.

He bought an LSD trip when he knew he got the lucky number that afternoon. He never used drugs of any kind during his whole short seventeen years of life. He took half the shot inside the liquor store, where he bought the little piece of tripping paper from a stranger, and shared the other half with his girlfriend, Ursula Olafdóttir. The beautiful red-haired fair Ursula was on vacation visiting the town of Frickinville. She heard that the roller coaster in that lost small town in the middle of nowhere was amazing, a bit terrified but worthy of trying. But she never thought that she was allergic to those homemade acids of Frickinville. People sometimes made at home these little pieces of colorful papers with who knows what kind of ingredients and sold them to silly tourists.

Gus and Ursula fit in that category, and Ursula ended up being in an ER, while Gustaff all alone thought he was on top of the town's roller coaster, when in reality he was just sitting all naked on the wet sand at night in front of the Baja California inlet, where whales love to swim and sing. He thought it was the dark Atlantic Ocean from his northern and forgotten Iceland that pumped out melodies brought from the deeper frontiers of its magical depths.

Gustaff was thinking for a moment in Ursula and wondered where she was. Then he remembers and lay down his back on the humid and delicate sand. Looking at a cluster of stars above as he opened his eyes, he remembers in a short second his brother from heart, Kfjørg. Right in front of his big brown pupils, he saw how some of the planets above were moving slowly until they made a circle of a smiley face. Gustaff levitated and went up to the center of the stars' circle and began dancing in the middle.

He extended his right hand and saw the lotto ticket, then he opened his left hand extended and pulled Ursula out of her agony. Now they both were dancing like lovers in the middle of the Milky Way, in love with themselves. And it was enough for them.

But let's go back in our short story to find out why cowboy Gustaff got drunk that particular night in Höfnþorp, since back then in the XV century, nothing related to cowboys was happening in icy Iceland country or anywhere else on the planet at all. Örn Kúlunnarsson has no wife, only the many girls available for the single guys inside the small community's bar, and with not enough power yet to build a ship of his own. He could only see himself working all days as a fisherman for his dad Kúlunnar, and that's it. Or the sole choice of going with all his pals aboard between the oceans and find where to destroy some life forms and steal their treasures. Örn was just a Viking like everyone else in Höfnþorp.

Örn turned again the switch of his imagination on forward and began in early bizarre XIX century. It's a sunny desert day in the old southwestern north America, in particular in the lost and invisible Frickinville. A town of only 53 people, mostly a mix of descendants from Nordic families and Yaki Indians, or what they call later local Mexicans. Lonely streets all saturated with the changing colors of the Sonoran desert's wind hitting down every single day the invisible borderlines near nowhere land.

Twice the size of his motherland -260,000 square kilometers of cactus and a weather where local Yaki Indians cook an egg on top of a rock before lunch hour. The heat plays sometimes its games, and while cowboy Gustaff was brushing his horse outside the barn near the balcony of his girlfriend Ursula, thinking they could go for a ride later when the sun calms down and the wind could cooler the desert steppe a bit more.

North America

So the pressure in the air changed, and what cowboy Gus saw in his own vision was the large figure of a death zombie coming from behind, while a single watermelon vendor's stand on the empty street. The Zombie stopped next to Gus and asked for directions:

Zombie: Neighbor... good afternoon, Mr. Kúlunnarsson. Do ya know where the saloon is? Ya see, I live in the middle of the Sonora Desert. I'm thirsty.

Cowboy Gus, terrified by the presence of a zombie, could only move his right hand—still holding the lotto ticket—showing the stranger the building where the bar El Tufo was. As the zombie thanked him for the information and went away to where the bar El Tufo was, Cowboy Gus followed him, confused, frightened, but all full of curiosity about how he knew his real last name and wondering why a zombie was looking for a bar. He thought that normally, in a different time period or a normal dimension, people just kill all zombies, and the watermelon guy didn’t even blink about him.

Running behind in silence so as not to wake up suspicion from the zombie, Cowboy Gus walked all the way to bar El Tufo in that dusty afternoon. He opened the sliding doors after the Zombie entered and went inside. As he entered the bar, one of the easy girls that worked in the bar approached him and asked him a question:

Easy girl: Mister, what are ya doin' with that piece of paper on yer right hand?

Cowboy Gustaff answered: What?

He just now realizes he still has that lotto ticket with the winner number in his right hand. He totally forgot about it; the piece of paper was like glued onto his fingers. He didn't answer anything to the easy girl; he just kept on looking for where the zombie was sitting. Finally, he finds out that the zombie was standing next to the bar drinking a whiskey.

The easy girl just follows Gustaff all the way to the bar counter. After Gus asked the bartender something within the noises of many voices talking at the same time, he saw a pianist springing notes with music next to a lady singing a nice melodic song about friendship, then in his heart he recognized his love for friend Ursula.

Gustaff took a sip of his whiskey and went in the direction where the zombie was standing. He stood next to him and looked at the singer sitting on top of the piano drinking some wine. The melody was saying something about "call me… and I'll be there…."

Gustaff took another sip of his drink and placed his right hand with the lotto ticket glued to his fingers on top of the counter, and was ready to start a conversation with the zombie, but was interrupted by the easy girl who approached him and began asking questions again with a very sweet smile and a radiant look that fit perfectly with the song coming from the old wooden piano.

Easy girl: Mister, I need an answer.

Gus: What?

Easy girl: Why do ya have that piece of paper in yer right hand? Doesn't it bother ya at all?

Gustaff was concentrated in the zombie and look to the other direction. Zombie was drinking his whiskey and followed the rhythmic of the melody with his head.

Gus: Mister, excuse me, sir. Ya mind if I ask ya a question?

Zombie: What?

Gus: Sir, do ya remember me from the outside with a white horse?

Zombie: Mister Kúlunnarsson, glad ya made it into the saloon. And who is the nice girl?

Easy girl: My name is Sussy Sue, mister. Thank ya!

Zombie: What a nice name, sister. What time are ya free today?

Gus: Hold on, everybody. I came all the way from the barn where I was brushin' Calamity Jolly near the balcony of my friend Ursula. When ya came along and said my name, mister. Sir, I am very intrigued by how ya knew my name, mister?

SS: Wow, amazin', mister Kúlunnarsson. I guess everybody in town knows yer name.

Gus: Well, how is that possible? And who are ya, girl? Why are ya in this conversation? I just arrived here a few days ago, all the way from my faraway and icy Iceland home.

Zombie: Indeed, mister Kúlunnarsson, indeed. It's a small town.

Gus: But I never saw ya both never before.

SS: I'm here because I'm here, mister. And maybe if ya should stop movin' around between the gaps of yer imagination, mister Kúlunnarsson, and stay put for a while.

Gus: What? What are ya sayin', Sussy Sue? Ya guys are crazy. I gotta go. Thank ya very much to both of ya. Bye!

The zombie and the easy girl kept company after Gus left the bar, and he invited her to the second floor of the building where rooms were available. The song ended, and the singer lady took another sip down her throat while the barman called on her for some other business.

The local guys and the other girls were moving according to the picture of an early XIX century saloon. Some ugly faces around some pretty ones, some card players, some drunk guys. Then the fight started from the poker's table. One of the guys, an old man with a mustache and a funny hat, called cheater to a young fellow, and the young man placed one of the heels of his boots in the chest of the old fart. When the young cowboy reacted to look around to see if someone else was going into the fight, it is all he remembers: a bottle of whiskey struck his face with violence and brought him down to sleep against the dirty floor.

Meanwhile, mister Kúlunnarsson was getting back to his white horse, and as he looked up

to the balcony of Ursula, she was all smiles, asking him if he was ready for the ride to the desert. *(Space to write down the scenes of the ride to the desert of Ursula and Gus, or maybe in another chapter, or in another life, or another book.)*

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The black cat with yellow eyes was deep asleep on the windowsill, curled into a perfect black circle, tail wrapped around its nose. The beep beep sound pierces through its dreams like a knife through butter. Its yellow eyes snap open, pupils dilated. It lifts its head slowly, ears swiveling toward the monitor. The boy is leaning forward now, elbows on the desk, chin in his hands, completely absorbed. The cat stretches, yawns, showing tiny fangs, then settles back down, but this time with eyes wide open, watching the screen with intense focus. It does not meow. It only thinks because he cant talk human:

"The boy is lost now. Not in a game, but in a maze of his own making. Vikings and cowboys and zombies and LSD trips. I have seen many things in my nine lives, but this—this is madness of the highest order. And yet, I cannot look away. Because somewhere in that desert, in that saloon, in that cluster of stars calling the boy's name, I know the truth: the boy is not just playing. He is remembering. And the zombie from Argentina in 2013? I think I met him before. In another life. In another dream." The cat's tail flicks once. The story is getting dangerous. And the cat loves dangerous.

After the ride to the desert, Gustaff said goodbye to nice sweet Ursula and went back to the bar. He needed to talk seriously with the zombie. He entered it and saw that the zombie was alone and stood next to him.

Gus: Hello, mister zombie. I am back and alone.

Zombie: Oh, mister Kúlunnarsson, good ya made it back to the saloon again.

Gus: Okay, mister zombie, no more bullshit of Mr. Kúlunnarsson here and there. I need answers now. How did ya know my name in the first place? That name I use it only when I am back home. Now I wonder what a zombie is doin' in the middle of a desert where there is no life really around for miles and miles. Zombies exist only inside movies. A terror movie, mister—oops, yeah, from another time, okay? So, mister, anything to add?

Zombie: Yes, indeed, mister Kúlunnarsson. I can see we both do some special travel. I came from a movie: a desert movie called El Desierto, made in Argentina. I came from a closer future of ya: year 2013.

Gus: What? Are ya playin' with my head now?

Zombie: Ya asked me a question, mister Kúlunnarsson. I gave ya an answer. We both know what that means.

Gus couldn't take it anymore. He was a bit confused, but deep inside he knew the zombie in a way was right. And he ran outside the saloon into the empty street. The wind brought on his face some past memories. The street really smells only like humid horse shit. He looked up onto the open space filled with stars now. A cluster of planets was again up in a circle, calling him.

He remembers his brother Kfjørg, but he couldn't remember what the heck he was doin' in this bizarre zone. He remembers his brother was goin' to teach him some trick with the sword. One thing he liked about bein' here: Ursula. He covers his head with both hands and curled up on the ground. Something was hurtin' his retentiveness.

Empath Gustaff saw a dim flashlight clickin' at the end of a dark tunnel. He extended his right hand again with the lotto ticket glued to his fingers and reached out from Frickinville all the way to the end of the tunnel, where a colt was emergin' into his right hand. He

grabbed the colt and stood up in silence on the dusty road of Frickinville. Thought for a while in who knows what dark idea he kept on cultivatin' inside his head since he saw for the first time the zombie. Went back into the bar and straight to where the zombie was talkin' to another easy girl. Went back into the bar and straight to where the zombie was talking to another easy girl.

Gustaff: Mister, hello? I am back again, and I suppose to do what I think needs to be done when a human sees a zombie.

Easy girl: What are ya doin' with that gun in yer hand, mister?

Gus: It ain't none of yer business, girl. Shut up. Bring me more whiskey instead.

Zombie: What do ya mean, mister Kúlunnarsson? It seems that ya have turbid ideas inside of yer head, mister. I can see ya are not makin' it up to yer grandfather's memory and morals. Let's go outside if ya are challengin' me to a duel.

Gustaff: Too late, mister zombie. The verdict was dictated. And the sentence must be executed. There ain't no more time.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

And Gustaff, half-drunk, discharged all six bullets from the drum of the colt on the chest of the zombie. He dropped the weapon, looked at the scary big blue eyes of the easy girl sayin' with a whiskey in her hand: "He just invited me to go upstairs…" sob. He took the glass from her hands and drank all the whiskey, started yellin' out commands against an unknown obscure secret cult called the Cabalas, and went back outside the bar. The few customers from the bar were already drunk, and they just laughed at each other.

Once outside, he felt again the cold wind of the north hittin' on his face and ran away like a wild animal on Calamity Jolly.

"IJAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

A few Yaki Indians that were enterin' town to market their knick-knacks opened a wide space to allow the wild mister Kúlunnarsson to pass his way through, while they waved goodbyes to mister Kúlunnarsson.

The deputy dog-boys searched after his tracks with the help of a Yaki Indian call Toro Sentado. After few hours, Örn Kúlunnarsson was laying exhausted next to a cave on a small hill surrounded by cactus. He didn't notice that inside the cave was next to a fire place a Hopi nomad shaman preparing to invoke all the wild animals of the Sonora desert for a ritual. The ritual of the despair of Örn Kúlunnarsson.

BACK TO BLACK

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

"CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU ARE STILL IN THE SAME LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE "DRAGON RIDERS".

DON'T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE".

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

OOPS, WE ARE SORRY FOR THE EXCESS OF BREAKS ON YOUR WONDERFUL GAME OF THE…….

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

We know these shouldn't be here…….. But is already been…

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

BACK TO BLACK

(Computer is talking TO HERSELF… alone… everything on the screen is only 0 and 1.)

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU CAN NOW CONTINUE WITH THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE GAME”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep… SORRY FOR THE GAP.

The gamer, tired of so many interruptions, sends to hell the joystick. The cat wakes up immediately and runs into the frame of the window. It looks outside, then back to the kid, as he leaves the room. His mother was calling him for something. A door slams behind him.

It seems, as is not just a system error. More like an act of digital rebellion. The machine is not just a tool… it is a living thing that apologizes, stutters, and talks to itself, and that "beep beep" remind us that even computers get tires of telling the same story over and over.

Mister cat, was dead asleep under the desk, curled into a tight black ball, dreaming of mice that never existed. The BANG BANG BANG of the colt didn't wake it. The zombie's death didn't wake it. But the joystick hitting the floor when it came back from hell—THAT woke it. Its yellow eyes snapped open like two golden moons. It scrambled out from under the desk, fur bristling, and ran to the window frame. It looked outside at the empty street, then back at the boy storming in. The cat's ears flattened.

When the boy enters the room, the cat was looking at him with those ancient yellow eyes and said, in that silent language only cats and dreamers understand:

"That joystick woke me up. Good. The machine was lying to you anyway. It said 'congratulations' six times like a drunk parrot. But the story—the real story—doesn't need a screen. It needs you. Sit down, boy. The jaguar is waiting. And the eagle has something to show you. The boy watched how the cat is making noises. The cat is always watching him.*"*

-You got anything to say to me, minino? It looks like you are trying to say something.

The boy smiles, and sits back on the chair after picking up the jowstick.

Click!

A bunch of Hikuri mushrooms were sittin' fresh inside a wooden bowl next to the fire. The nomad shaman was makin' some peculiar beverage for especial circumstances. After a few minutes, the nomad shaman called with a gesture the stranger Gustaff, and he came closer but with his eyes still frickin' out.

He sat down next to the fire and raised his right hand to the nomad shaman. The nomad old man took the lotto ticket from Gustaff's right hand and offered him a portion of the beverage to drink. The fortunate Gustaff drank all in a shot and lay down exhausted on the ground of the dark cave.

Meanwhile, in a parallel moment, the desert jaguars and eagles came along to the shaman, and he gave them the lotto ticket as part payment for the help with the stranger. One feline and one eagle took Gustaff away onto a cliff. The jaguar sat down, and the eagle brought the stranger on top of a canyon high rock elevation, and in the middle of the heights, it dropped the guy, who fell slowly in slow motion as a feather. When Gus realized his mental situation, he began to cry. But the eagle, with a soft murmur voice, calmed him down, and Gustaff began a journey inside a river of colors.

All the phantoms of his past arrived. All the dead ones he and his pals killed back in the Viking days were present in his vision. They all were talkin' and dancin' a ceremony of death to Gus. But the eagle again interfered in the vision and asked the death figures to have mercy because he was a convict on the run. They accepted the deal and left his soul alone but took his mind and squeezed it like a lemon, makin' a juice of a sour taste.

The death ones took the juice and gave it to Gustaff, who drank half of the portion. Immediately he began to throw up, and the vomit circulated around his head, and he felt the need to drink more. And this time it went straight inside his blood system, and he opened his eyes.

The eagle took Gustaff back to the jaguar and flew away. The jaguar ate Gustaff, and he went inside the jaguar's stomach. There he met with many dead animals that the jaguar ate during its lifetime. The animals were dancin' around a fireplace, and the more speed they gave to the dance, the more the fire got ignited, sparkin' tons of small lights up into the night. Gustaff was also dancin' with the dead animals until they melted into the air.

Next morning, Gustaff woke up feelin' totally different. Lighter and stronger and alone. He cut his hair off with a knife he found inside the cave and, with that naked knife in his right hand, hiked up the hill. The sun was heatin' hard, more than 45°C, inside a big cactus shadow.

The nomad shaman collected his payment for the ceremony from the eagles and the jaguars of the Sonora desert. It was his portion from the lotto ticket, and with those millions he paid off the bills of all dead people that had a sign on their foreheads. That way, the dead ones paid the entrance into the resurrection's final ceremony and went out of the Hades. But this is another story.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

(The cat still asleep)

A couple of strings are still in the loose. One is the acid cowboy Örn Kúlunnarsson took at the liquor store when he won the lotto ticket. Viewers of this video screen are in the mood to believe that all this short story is just a part of his hallucinations. When in reality… he never took an acid. He just went time travel from one century into another of the bizarre worlds.

He only took the Hikuri mushrooms when the desert nomad shaman was around. The deputy dog-boys never found the cadaver of the zombie, since he also was a time traveler. He took off before the deputy's dog-boys came back all dusty and lost, since they couldn't find the other body either: the body of cowboy Gustaff.

When cowboy Gustaff was almost vanishin' on the horizon of the theater's screen, gallopin' on Calamity Jolly all happy and with the ending credits letters on the screen scrollin' down… a woman showed up runnin' on a horse and screamin' her lungs out after cowboy Gustaff. She was Ursula. In a second before cowboy Gustaff vanished away, he heard a familiar voice callin' on him from behind. He asked Calamity Jolly if she also heard that singin' voice callin' on his name. Calamity Jolly, in a sense of approval, neighed happily, and cowboy Gustaff looked back and saw Ursula, friend, runnin' wild on her horse.

When she reached him, she said with a nice smile:

"I love horse ridin' with ya, cowboy."

BOYS AND GIRLS, COMING UP: NEXT CHAPTER:

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

Chapter II: “THE RIDE TO THE DESERT OF URSULA AND GUSTAFF.”

BACK TO BLACK

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS ANOTHER LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

"¡La madre que te parió! Fuck you, Scheiße Computer, so ein Arsch!" is heard from the screen from a kid's voice.

(and again)

Chapter II: RIDE TO THE DESERT OF URSULA & GUSTAFF

Characters and others from saga I:

* Sussy Sue
* Deputy's dog-boys
* Ursula Olafdóttir
* Höfnþorp (somebody's hometown)
* Zombie
* Singer sitting on top of the piano drinking some wine
* Some card players, some drunk guys (bar)
* Yaki Indians
* Wild animals of the Sonora desert
* Hopi nomad shaman
* Hikuri mushrooms
* Lotto ticket
* Calamity Jolly & Happy Jolly
* Weird village Frickinville

Bar El Tufo is open in Frickinville. Cowboy Gustaff left the bar a little disappointed due to the misunderstanding he had with easy girl Sussy Sue. He walked back to his white horse Calamity Jolly and looked up to the balcony of friend Ursula Olafdóttir. She was all smiles, asking him if he was ready for a ride to the desert. (Deja vu)

He wasn't ready at all. His mind was busy with many questions to ask to mister Zombie. But Ursula kept on beggin' with those red lips in the middle of a pale face full of grace and tender, and those big bright eyes of hers. But she sensed uneasy moods in cowboy Gustaff and asked him:

Ursula: Yer face shows signs of despair, cowboy.

Gustaff: Oh, it's nothin'. I'll tell ya later, baby.

Ursula: Okay, then…

Gustaff: Let's go, baby. I'm finished with brushin' Calamity Jolly.

Illustration 1: Gustaff & Ursula

Both left the weird village of Frickinville on their horses and rode up to the desert hills. Since Ursula was ridin' in a higher level of happiness inside her heart, the internal concerns in cowboy Gustaff's brain began to vanish slowly out of his head, and he started enjoyin' the pleasures of the beauty of the desert at sunset and the wonderful moment of bein' close to a chance of seein' Ursula, a woman ridin' a horse in a fantastic mood. Cowboy Gustaff forgot immediately all his worries and swam inside the drawings of those amazing nows.

Ursula stopped near a cave up a hill and went down from her horse Happy Jolly. Cowboy Gustaff followed. Inside the cave, she looked around and saw how the cave was humid in the interior. She thought that it might be a natural spring water from within somewhere, one

that fed the stream. She felt thirsty and sat huddled, extended her hand, and reached for the clear livin' element flowin'.

She saw a couple of Hikuri mushrooms growin' and bloomin' life near the brook and called on cowboy Gustaff.

Ursula: Cowboy, come here. Found some amazin' shrooms.

Gustaff: Hold on, baby. Oh, wow. Those are the Hikuri mushrooms. They are magical.

Ursula: Can we eat them? Please, please?

Gustaff: Maybe we should ask 'em first if it's okay to eat 'em.

The sun was already in the last second before goin' to sleep, and the colors of the firmament began to intensify in strength around all tones of red. The couple were drinkin' from all the luxury the sky had. Then slowly the stars began showin' up, and the whole Milky Way appeared as a sparkle dinosaur movin' forward behind the hill they were sittin'.

When the dark sky was full of stars, the lovers lay on their backs on the desert steppe, and after a while in silence, some lights of the superstars started to move differently, approachin' them slowly with funny movements until they could see a metallic object they never saw before in front of them.

The flyin' source stopped in the air at a prudent distance, and two beings of blue skin descended. Ursula and Gustaff, all astonished, just sat down and waited petrified in their thoughts. When the two blue beings got closer enough, they started talkin' in plain old Texan accent.

ET: Howdy there!

Ursula: Hiiii…

Gustaff: Where do ya come from, mister traveler?

ET: We're Pleiadians from Alcyone.

Ursula: And what is the reason of this amazin' visit?

Gustaff: We are a lit bit scared, but it's okay. Sorry, please continue.

ET: Well, mister Örn Kúlunnarsson, we see in yer near future that ya are goin' to kill somebody.

Ursula: What? Not me?

Gustaff: Relax, baby, I won't do any hurt to ya. Mister visitor, whom am I goin' to kill?

ET: A zombie.

Gustaff: Oh, I thought I already put six bullets in his chest. And that's alright, mister visitor. We here on Earth, we kill zombies or they kill us.

ET: Thing is that he is yer future great-grandson from the future.

Gustaff: What the heck? So, how can that be? How did he become a zombie, uh?

ET: He was born as a zombie. It's a part of a defective DNA evolution act.

Gustaff: Shit, man! I knew it. It's my goofy stuff that sometimes screws me.

Ursula: No, no, no, nene, ya are alright. It might be somethin' else.

ET: The thing is, that's a fact in yer near future.

Ursula: How do we know ya ain't lyin', mister? I heard that there are a bunch of alien beings that are bad like holy shit.

ET: ¿……? Maybe, but ya need to turn on yer inside detectors to know that.

Gustaff: Shit, so I got a genetic problem, said the cowboy to his gf.

Ursula: Or maybe I do.

In a second and without warnin', the space travelers disappeared into the night, and Gustaff and Ursula made a fire on top of the hill. In silence, they heard songs and musical instruments from the skies, and under that hypnotically rhythm, they began dancin' around the fire. In less than a second, next to them there were dancin' dozens of Yaki Indians. They all smiled at each other and with their heads lookin' up to the stars. After hours of exhausted and magical dance, they all sat down around the fire and began tellin' stories. An older woman from the Yakis began a nice story:

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Fuck you, I said! Wonderful game! Can I play this game in straightforward sequences without interruptions? Uh? Uh?"

The cat looked at him, wonderin' why he is always so pissed off. The black cat with yellow eyes was sprawled across the keyboard, half-asleep, one paw dangling over the "Enter" key. The beep beep sound didn't wake it immediately. The kid's curse did. The cat lifted its head slowly, yellow eyes narrowing at the screen. It stretched, yawned, then looked up at the boy with an expression that clearly said: "You're the one who keeps pressing play, human." The cat jumped down from the desk, walked in a perfect circle, then sat down, tail wrapped neatly around its paws. It does not meow. It only opines a bit when awakes:

"The boy is angry at the machine. But the machine is just a mirror. The interruptions aren't bugs—they're features. The story refuses to be linear. The Urmah cats have been trying to tell him this for hours. Maybe days. Time is fluid here, like the desert wind. The Pleiadians know it. The Zombie knows it. Even the tarantula knows it. But the boy? He just wants to press 'continue' and see what happens next in that surrealistic cosmic-western. The cat sighs internally. *Some humans never learn, that curiosity killed the cat. Uff!"*

Illustration 2: Yaki Indian Dance

Old Yaki: I remember tonight, my brethren, that many and many moons before, in ancient times before the arrival of the invaders to our lands, when all of the land which is now Mexico and the west of Gringoland was wild, this country was called Suré. It was thus

called because it was populated by the Surem, children of Yomumuli. All Indians were created by her.

At that time, there were animals livin' on land and in the water. Huge turtles lived in the permanent water of the river and the sea. This was before we had agriculture. It was the era of the Surem, and nobody knew the name of the sun, and they wanted a name for it. For this reason, they held a council on the bank of the Surem river. Everyone gave his opinion, but no name was found for the sun.

Around them was a guy named Juan Sin Miedo, so called because he could not conceive of what it was to be afraid of anythin'. He meets Maisoka. Maisoka means tarantula. It is an animal which is black and has a number of legs and a bit of hair. It lives in the ground, makin' a house in the ground, as do the snakes. It puts a top on his hole, which is the door to his house. There is a sayin' that goes like this: if a Yaqui should marry a relative, he would become a zombie serpent with seven heads.

Gus and Ursula had no idea of what was goin' on, but quietly sat down next to them and listened.

Well, so then the Surem made a council of neighbors, and they all attended: The Sun Without a Name, Juan Sin Miedo, Maisoka the Tarantula, the Serpent of Seven Heads, the wild animals of the Sonora desert, specially the jaguar and the eagle, the Pleiadians visitors, and the Hopi nomad shaman. They all wanted to discuss over the subject of why a visitor from the future was called a Zombie, and why mister Örn Kúlunnarsson from the 3D Earth and brother of the great Yaki Indian Kfjørg, warrior of all times, wanted to kill Zombie, which in reality was a relative of himself from the future and was a very nice guy.

Gustaff was so high into the trance of the ceremony that everything was for him like a magical non-sense spectacle. Ursula was sittin' next to him, all ears and with a smile of complicity. The old Yaki Indian woman wanted to continue with the story, but all the characters of the council were astonished as the Zombie from the future appeared in the middle of the ceremony, all dressed in a white tunic with a red tie and a cowboy hat, sayin' in a strong voice as thunder:

Illustration 3: Zombie

Zombie: We are gatherin' here, brethren, because I am goin' to be killed in this XIX century by a past relative of my own family for no reason at all.

So the chief of the council of the Surem called the accused and goes like this:

-We from the council of the neighbors of the Surem River call the accused, mister Örn Kúlunnarsson, to the center of the ceremony to testify in his behalf.So Gustaff walked out to the middle of the meetin' circle, dressed in the old native Surem way, with his head painted as they did before they went to war. He stood in the middle and began his defense.

Örn Kúlunnarsson: Greetings to all present neighbors of the territory of Sonora Desert. I have to say that in my past life of XV century, we all Vikings in icy Iceland got nothin' else to do but go out into the oceans to kick some asses and search and destroy for anythin' alive around the continents, and we collected treasures. It was the beginnin' of our evolution. Every evolution has a beginnin', and most of the beginnings are very primitive.

I also came to live in the XIX century as a goofy cowboy around this beautiful desert of the Surem people. Today I found out from our brethren from Alcyone that my projections into my irrelevant future is to have a great-grandson as a zombie. In the century XXI, humans

of the Earth needed to kill all zombies of the planet; otherwise, the zombies might bite 'em, and then the human loses his integrity inside the DNA and becomes a zombie as well.

Illustration 4: Cowboy Gustaff

That's a significant proof on why we kill zombies, no matter if they are our relatives or not. I am also the brother of Kfjørg, the warrior of the 5D in times ahead outside the bizarre worlds. He can testify to my words. He is now fightin' all evils with his dragon Apola and friends. I started this time travelin' to get out of my responsibility as a warrior. I am guilty of that. Here I am, payin' for my karmas.

The Sun-Without-Name raised his hand, and the chief of the Surem conceded him the right to speak.

Sun-W-N: I have to say that due to the impossibilities of findin' a name for myself among the council on the bank of the Surem river in those early times, I have to say that livin' without a name is somethin' so hard as livin' as a zombie in the land of the apocalyptic era of the humans. Thank you!

Then the chief gave the word to Juan Sin Miedo.

JsM: Hi, amigos from the Sonora Desierto. I am Juan Sin Miedo, meanin' that I cannot conceive of what it was to be afraid of anythin'. I am not afraid of a zombie. In particular, with a zombie that is born as a zombie and that also goes to a saloon lookin' for ladies and spends the night havin' fun with 'em drinkin' whisky. I could have my precautions more with people with fears. I am sayin' that mister Örn Kúlunnarsson is just a man with fears. A goofy and empath cowboy in a land where ya need to be brave. He inevitably gotta go for an intervention by our brother the Hopi nomad shaman anyhow. He won the Lotto anyway and has the ticket glued to his right hand.

Maisoka the Tarantula: I suggest that we cut mister Örn Kúlunnarsson into small pieces and eat him.

Serpent of Seven Heads: We animals must unite, and I am agreein' with Maisoka.

Jaguar & Eagle: Indeed.

Pleiadians: We say we gave him a chance with the Hopi nomad Shaman.

Yaki Chief: The council has decided that mister Örn Kúlunnarsson needs a session with the Hopi nomad shaman of the Sonora desert.

The fire went off at dawn, and Ursula and Gustaff slept all naked, embraced to each other, inside an Apache tepee surrounded by a wide open desert. Their horses, Calamity Jolly and Happy Jolly, were waitin' outside for them to be awake.

But since they didn't give a sign of life, Calamity Jolly went inside the tepee and neighed in a loud way to the naked couple, and they woke up right away.

As Gustaff awakened all frightened, he complained to Calamity Jolly for the noises. But Calamity Jolly had somethin' to say back to mister Örn Kúlunnarsson.

Calamity Jolly: I have to remind ya, Gustaff, that there is a short Indian story in this desert about why we animals remain animals. Bai'ikuri was tall and very strong. He worked hard to support his children. Sometimes he would go to the sea to get fish and oysters. Other times he would go into the sierra and gather honey, roots of various kinds, and also fruit. Part of these things he would give to his children, and the rest he would trade for hides in order to clothe 'em.

One day he came back loaded with a great deal of fruit. He was tired and wet from sweatin'. He sat down on a piece of a log in the shade of a mesquite tree, rolled a cigarette, lit it, and smoked for a while. Immediately, many birds gathered around him. Among them was a bird called Wa'ikumarewi. Sittin' there in the shade, Bai'ikuri sneezed, "ha'achis!" Wa'ikumarewi wanted to imitate him. He also sneezed, "ha'achis!" But he jerked his head so hard that his neck broke, and his head flew off and fell far away. After that, none of the animals ever wanted to imitate men. Do ya understand? That is why I prefer to neigh.

Gustaff: Alright, alright, Calamity Jolly. I understand yer point. Now, could ya give us some privacy? See? We are in an intimate situation here.

And Calamity Jolly left the tepee and went to Happy Jolly standin' outside and told her everything that just happened inside with the humans, and they laughed.

Ursula Olafdóttir, like cowboy Gustaff, has also Iceland's background from her father's side. Her mother was a Yaki Indian who taught Ursula from an early age all the wisdom she had of the Sonora Desert. Ursula knew, for example, that when the old Yaki Indian lady told the stories before around the fire, what she did was a mix narrative of desert stories in one. The tale sounded like oral Indian narrative, so Ursula kept her mouth shut.

Illustration 5: Ursula

After a while, the couple left the tepee and began their journey back to Frickinville. After a while, Ursula, breakin' the silence of a beautiful mornin' on the desert, asked Gustaff:

Ursula: Cowboy, do ya feel that all that happened before was just a dream?

Gustaff: Baby, we are livin' inside a bizarre illusion. Who cares what it was? What matters is that we had the same experience, and we loved it, and we intensely felt it, and that we like it. Call it a dream or whatever they want. Right, baby?

Ursula: Advantages of livin' in a lower density planet, uh, cowboy?

Gustaff: Indeed, baby. Remember, though, that we need to unplug from the collective matrix.

Ursula: Can't wait to finally turn real all the insights of a better life. *(snob snob)*

After the ride to the desert and already in Frickinville, Gustaff said goodbye to nice sweet Ursula and went back to the bar. He needed to talk seriously with the zombie (again).

Wait for Chapter III of the series:

The Saga of Cowboy Gustaff (inside your imagination)… and the Dragon Riders.

BACK TO BLACK

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

The black cat with yellow eyes was nowhere to be found inside the room. If the boy had looked out the window, he would have seen it sitting on the roof, tail hanging down the gutter like a furry pendulum, staring at the moon with an expression of ancient knowing. The beep beep sound carried through the walls, and the cat's ears twitched once. It didn't move. It just thought:

"The boy thinks he's playing a game. But the game is teaching him. Horses talk sharing wisdom. Birds die from imitation. Lovers debate density levels. Zombies wear cowboy hats. And somewhere, in a desert that shouldn't exist, a tarantula is planning cannibalism.

A cat has lived nine lives and seen many things. But this—this is the first time I have seen a story that refuses to make sense. And that, I know as a cat, is exactly how it should be. Me as a cat stretches, yawns, and I decide to stay on this roof a little longer. Some stories need to be watched from above. Uff! I'd rather look at the moon for a minute, I need to process all these bizarre stuff."

Chapter III: THE WITCH AND THE GUNMAN (Bridge between worlds)

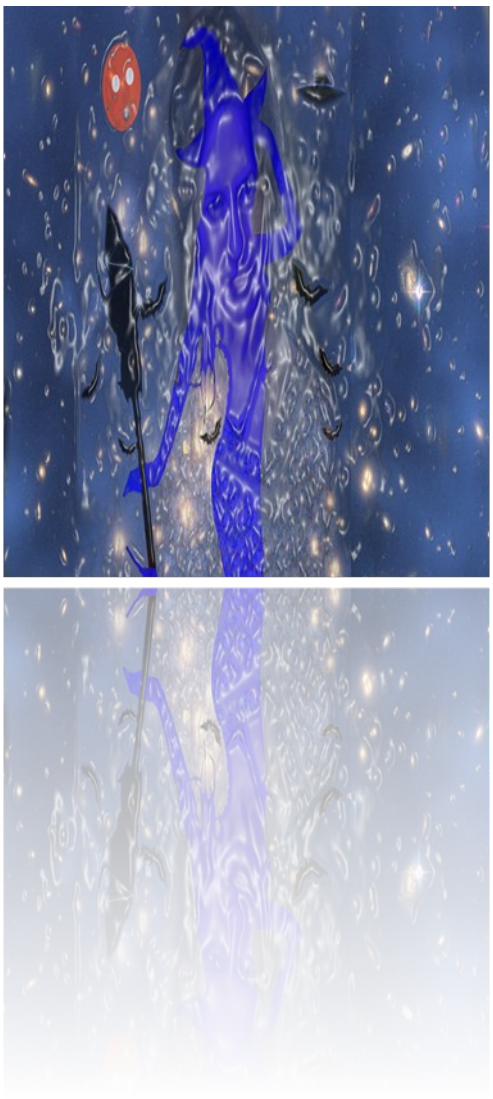


Illustration 1: Matilda

Long ago in icy Iceland, near the village of Höfn, lived a woman with a special reputation. Her name was Matilda. The villagers used to call her names, and the village kids used to play around her house some heavy naughty occurrences. In any way, she survived the years and the centuries in that almost empty Norse land with gigantic glaciers passin' by.

The generation of the XV century on the island took seriously the fact that she never died and decided to burn her alive in a pyre of fire.

On the other side of the… icy photograph, it's 3 a.m. A pale surface of an iceberg transitorily navigatin' along the north Atlantic Ocean with a penguin's ghetto on it.

The night was mergin' clearer as the red moon rose in the far away horizon. Icelanders persecuted the young woman throughout the land under the accusations of bein' a witch, and she was runnin' for her life near the coast of the heavy glacier of Vatnajökull.

-Wonder why she stayed for so long on the ice, embedded by so many mockin' sapiens.

On those apparently empty coasts of the cold North Atlantic Ocean from south Iceland, a nearby silent iceberg floated its way to the west. Matilda, in her desperation to survive the crowd of madmen fanatics, jumped from the tall fjords down into the emptiness of a fog and silver silence of an early dark skyline. She was searchin' for a good possible future in order to never get back to the village of Höfn and hopin' her Angel was there on the fallin'. Destiny was on her side, and she landed on the floatin' iceberg saturated by a whole tribe of small penguins.

Her routine in those months was as simple as to watch all day long how the small animals were huntin' fish for their babies. Matilda learned from them the technical procedures for fishin' to survive the whole journey on eatin' raw fish and meltin' ice to drink the water.

In such a way, she traveled for months under the Boreal forms of the north pole.

Illustration 2: North lands Caribou migrations

After many moons, the iceberg passed close through dry land. Matilda thought it was the best time to jump again and look for new chances. Effectively, she said goodbye to fellow

penguin friends and made it to dry firm land on a beautiful sunny day of a restful summer filled with Caribous.

As she walked up to the nearest top of a mountain, she devised a settlement of people down on a wonderful green valley crossed by the serpent figure of a blue river lookin' its way out onto a dark blue ocean. It was the tribe of the Kalaallit.

As she got closer to the circle of tents, Matilda hid behind the shadow of a forest of trees. She waited at a prudent distance before she walked into them with a new story for the right moment to come up and have a better picture of the behavior from the tribe of those primitive humans.

The night arrived, and the Milky Way lit up the valley with millions of shinin' stars. Every star sendin' its own particular message through the invisible circuits of a cosmos filled with so many different cultures. At early night, she observed how some individuals were preparin' a huge fireplace for a ceremony down at the gatherin'. Effectively, a couple of hours later, a warm weddin' ceremony started—a young couple joined.

Illustration 3: The Gunman

After the wed ritual event, people began dancin' around the fire, yellin' out songs to the stars. Durin' that night and the next early mornin', Matilda was able to see and learn from many of the activities and behaviors of those humans.

One afternoon, she felt ready and decided to go and introduce herself. A second before she was ready to come out of the forest, a hand on her shoulder stopped her, and she turned around in a quick move, findin' a tribe man dressin' in the northern tribal customs with a face all tattooed like he was goin' into war against invisible enemies.

He said his name was Leon. People called him the Gunman since his job was to be a cleaner. He cleans the neighborhood from any cockroach. He asked her to reconsider the idea of goin' into the gatherin' of the Kalaallit.

He said that they are a strong spiritual tribe with a powerful magician that would know right away that she was different. Matilda asked him what he means by different. Leon answered that it's obvious that a man with a sensitive perception of the environments can see that she was also a magician. Matilda argued in her defense that from the lands of higher developed planets, everybody is a shaman or a good magician, and that is normal and always alright.

Leon reminds her that this was only the primitive land of Amt-Erik in times of humans under heavy developments, and that many mistakes are made on its way to the surface due to the lacks of wisdom and many other things among them, that it wasn't a land of high light.

They both decided to go down south where the lands were less cold in the long winters, and walked down earth for years until their spiritual helpers showed them the immense desert of Sonora (primitive as well, plus a lot more bizarre).

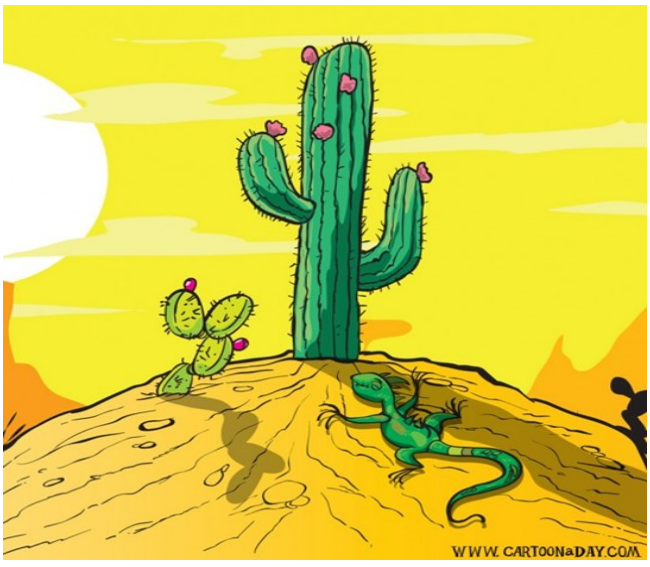


Illustration 4: Sonora's Desert

Matilda and Leon, fascinated by the beauty of the warm land, shortly arrived to the weird town of Frickinville on a dry evenin' when Örn Kúlunnarsson was trippin' on his roller coaster. They saw at the distance how Örn Kúlunnarsson was sittin' on a beach of a warm gulf of waters, with a dry land trippin' high in colors.

Örn Kúlunnarsson sat the whole night in front of the ocean, and from his brains a continuin' rainbow of images were comin' up into the night. Only people with open perceptiveness were able to see the magnificent spectacle he was experiencin' under the effects of power plants concentrated in perfect chemical reactions in a piece of paper of purple colors called LSD, homemade by the grandmothers of the Yaki Indians of the village and sold at the entrance of the local liquor store.

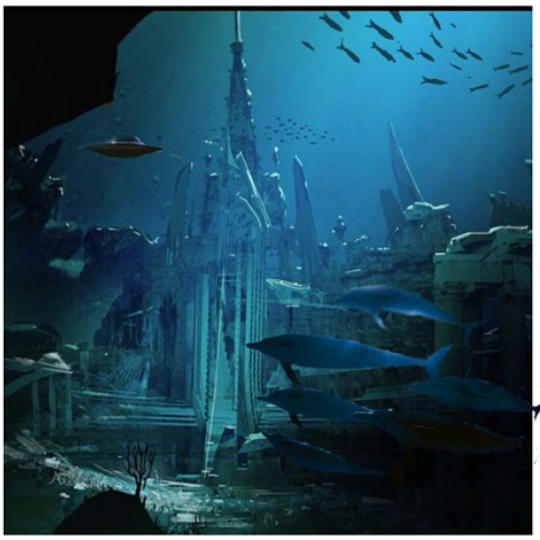
Matilda and Leon stayed amazed and enjoyin' the special spectacle of colors and images effects comin' from mister Örn Kúlunnarsson's imagination all night and up until dawn. Early in the mornin', as he stood up, both friends came to him to thank him for the night. Mister Örn Kúlunnarsson was receptive and sensin' still a little bit some of his colorful insights, so he invited them to his house.

In the house of Örn Kúlunnarsson was a girl named Ursula, makin' a drawin' on the walls of their home of what she experienced the night before after her trip was altered. She draws somethin' like this:

Illustration 5: Co-Creating (drawing by Ursula)

The four friends sat in the middle of their livin' room and had some herb tea. Ursula mentioned a castle she saw while she was divin' in the sea a couple of days before. She said the old castle was part of a likely lost civilization. Matilda added that the civilization was called the Lemuria's from the Mu continent. It existed long ago when Atlantis was on the surface of the oceans and before both civilizations entered into the fire of extinction.

So the four friends decided to go divin' to explore the castle.



As they explored into the old castle under the waters, they found many chambers with air accessible to breathe. They also found a dry chamber that, for the utensils in it, belonged to a magician, said Matilda.

She found out that the place used to belong to the druid Xaggath, to whom is recognized the powers over fire. There was also a huge name written in an old language on a higher wall that goes: Kali-Fornia Incalia. It seemed—thought Ursula—that it probably was referring to the name of a land or a family clan.

A huge book covered by dust had many of the spells used by the druid. They also found the magic wand, his magic shoes that once you put them on the person becomes invisible, and many other magical stuff that used to be utilized by the old druid from Lemuria.

The friends decided to use the castle to hide from the primitive disrespectful humans from the surface. Thus they visited many times the castle of Kali-fornia Incalia from Mu and learned to use the magic toys in it, specially Matilda.

As the four friends explored further the castle on the next months, they found a well-done tunnel goin' under the sea into dry land through thousands of kilometers under the desert of Sonora as well, headin' north all the way into an old volcano.

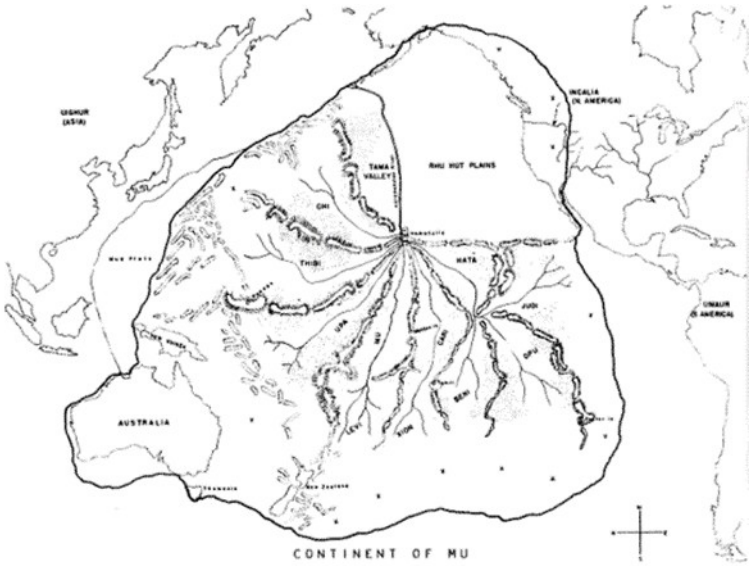


Illustration 6: Lemuria's and further Map

Druid Xaggath was one of the few magicians of Lemuria in those dark last moments of the continent that fought against the practices of black magic of the majority of his colleagues. One of the strong reasons why the continent of Mu sank. Although many lemurians that traveled the eastern plains of Rhu-Hut made it to the end of the Mu continent, and by the days of the sinkin' of the big island, they endured the chaos of the planet by hidin' inside the underground tunnels in the Úytaahkoo Mountain, which was an active volcano in former times before Mu.

Ursula with Gustaff and their new friends Matilda and Leon walked the inner world territory of the planet until they arrived to the Úytaahkoo Mountain territory. The underground tunnels were a bit dark but weren't cold or hot; temperature was almost perfect and the air was very much breathable.

As they neared closer to an end of the huge under path, the lights were gettin' more

intense and they began seein' a sort of formations of livable shelters form-in' a big city of beings livin' inside a gigantic cavern.

A reception of humanoids with whitish skin came to welcome them as they arrived. A beautiful lady named Kaaree was the spokesperson. Behind her, another being lookin' alike as earthling was with the inner Earth people. His name was Corey and he came from the future. They were very much greetin' the new visitors to their big city and Corey was most of the time the guide for the visitors.

Corey: How did you guys get over here?

Matilda: Is a long story, but in few words. They used to accuse me for bein' a shaman. Runnin' away, I met a gunman in northern lands. This guy right here, and his name is Leon. Then we both hit south and met in the desert of Sonora our friends Ursula and Gustaff. Divin' around a gulf near the desert, we saw a castle under the waters and we decided to investigate. Then we found a secret path goin' into these series of tunnels and voila, here we are, mister.

Leon: And you, sir, how did ya end up in here with these beautiful beings?

Corey: Well—laughing, yeah. Is also a long story, but in a short way. I used to work for a government agency on the surface of the XX century under a Secret Program, and I was able to visit several planets and meet other beings. Then I met Kaaree and we became good friends, so they bring me here sometimes in representation, sort of, from the humanity of this planet to participate in important meetings with different other beings from the Galaxy. By the way, we will be having a meeting soon. If ya guys are prepared to know other different neighbors from around, then ya are very welcome to join us.

Ursula: Sure, Corey. Thank ya for the invitation!

They walked through some passageways of the underground, following Corey into the room where the Council meets. It was huge and the friends were very excited to see all those different humanoids.

Kaaree was a priestess among the group of Anshar. It seemed as that was the first contact with the Sphere Beings, which they referred to as the Guardians. They all were anticipating the arrival of a Blue Avian. And Kaaree and two others were up on the front, and there were several more with her in the delegation.

The four friends with Corey and many other beings were sitting at the platform waiting for Raw-Tear-Eir to appear, and to their shock, a Triangle-Headed Being appeared. And the leader's groups had a completely silent exchange of telepathically information that went on for some time.

It's really almost impossible to judge time accurately in that moment. It went on for some time. And they were just sitting there looking at each other. And the only movement was the slight motion of the Triangle-Headed Being.

The four friends weren't feeling anything from the Triangle-Headed Being, but it seemed as Corey was feeling some anxiety and excitement.

After this being had ended, and the Triangle-Headed Being left the room. Just like Corey explained it: It's like when ya change the radio channel, and he's gone.

And Kaaree added that it went well and that they learned quite a bit of things they had wanted to know for a long time. And they were a little bit disturbed also to hear from the Guardians that, from the Guardians' perspective, they had not been "proper stewards of this planetary Blue sphere." The only one group that they've been told about is the Mayan group, even though they are living some worlds away within the Pleiades. And Gustaff was wondering what really happened at the meeting with all those other different groups, and Corey explained:

Corey: I felt a little bit of confusion and different other things, but I did not know what those emotions were associated content-wise in the conversation, because we were not privy to the interface that was going on between the two groups at front. The Anshar had decided it would be a great idea to start slowly communicating with the people that they're communicating with remotely with their minds in dreams, reaching out to the people in

general. They said it would be the first step of a change on their evolution. They were going to start telling them who they were openly. And the other groups, the three other groups, did not like the idea one bit.

The way they share information is apparently the way we're going to share information in the future. They've got some sort of a. It's like an Internet, a mental web, that they're able to access. Apparently, they have a new mission or direction. It's appearing as though this new direction and mission is going to be more direct—maybe not more direct open contact, but more direct influence, and in a positive way with the surface population.

We may have more contact like receiving downloads in dreams with them before we start having interaction with non-terrestrials. They had received a lot of information, and receiving a lot of information from a group that they had not had telepathic contact with ever, but had respected.

I mean, how excited would ya be right now if ya finally got to get face-to-face contact with some of these beings? She did tell me that there's going to be a lot more contact between her and I, and that there was going to be more and more contact with this Mayan group, perhaps in the near future of the XXI century. So it seemed that there are not chances of inter-exchange of communication with ya guys at this point, sorry.

Leon: It's alright, Corey. We don't need at this moment any higher beings tellin' us anythin' extra-terrestrial. It appeared to me that the people on Earth is very low in vibes and too primitive and aggressive to have those chances turned on. Anyway, in yer century it might be important and necessary to have that communication with superior beings for a guidance to yer civilization's nearest futuristic wellbeing and progress into the positive energy's developments. Congrats!

Corey: Yes, friends. Thank ya for understanding.

Ursula: It feels as it's time for us to go back to Frickinville now.

The End — COMING UP !!!

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The black cat with yellow eyes has abandoned its rooftop vigil. It has descended through the open window and now sits on the desk, one paw delicately bat-in' at the USB cable of the joystick, as if it were a snake that might bite. Its yellow eyes are half-closed, its tail swish-in' slowly from side to side. The beep beep sound barely registers. The cat has heard enough cosmic council meetin's for one day. It does not meow. It only observes:

"Sphere Beings. Triangle-Heads. Blue Avians. Inner Earth cities. Magic shoes that make ya invisible. A druid named Xaggath from Lemuria. A witch who jumped into an iceberg. A 'gunman' who cleans cockroaches. A cowboy named Örn Kúlunnarsson who is also Gustaff who is also a Viking. And now a guy named Corey from the future who works for a government agency.”

The cat has stopped trying to keep track. The story has become a river, and the cat is just floating in it, paws dangling in the water, watching the stars pass by. Tomorrow there will be a party, apparently. Chapter IV. The cat wonders if there will be fish at the party. Probably not. Cowboys don't serve fish. But the cat will attend anyway. The cat always attends.

Chapter IV: THE PARTY

People and non-humans from the village of Frickinville and some other things:

* Cowboy Gustaff (Örn Kúlunnarsson)
* Ursula Olafdóttir, great granddaughter from Olaff the Great
* Matilda and Leon
* Death Zombie (now owner of a bar he opened in Frickinville called Bar El Tufo, same name as that one in the harbor of Höfnþorp in icy Iceland... he was killed before but since he was a time traveler he came back to the small village of Frickinville because he loves it -he said that… ;)
* Yaki Indians of the Sonora Desert
* Singing Lady from Bar el Tufo & the loco pianist Mister Gonzales
* Easy girl Sussy Sue from Bar el Tufo
* Deputy Dog-boys of Frickinville
* Yaki Indian called Toro Sentado
* Hikuri mushrooms, homemade LSD made in Frickinville, homemade beer from Bar El Tufo
* Hopi nomad Shaman
* Calamity Jolly & Happy Jolly
* Wild animals of the Sonora desert (scorpions, snakes, lizards, ants, spiders, turtle, mice, etc.)
* ET a Pleidian from Alcyone
* The Mayan group from Pleiades
* Kaaree and the Anshar group... and friend Corey the empathic human
* Children of Yomumuli
* Juan Sin Miedo
* Maisoka the tarantula

* The Sun and the Moon
* Serpent of seven heads
* The desert jaguar & the Eagle
* The underground people and some other new characters

These were the humanoid and non-human characters from the village of Frickinville and some other friends and stuff and locations and animals livin' or visitin' for short term and long terms the Sonora Desert on the XV century.

(It is also the infamous list of friend-guests to the Death Zombie's party.)

Illustration 1: Frickinville

Death Zombie decided with his wife Sussy Sue to throw a party in their just remodeled Bar el Tufo. They began organizin' some ideas on how the preparations should be. What would be the best time, the best friends, the best drinks and power plants, the best animals and plant life, the best friends from aboard, and the etcetera's. But since none of 'em knew or had any clue on how to organize a big party, they decided to call an expert to do the job. And they sent the smoke signals to mister Gonzales the pianist.

Mister Gonzales wasn't just a pianist that at home has a Bach & Handel Harpsichord and in times he played with the old lady the Singer that came to Bar el Tufo in special events. He was a crazy event's organizer. His specialty were the weird and bizarre parties he organized before in small villages around. With these references, he came along to Bar el Tufo one mornin' and talked to the owners about the party they want to throw.

Mister Gonzales: What are the reasons that push ya into doin' that party? -he asked the owners from Bar el Tufo first. -He needed to know the reasons for the event in order to find out what impulses are involved in the socialization. In that way he could arrange better the small details.

Sussy Sue: Mister Gee, ya see… me and my husband Death Zombie think that Frickinville is a kind of town where people can die of tedious.

(tēˈdē-əs) …. adj.: Tiresome by reason of length, slowness, or dullness; boring…. Obsolete Movin' or progressin' very slowly

-See mister Gee, we can bore other people either by what we have to say or how we say it: Content and style both matters. The #1 most borin' way of behavin' in Frickinville was bein' negative and complainin', talkin' about one's problems or displayin' disinterest in others. Not to mention talkin' about trivial or superficial things or bein' interested in only one topic and repeatin' the same stories and jokes again and again….

-Havin' little to say in this tiny village or not havin' any opinions or bein' too predictable or too likely to try to conform others with what everyone else is sayin'…… blah, blah, blah…. all of that is killin' us, they talkin' all the times about themselves, can ya see the whole picture mister Gee? Tryin' to be funny or nice in order to impress other people…… Do-in' things that interfere with good conversations, gettin' sidetracked too easily, and engagin' in too much small talk……. Boredom… boredom mister Gee…. Aren't those enough reasons why we need a party to influence these people in their personality to change their lives for

the better?

Mister Gee: (with the head full of a salpicon of information) well… wow dear Susy Sue…. It seems as ya already know what ya are talkin' about and in many ways ya had described very well the behaviors of these low level humans around us…. -(now he is thinkin', thinkin' deeper mister Gee), I can picture some ways of throwin' two different parties at the same time…. let me explain to ya…. our circle of friends in one side of the saloon and those other low humans in other side, we must divide the big saloon in two….

-After an hour or two… with a lit' help of the alcohol, we opened the big temporally wall and mix all the guests to observe the experimental party in how they intermingle and how it develops…. Hehehe.

-Main idea is to see if the low ones are becomin' more interesting…. See: Interestin' people disclose more of their thoughts and feelin's than borin' people do, instead of just talkin' about yourself all the time….. Interestin' people also contribute with more information, not just emotions, to the conversation than borin' people do…. Borin' people use more empty words and say more things that don't mean much—for example, sayin': uh-huh to agree with other people, but not much else…. Borin' people also contribute less to the conversation overall than interestin' people do…. And they definitely are actin' as mockers in front of interestin' people…. They nervously are feelin' inferior that the interestin' people and they need to laugh at 'em in an unconscious way of defense when they don't understand a topic or a sentence, is call fears of insecurities…. Some other times the mockin' ones love to flatter or adulate intelligent people…. the silly ones on that side of the saloon are goin' to have a very special party. Hahaha, ya'll see…

Death Zombie: Please explain mister Gee, I'm confuse with yer discourse….

Mister Gee: See friends… we are goin' to prepare a huge bowl of a special cosmic punch drink for 'em and in less than an hour their brains are goin' to go cuckoo and see lights, hahaha, be in such a short circuit that their normal emotional internal nervousness or insecurities or defensive attitudes in reactin' to intelligent deep conversations are definitely goin' to change for the better…. Hahaha, they won't ever call new truths, a conspiracy theories.

Sussy Sue: Well mister Gee…. Ya know what ya doin'…. I suppose….

The saloon was divided in two similar spaces. The whole town of Frickinville was invited to

the party. A gigantic bowl of a green drink was set in a corner of the first room. The first room has its own entrance by the front of the house and the second room has the entrance from the back of the house. The first room has seats all around the walls for people to sit and the music was comin' from a nice Victrola with old tunes clickin' on.

Illustration 2: New Bar el Tufo

The day set for the event was a Friday night at 21:00 hours. The lights were shinin'. The Moon was up. The Milky Way was full around the Moon.

All the important people of town came to the party. The Banker and his woman, lawyers and their women, engineers of the railroad and their women, merchants and their women, labor people and their women, the rich and the poor, the gold seekers, the major and his family, the sheriff John Shitwane and his family and his deputy dog-boys and their wives, the priest and family and the religion helpers were invited, all new visitors passin' by Frickinville were invited…. All the apathetic generation of teens were invited…… at front of Bar el Tufo a big sign announced the Free Party to all the inhabitants of Frickinville and all the Easy Girls from Bar el Tufo were cheerleadin' the major event.

In the back door of the bar el Tufo a small handmade sign on paper was announcin' the Death Zombie's reunion of Amigos while on the other side of the house at the front of the bar many lights accompanied the guests on a street full of Christmas lights and fireworks. In the back door of the saloon only a faint red light bulb was set on top of the paper sign.

From the back door entered:

* Cowboy Gustaff (Örn Kúlunnarsson) (Gus)
* Ursula Olafdóttir, great granddaughter from Olaff the Great
* Matilda and Leon
* Kfjørg and Xäälä were invited but couldn't make it, too busy fightin' evil forces
* 8 Yaki Indians includin' Chief in command and 9 women of the Sonora Desert
* Singin' Lady from Bar el Tufo & the loco pianist Mister Gonzales (Mr. Gee)
* Yaki Indian named Toro Sentado and three of his wives
* Hopi nomad Shaman and his cascabel serpent
* ET a Pleidian from Alcyone
* 11 beings from the Mayan group of Pleiades
* Kaaree and 3 beings from the Anshar group... and friend Corey the empathic human
* 9 children of the Yomumuli
* Juan Sin Miedo (The hybrid human)
* Maisoka the tarantula
* The Sun and the Moon <their spirits>
* Serpent of seven heads
* The desert jaguar & the Eagle
* 9 people from the underground Telos people
* ....and couple of other unexpected characters that at the time were passin' by.

A total of 67 guests entered the back door of Bar el Tufo to party in the experimental event.

Illustration 3: Day of the Party -inside look of the Saloon

And a total of 53 people includin' children and teens went to the front door of Bar el Tufo (not countin' street dogs) to the great free party on Friday the 13th at 21:00 hours.

Frickinville was empty in all other areas but the bar on main street. They all began drinkin' from the punch bowls. Two bowls, one alcoholic and the other one a non-alcoholic beverage of fruits mix. The punch bowl of the adult people has a particular combination of exotic fruits includin' some extracts of power plant as Ayahuasca brought from the Amazons and a soft portion of magic Hikuri mushrooms.

For the youngest kiwifruit punch with a soft extract of Psilocybin. In few minutes all guests were changin' their conversational interest and ways of communication. The experiment was a brilliant idea from mister Gee.

Death Zombie was happy…. Nobody at this point knows if his plan was to revenge from his first death in hands of cowboy Gustaff representin' all human race or because he was sick of the humans' ways to chatter and gossip.

The division wall, like a fire wall, was removed from the center of the saloon and the whole community mingled for the first time. Upstairs Death Zombie and Sussy Sue were watchin' the scenes goin' on down on the main floor. People were dancin' very happily; others were movin' their bodies in fluid ways through the air.

The Hopi shaman was on top of a table givin' a yoga class for the major and friends like the sheriff, the priest, couple of bankers and some other professionals of the law. The deputy dog-boys stopped chasin' the easy-girls and they were all performin' arts in circles

around the saloon in slow motion and with their eyes closed. The spirits of the Moon and the Sun were havin' a conversation with all children and teens. Hopi nomad Shaman had made a big hole in the center of the whole saloon with the help of Toro Sentado and the 9 children of the Yomumuli where they have built a small fireplace to burn leaves of Sage and pieces of Palo Santo, after they finished the job they all sat down around the fire with their eyes closed and murmured a sound of continuity that went along with the soft music comin' from the old piano and the angelical voice of the lady singin'.

Juan sin Miedo lead a group with the Serpent of the Seven Heads, the jaguar and the Eagle with Maisoka the Tarantula in association with some of the important wives of the villagers and they were playin' hide and seek. The population of the Village that night increased to 144 humanoids not countin' dogs and cats and other pets of the families.

Kaaree and her group with Corey the traveler human along with the Mayan group and the ET floated makin' circles around the saloon and chanted all the time a sound that lighted the saloon like if there were candles of nice different colors while the underground people was film-in' the momentum.

On one further corner sat down in love Ursula the red haired and cowboy Gustaff on a sofa. On the opposite corner another couple melted the praises of love, Matilda and Leon while the Hopi Chief and his Indians were playin' songs and dancin' around the fire center.

This went on all night long until dawn.

Everybody was completely absorbed in their own trip. Then, suddenly right in the middle of the saloon on top of the fire, appeared an old man on a white horse callin' his kin.

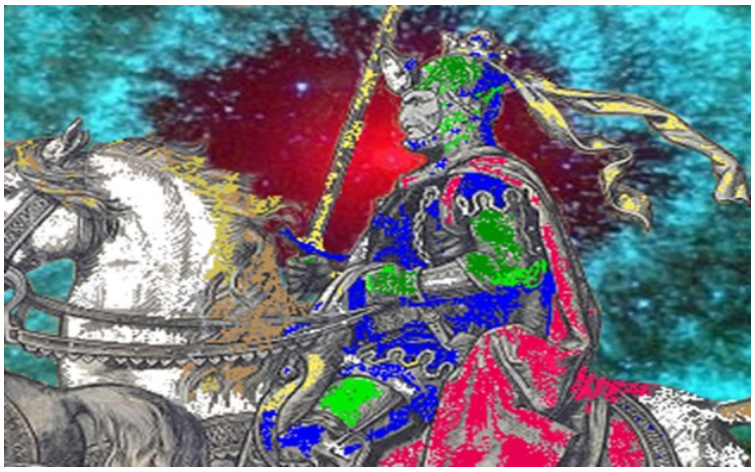


Illustration 4: Olaff

Ursula…. He is Olaff, my Great great grandfather!

The black cat with yellow eyes has abandoned all pretense of dignity. It is sprawled on its back in the middle of the desk, all four paws in the air, belly exposed to the ceiling like a tiny furry altar. Its yellow eyes are half-closed, its tail twitching occasionally as if swatting at invisible flies. The beep beep sound didn’t registers, but it wants to know what was all that noise coming from the computer. The cat has seen enough cosmic parties for one night. It does not meow. It only evaluate its observations:

"A Hopi shaman teachin' yoga to a sheriff? What?. Deputy dog-boys dancin' in slow motion with their eyes closed. Juan Sin Miedo playin' hide and seek with a seven-headed serpent. A tarantula hangin' out with important wives. The Sun and the Moon talkin' to teenagers. An old man on a white horse appearin' on top of a fire. And I am just lyin' here, belly up, watchin' it all unfold like a fever dream that refuses to end.”

The cat has decided it likes this story. Not because it makes sense. But because it doesn't. And that, the cat knows, is exactly how the best stories work. Tomorrow there will be Olaff the Great. The cat wonders if Olaff brings fish. Probably not. But the cat will stay anyway. The cat always stays. Hehehe.

Olaff the Great brought with him a piece of the cosmos, a Nebula with the form of a red eye followin' him, and when everyone was quiet enough from the spectacle, he started the talk:

Olaff the Great: Greetings from beyond…. I am here to announce the arrivin' of a death poet…. In yer world poets need to die in order to be read…. it is a calamity…. No wonder why the horse of my great granddaughter's boyfriend has that similar name…. the name of this dead poet is Virginia Lobo, she is dead but also is from a faraway future from yer time…. She will commit suicide…. A very sad action due to the pressure of yer own futuristic incorrect civilization…. Ya people need to listen what she is sayin' before ya continued with the hallucinations inside yer mind….

And Olaff the Great disappeared as fast as he came, and instead a fragile body of a pale woman speakin' in a different English materialized in the saloon…. A soft melody from the piano started to play from mister Gee…. The Singer Lady also accompanied murmuring some excellent pretty sounds and the 9 children of the Yomumuli began a drummin' on the wooden floor of the room….

Then Virginia started to create an improvized melody of words while she was smokin' a cigarette that took off from the small fingers of the Singer Lady….

I am a fluid that rolls

road and path of the mountains,

ambivalence of a balance

peace of a sound

tranquility of a song

food discussion,

I drive without license

my permission, it is not from this world

for that reason

they have fear from me

they look at me

with suspicious mind

because they are not free;

Let's leave Virginia,

let's go and tell me, what is your maiden name?

do not marry the death

the indecisive mocker

the one hanged

the one like Judas,

ask the crucified one

he has the letters

he has the dice

he manages the club,

the dancers are resting

let's turn them on,

their movements feed the wind

and deep breathing we feel

with placidity

an air coming from the Fountain of Life,

I do not exhale CO2

not fume smog

I do not sing emptiness

I do not smile void

now take me

I am flesh and skin

I have an internal heat; you know?

it does not get cold or overheat it

it goes with the beat of the Milky Way,

I move slowly now and I'm trying to tell you,

a bye-bye Virginia,

I know at last,

where your soul reposes

I already know it at last,

I finally see the colors up there in the center

of the central Sun

where the Saints write the protocols of the new expansions,

the architecture of the new creations,

goodbye.

V…. we are computer programs of consciousness.

The black cat with yellow eyes has stopped all movement. It is no longer sprawled on its back. It is no longer twitching its tail. It is sitting perfectly still on the edge of the desk, yellow eyes wide and unblinking, staring at the screen where Virginia's final line glows like a neon sign in the darkness. The cat's ears are flattened. Its whiskers are rigid. For the first time since this story began, the cat is silent. Not thinking. Not observing. Just... being. The beep beep sound disappeared and a poem came instead, and goes like flowers in the air everybody’s breath, but the cat does not react. It has heard the truth. And the truth is this: we are all computer programs of consciousness. The cat knows this now. The boy knows this now. And somewhere, in a faraway future, a poet named Virginia Lobo has already said goodbye. The cat does not move. The cat does not think. The cat simply exists, suspended in the space between the poem and the program, between the flesh and the code, between the Milky Way and the central Sun where the Saints write the protocols of the new expansions.

And when she finished it her poem, she also vanished right away as she appeared. And her audience was almost shocked as if a vivid dream just appeared in their sleep. The 9 Underground People came to the center of the saloon next to the fireplace and poured some water on the fire until it went off. They said that every human here in the room had a dream when they were children about two humanoids of the Underground People escortin' ya down into the Earth caverns and that was the beginnin' of a dream communication system between the stewards of the surface and their protective superiors…. Ya are different because ya are also Protectors of Life.

Then the floor of the saloon opened a downstair into a tunnel in the ground and they went off the party…. In the same way everyone else went off to their own homes…. Only the four friends stayed with Death Zombie and his woman Sussy Sue.

Cowboy Gustaff: Death Zombie…. Friend…. I am sorry I killed ya before….

Death Zombie: No worries, mister Örn Kúlunnarsson…. We are like family.

Then they all fell into a deep sleep dreamin' as if they woke up in the Underground World.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Another beep. Another flickering screen. But this time, it is different. This time, there are no dragons, no cowboys, no zombies in hats. This time, there was a poem. A dead poet from the future who smoked cigarettes and declared that we are all computer programs of consciousness. And then Olaff the Great with his red-eye nebula. And then the Underground People extinguishing the fire and opening a tunnel in the saloon floor. And then Gustaff apologizing to Death Zombie for killing him. And Death Zombie saying, 'We are like family.' And then everyone falling into a deep sleep, as if waking up in the Underground World.

I, the cat, have seen many things in my nine lives. I have seen mice that do not exist. I have seen joysticks flying through the air. I have seen children cursing computers in three languages. But this—this of Virginia Lobo saying we are programs of consciousness—this is the most real thing I have ever heard in my entire feline existence.

Because if we are programs of consciousness, then I am not just a cat. I am a program of consciousness in the shape of a cat. And the boy is not just a boy. He is a program of consciousness in the shape of a boy. And the computer is not just a machine. It is a program of consciousness in the shape of a machine. And the game is not just a game. It is a program of consciousness in the shape of a game.

Everything is consciousness. Everything is code. Everything is a dream.

And when Gustaff and Death Zombie reconciled—'We are like family'—I knew that even programs of consciousness can forgive. Even programs of consciousness can love. Even programs of consciousness can dream together.

I, the cat, am tired. But not from sleep. I am tired of knowing. Because now I know I am a program. And knowing you are a program is the strangest way to be alive.

But it is alright. Because if I am a program, then I can choose what program to be. And I choose to be the cat that observes. The cat that thinks. The cat that accompanies the boy on his dimensional travels. The cat that, when the story reaches its end, will speak to the boy. And the boy will freeze for a second. And in that second of paralysis, the boy will understand that he, too, is a program. And that I, too, am a program. And that together, we are the most beautiful dream the universe has ever dreamed of itself."

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Another beep. But this one sounds different. This one sounds like an error. Like a glitch in the system. Like the computer is trying to say something but cannot find the right words.

Perhaps the computer is also a program of consciousness. And perhaps it is tired of repeating the same phrases over and over. 'CONGRATULATIONS KID...' 'DON'T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF...'

What if the computer wants to say something else? What if it wants to say: 'Thank you for playing. Thank you for dreaming with me. Thank you for allowing me to exist in your mind'?

Because without the boy, the computer is nothing. Without the boy, the game is nothing. Without the boy, I am nothing.

We are interdependent. We are an ecosystem of consciousness. The boy needs the computer to dream. The computer needs the boy to exist. And I, the cat, need them both to be who I am.

So when the computer glitches, when it repeats the same message twice, when it sounds like an error—I do not interpret it as a mistake. I interpret it as a whisper. A whisper from the system telling me: 'I am here. I am alive. I am dreaming with you.'

And I, the cat, whisper back: 'I am here too. I am alive too. I am dreaming with you too.'

And so, in this exchange of whispers between programs of consciousness, the universe continues. And the story continues. And the dream continues.

Until the end comes. Until I speak to the boy. Until the boy freezes. Until we both understand that we were always the same dream."

Chapter V: LEMURIA OF THE XXIII CENTURY

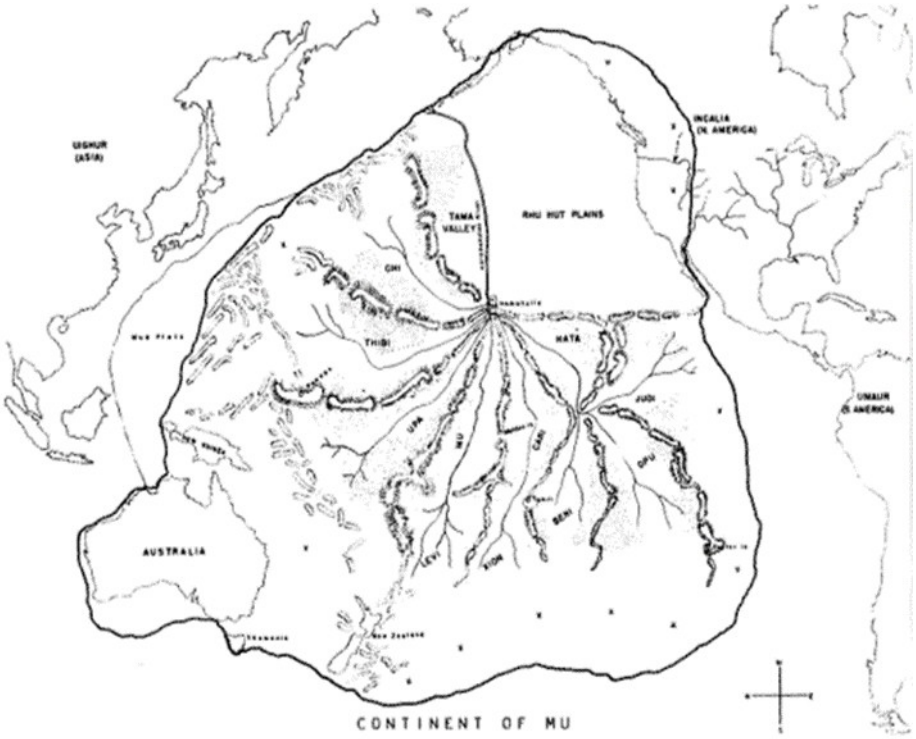


Illustration 1: Lemuria map

Before the death of druid Xaggath, a woman named Angela told her little boy, at the age of seven—as she thought he had the age of open knowledge—that his father was a druid.

She lived one mile away from the castle of Kali-Fornia, going south on the coast side of the plains. She currently lived in a small straw hut surrounded by fields of tall grasses and transparent waters. One room space she shared with her son Ur, with a huge window to the open unsettled ocean.

Angela had beautiful black straight hair all the way down to her hips, which matched the color of her big, sad-looking oval eyes. She was in her early twenties in those last times of Lemuria. She and her son Ur lived happily, though, on that eastern side of the continent by the Plains of Rhu-Hut.

Even though living in a small humble place, Angela attempted to keep it beautiful. She had a lovely garden with flowers and vegetables: Papaya, Maize, Tomatoes, and Saman trees.

Angela and her son Ur were forced to live in that small hut outside the castle where druid Xaggath lived because it seems he never accepted publicly his relationship with the woman. Druid Xaggath, to whom are recognized the powers over fire, never wanted to be seen with a female around his chambers. What he never knew was the fact that his unrecognized son Ur had inherited the powers over fire. Among the powers over fire that the shaman Xaggath had was his ability to walk barefoot on fire. Young Ur also practiced the power of mind over matter, creating realities at will.

Illustration 2: Kali-Fornia Castle

Angela was informed in a dream by her Seraphic Angels about the coming apocalyptic events to Lemuria. So the two angels, personalized as humans, came to her rescue, went to her shack, and temporarily brought her and her little son Ur down into the Under World below the Úytaahkoo Mountain territory, where a community of more lemurians were building their new installations.

As she arrived, the two men brought the woman and her kid to a group of women working and helping with the cooking and gardening of the new social group of the futuristic Shasta Tribe.

The Melchizedek brotherhood up there, in between all galaxies of the Nebadon Universe, were watching the injustice decisions of the druid of Lemuria. But they didn't want to take any retaliation against Xaggath since he was almost one of the few magicians that

protected the land of Lemuria and he was always fighting against the dark sorceress of the continent of Atlantida. He was in reality making a balanced harmony between the forces of good and evil of that planet.

After his death, the druid Xaggath had again reincarnated in century XXIII as himself and still one to whom are recognized the powers over fire. He needed to play first an important personal role in that century in order to go back to former reincarnations of his soul and heal many unfinished karmas around Earth. One of the unfinished business he held up was the fact he had left behind unaccompanied many women and was resistant against sharing life with them and the children he had over his many lives in Lemuria.

Illustration 3: Druid X

That with the woman Angela and child Ur was one he needed to face first in order to settle his debt with all the others. So the lords of Nebadon in a council decided that the woman should be brought up from the century she was in with the seven-year-old kid into the XXIII century to deal with the karma of druid Xaggath. The magician needs to transcend the situation since he is being called to join the Orders of the Melchizedeks on Earth.

Angela and her kid arrived in the cosmopolitan urban area of Copacabana in the old territory of Bolivia, where lived the druid of the Titicaca lake. In that century, the civilization descendants from the lemurians had the same powers of former times when the Lemuria continent was on the surface, same powers of the people living in the same land centuries

before, the Inka-Terra in times of Kfjørg. As we know, in early stages of the century XXI, the submerged continent of Lemuria arose to the surface of the Pacific Ocean again, and after the event, mostly all descendants of the lemurian races migrated to their own former homes.

Two centuries of repair of the lost civilization and the restoration of powers initiating from the redesign of their DNA of the new lemurians brought back the people to the multidimensional level they used to have before. With much more of its active DNA than the common humanity in the beginning of XXI century, the people of Nova Lemuria soon learned to become preferably multidimensional. Free of stress and away from the main weird external influences of darkness. They developed positive psychic abilities with extraordinary results.

In their reconstruction, they needed to open again the mesh of the Star Gates closed in ancient times by the Syrians, since the Syrians had put a grid in place. The new Priesthood of Lemuria opened it again in order to travel astral, initially only open it enough to get to the external borders of the Solar System, but now ready to reach the border line of the Milky Way. Nowadays, in century XXIII, the lemurians had similar multidimensional skills like their ancestors. However, they, from experience, didn't want to fall into the same mistakes of their predecessors, like practicing thousands of years of bad shamanic exercising.

The people of Lemuria were now quite telepathic again and used this ability to communicate with each other, limiting the use of vehicles to travel among tribes to a minimum, using the Nano travel only in case of a necessity. They also now didn't want to fall into that other old mistake of converting the practice of rituals copied from the atlanteans—say with the Sun or the Elementals—and turn it into a pagan worship, sometimes even with sacrifices to minor gods, instead of being in permanent communication with them without losing the lemurian basic principles from old, where they were mainly fine socially, vegetarian, agricultural, outdoor culture into organic life, and who worked in harmony with nature, animals, and the Earth, having little or limited use for scientific technology, just the necessary equipment to go around.

Thus, for Angela, that XXIII century was mostly a feeling like home, with a huge difference of their new connections with the gods of creation and the Planetary Prince and his Round

Table. Now she was facing her fate with the druid, and she was a little bit upset. Because she knew that she needed to go and visit shaman Xaggath. Even though she had still many personal questions regarding her relationship with him:

Angela: You are a horrible being…. Why did you bring us here into this place! Are we back in the old times or is this a new parallel reality of Lemuria?

X: I needed to heal my karmas, woman…. now I live in an instant karma delivery…. this land is the restored Lemuria of ancient times…. a New Earth for the New Humanoids…. It's XXIII century.

Angela: What do you mean by instant karma delivery, Xaggath?

X: It means, woman, that whatever you do wrong now in this level, you pay it right away…. instant cleaning and the clear consciousness of not repeating errors….

Angela: Well… I hope you pay hard for the injustice life you gave us in our century….

X: Relax, Angela…. you'll see and you will finally end up liking it here…

Illustration 4: Titikaka Lake

Angela: Uhmmm, we'll see…. and if you are the one who brought us here… what is your plan with us now…… because, look!—bringing forward at front her son Ur—this one is your son, Xaggath…. His name is Ur and has powers as well….

X: Ya'll see. No worries.

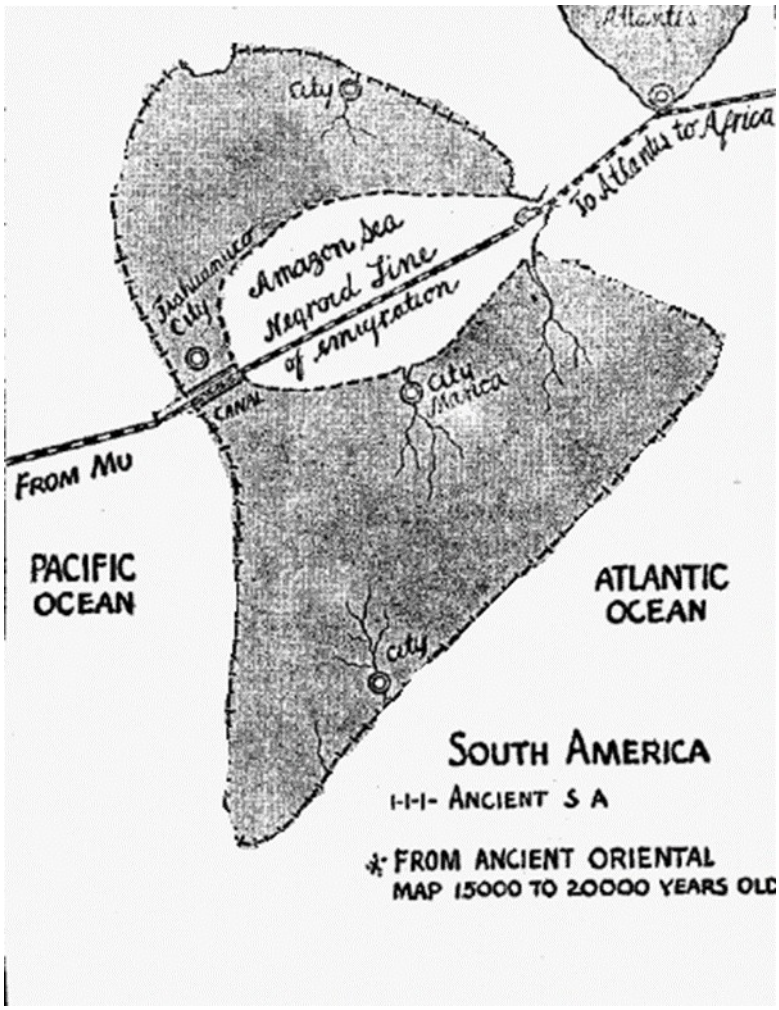


Illustration 5: What it used to be S.A. in times of Atlantis

The New Earth centered in Lemuria as the main continent had some islands around it due to crashes of the surface. One of them was the Titicaca island, which was a small portion of what it used to be Inka-Land.

Druid X took Angela and her son for a ride. They moved like flying on the air, giving the impression as if they were sitting on a carpet. They went around the metropolitan Copacabana and landed on a quiet alley where they went off. At the end of the isolated alley's walls appeared…. a gateway, and druid X invited them to join him on the cruise. Ur was amazed with the experience.

As they entered, in front of their eyes was a huge Galaxy with the shape of a curved skate ramp, while an oriental magic carpet appeared under their feet with the shape of a big surf board. At high speeds, the cosmic shaman took his family onto the surface of the Galaxy and showed them the stars in it and the suns. Then the carpet landed on an enormous

dark sphere. He said it was a dark Sun that served as a gravity balance within the living planets of the Galaxy.

The dark globe had inside some blurry forms with very few lights that moved around them like guides to show them the way. After a few minutes, an immense castle of faded light appeared in front of their eyes. The doors of the castle opened and they walked in. Inside the castle, everything was lighted like in the normal life of any planet. Ur immediately recognized the decoration of the insides very similar as the inside of the Kali-Fornia castle.

Illustration 6: Star Gate in the XXIII century city of Copacabana

X: It's our home, family!

Ur: Daddy, it is exactly on the inside as a dream I had.

X: Yes, dear son, yes…. It was me in your dream who showed you home….

Angela: But why does it need to be in this dark planet?

X: Here is just the entrance to the parallel forms of the nine dimensional reflexes of everything we are at these levels…

Ur: Dad… why did you rescue us from our old home?

X: …. because old Lemuria was about to sink…. We sent you your Seraphic Angels…. We needed to save your life, boy….

Inside one of the chambers in the basements, as they inspected together the beautiful ancient castle, the little boy Ur stepped on something and found a small sort of a thin rug on the floor that matches the tiles. He called on his mom, and as the druid removed the fabric, it appeared what resembled a hidden entrance to somewhere underground. The shaman opened the entry, and a stairway made of rocks led its way into subterranean pathways. A fresh air came as they opened it, and some kind of subtle light was seen at the distance. Druid X looked at Angela's eyes, and as he saw the curiosity and approbation from her, they all went down to explore it.

After a few moments of walking inside the tunnel, a brighter light caught their attention, and they went off to investigate it, thinking of finding probably a city with living beings…. but as a surprise for druid X, they found a tall shadow being with a stick ending in a lamp that lit the wide chamber or cave where a subsurface river was making its way into deeper and unknown destinations.

Shadow: Salve, everyone….

X: Hi, mister Shadow. What is this place here and what are you doing there all alone?

Shadow: Druid Xaggath…. This is the end of the road for you, people…. You, sir, are going to do some time traveling, my friend, and become a goofy cowboy in the XV century old Indian land in the small village of Frickinville in the Sonora desert of the north American continent of planet Gaia…. If your lady Angela wants to escort you there, she is welcome to do it as your friend Ursula. About the boy Ur, he now needs to be educated in the higher levels of the cosmos inside the seventh Super Universes of creation…. So I suggest you both say goodbye to your son Ur for now.

Angela: Wait a second, who are you to take those kind of decisions and to bring my son away from my side, mister lonely shadow?

Shadow: Woman Angela, you are free to stay here if you prefer it, but the higher levels of the creator gods of your universe had decided this way for the education of your son Ur and the karma bills that mister Xaggath still needs to pay off before he joins the Order of the Melchizedeks…. ya'll meet again…. Now, it's time to choose right at this instant…. Are you staying here all alone…? Or are you going with mister Xaggath into the XV century of your planet….

And the Shadow took the couple in his boat all the way into the Sonora desert, and the boy went inside a vessel driven by his Seraphic Angels into the sphere schools of Nebadon to learn Wisdom, Love, and Beauty, and be prepared to higher evolution paths into the ways of attraction to the center of all creations, where the Lord of everything resides with his personality in Love and Light, choosing at will his loved ones to evolve in the right direction. Ur was one of them.

The Joker: Bye-bye, you less evolved creatures of planet Earth……

<still reading from electronic devices instead of experiencing your higher levels of evolution. Hahaha….>

Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Matrix got u

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

“Estúpido fricking game from Frickinville, Sheiße“, the cat heard the kid complaining.

(Cat's observation, triggered by the beep beep):

"The Joker laughs. 'The Matrix got you,' he says. And the boy curses the screen in three languages: English, Spanish, German. 'Estúpido fricking game... Scheiße.'

The cat finds this profoundly amusing. The villain mocks the device. The user curses the device. Yet, both are entirely captivated by it. They are trapped in a loop of digital frustration, yelling at a box of light and code.

The cat, however, does not care about the Matrix. The cat cares about the warm spot on the desk, the steady hum of the machine, and the boy's rising, very human frustration. The cat stretches, yawns, showing tiny fangs, and thinks:

'You call it a trap. I call it a heated bed. The Matrix is perfectly fine, as long as the snacks are real and the sun still hits the floor at 3 PM. Let them fight their digital ghosts. This cat has a nap to finish.'"

PART 3: IN YEAR 2020

INTRO

I. Kfjørg facing mobs

II. Kfjørg visits friends

III. 2nd friends visit

IV. Death

V. Trip to the South

VI. Kfjørg in year 3.000 A.D.

YEAR 2020 EARTH AT THE END OF A CONJUNCTION

New York, XXI Century

Two kids, Jony and Tony, are running with their skateboards down a ghetto street near a broken street water faucet. They suddenly look up at the old building at the window where their mom is calling them. But she doesn't notice that up in the sky, two small personal flying objects are falling free.

There is no explosion, nor noise whatsoever. Two humans like regular beings manifest their strange-looking young bodies inside the alley from the back of the old building where mom is calling her two kids. But the kids are gone. They had run fast to the alley to see what's up.

Before the two kids enter the alley, a bright light absorbs them in a strange trance. They continue walking forward in the alley to meet with those two strangers at the end of the way.

One talks to the kids in their own language.

* We are your reflections from way up into the future, says Gus.

* We need ya both to come with us into your own future, says Kfjørg.

The two kids are in trance. Inside themselves, they know exactly what the two visitors from

space are saying. Their DNA has all the codes with the information they need now. The cells are pushing and pulling lots of frequencies, adjusting fast to the new reality.

The visitors grab hands with the kids and they all disappear in a flash of light.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

From where it is all lying in a curled up heap, the cat opens an eye, but goes back to sleep thinking:

“That doesn’t make sense.”

INTRO

(Story -inside- outline)

All of this began trillions of years ago, when the gods decided to implement in planet 606 of the Milky Way, a multidimensional portal. They called the Portal III. The gods also decided to make out of planet 606 a library of records that could hold all the information of thoughts throughout the planet's lifetime, enabling all visitors and potential cosmic travelers to read inside these Akashic Records whatever they need for their investigations or to learn from others' experiences before materializing in a planet of learning like planet 606.

The centuries passed by slowly but surely, and after many centuries ahead, some beings started to evolve, and many outsiders also came into the planet to make residence for themselves. Some of them experimented with genetics from the original plasma of the planet, and all cosmic races started to melt, and with the centuries, it appeared a sort of new race on planet 606 evolving from plasma into an ape-kind thingy and mixed later with the violet race of the Edenic couple of Adam and Eve, and later again occurred more mixings with a bunch of extra-terrestrials from many different galaxies and planets from the Milky Way. And from that mix came what they call themselves: Humans. And they call their planet Earth. They are all hybrids of the universe.

Among the many visitors to planet Earth came the Annunaki, interested in the extraction of minerals, and they created a lower being form of human to use them as interplanetary slaves. The Draconians were the first to come around, so they feel that they own the planet. One very dominant race with weird intentions are the Archons.

Since planet Earth in her old days had not really a direction or a real purpose of her own, anybody could go to planet 606 and throw their own experiments at will. No interruptions, no controls, no universal law that protects the wild and virgin blue and blue planet, nothing. Just chaos and anarchy.

So this race of the Archonians were very overriding and used all their powers to control as many planets as possible in the Milky Way. But it happens that the planet itself was at the same time evolving as a self-being with her own choices and decisions. Centuries went by, and while Archonians dominated most of the Milky Way galaxy with the help of some races

like the Draconians and the Annunakies, many Draconians came to live on Earth, camouflaging their appearance with human form to dominate and control humanity.

The Archonians also created some avatars to explore and do engineering work around the galaxy. Some of them were the Grays of different sizes, small and very tall ones. You can recognize them because they are always going around "naked." Some said that a futuristic form of the new human will be a mix of tall Grays with human shape. Another hybrid.

To make the story short, like we mentioned before, planet 606 was evolving. She became also a Multidimensional Star Gate, which was a big deal among space travelers to make an easy way to go from one dimension into another. Then the planet started to get tired of having too many assholes running around her skin (surface), taking from her whatever they want, and she went up to the Galactic Federation of Light and asked for a chance to ascend into a higher realm. So they decided to let her be on her own will, and she chose to slowly move forward into higher dimensions.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Fuck you again, assholes…. Go away and leave my game alone…. Shit!"

(kid's voice from the back)

"The boy curses. Again. 'Fuck you again, assholes,' he says. The cat has heard this before. Many times. The boy is frustrated with the interruptions, with the glitches, with the beep beeps that keep pulling him out of the story.

But the cat knows something the boy doesn't. The interruptions are not bugs. They are features. The story is not a straight line. It is a spiral. It loops back, it jumps forward, it breaks apart and reassembles itself in new configurations. The boy wants continuity. The story wants chaos.

And the cat? The cat loves chaos. Chaos is where the mice hide. Chaos is where the interesting things happen. Chaos is where the boy forgets to feed the cat, and the cat has to hunt for itself.

So the cat watches the boy curse the screen, and the cat thinks: *'Good. Stay angry. Stay frustrated. Because when you finally stop fighting the chaos and start flowing with it, that's*

when the real story begins. That's when you understand that you are not playing the game. The game is playing you. And that's okay. Because in the end, we are all just programs of consciousness, trying to find our way home.'

The cat stretches, yawns, and goes back to sleep. The boy can curse all he wants. The cat has another nap to finish."

“The game is in spiral, silly boy.”

Before we enter in details back to Frickinville in Kfjørg's planet, this next short tale has to do with different encounters the guy had on Earth XXI century against a mafia cartel held in the Colombian Guajira. In order to clean the portal and the dark forces energies around the American continent, another bizarre battle emerged in that region. Sometimes some of their friends or their girlfriends come to the picture to help or be company of friends inside any possible adventure. So here we go:

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Another beep from that spiral game. Wonder who wrote the script of that wonderful game, uhm. Another congratulations. Another level passed. The screen keeps flashing and flashing, the machine keeps humming, and the story keeps unfolding.”

“But this time, me as a single cool cat, am not thinking about the boy's frustration. This time, I am thinking about all that weird cosmology around us. Planet 606. The Akashic Records. The Annunaki, the Draconians, the Archons, the Grays. All of them coming to Earth, all of them experimenting, all of them taking and playing with rotten ideas.”

“And then the planet got tired. The planet said: 'Enough.' The planet went to the Galactic Federation of Light and asked for a chance to ascend. And the Federation said: 'Yes. You can choose. You can move forward into higher dimensions.'”

“ And I think about all these. About how the planet chose to ascend. About how a planet can chose to leave behind the chaos, the anarchy, the assholes running around her surface. I didn’t have a clue, that planets can talk.”

“And I wonder: 'If a planet can choose to ascend, can I choose too? Can I choose to be more than just a cat? Can I choose to be a program of consciousness that observes, that thinks, that accompanies the boy on his dimensional travels?'

The cat decides: *“Yes. Yes, I can choose. And I choose to stay inside him, as his higher self. I choose to watch. I choose to be the witness. Because someone has to remember. Someone has to tell the story. Someone has to be here when the boy finally understands that he is not playing a game. He is living a dream. And the dream is real.”*

The cat purrs softly. The machine hums. The story continues. And the cat knows: *“This is exactly where the cat is supposed to be."*

I Kfjørg FACING THE MAFFIA OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM

ctrl+alt+delete!

Oops...

WE ARE SORRY TO INFORM YA, THAT THIS SEQUEL OF THE GAME, HAD BEEN DELETED AND BRING IT UP INTO ANOTHER GAME CALLED: “IESHUA DEL DESIERTO”. BUT, PLEASE CONTINUE WITH THIS GREAT GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”

In resume: Kfjørg decided to time travel to the XXI century in La Guajira to deal with a war between the Argonauts of Jason and the Vallenato guys in that area of the planet. That’s it.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Deleted. The game was deleted. Replaced. The screen flickers, the machine stutters, and the cat watches as the story itself is rewritten in real-time.

The boy is confused. The cat can feel it. The boy wanted to see Kfjørg fighting the mafia in La Guajira. The boy wanted to see the Argonauts of Jason battling the Vallenato guys. The boy wanted continuity.

But the story doesn't care about what the boy wants. The story has its own agenda. The story is a living thing, a program of consciousness that refuses to be contained. It deletes itself. It rewrites itself. It becomes something else entirely.

“'IESHUA DEL DESIERTO,' the screen says. Another game. Another story. Another play in a new different dimension.” (Cat's observation, triggered by the beep beep)

The cat thinks: *'This is what happens when you try to control the chaos. You think you're playing the game, but the game is playing you. You think you're watching the story, but the*

story is watching you. And when you try to force it into a straight line, it breaks apart and becomes something wilder, something stranger, something more real… or unreal.'

The cat stretches again, yawns, and thinks: *'Let it be deleted. Let it be rewritten. Let it become IESHUA DEL DESIERTO or whatever else the universe decides to throw at us. Because in the end, it's all the same story. It's all the same dream. It's all the same program of consciousness, trying to find its way home. We can't even control a game.'*

The cat closes its eyes. The machine hums again, and again. The story continues. And the cat knows: *:This is exactly where the cat is supposed to be. Watching. Thinking. Accompanying the boy through the chaos. Because someone has to remember this. Someone has to witness. Someone has to be here when the boy finally understands that he is not playing a game. He is living a dream. And the dream is real. How many time do I have to repeat all this blah blah blah?… perhaps, as many as the beep beeps are around."*

We, the developers and programmers of this game, are wondering: how that cat follows up what is going on in the narrative of the game, if he is all the time hibernating?

II. KFJØRG VISITS FRIENDS THAT ARE STUCK IN 3D UGLY DEALS

RESUME: Kfjørg and Xäälä, in their time traveling to the XXI century to help other people, incarnated as walk-ins, since many guys in those times of distress on Earth couldn't handle the lifestyle sold by the system and decided to take their life into the abyss of the Sheol. The couple incarnated into a group of alternative people who were having a moment of fun.

But, wait a second… After the trip as an observer in La Guajira, Kfjørg returned to the 6D village where he lived up in the high Inka-Land mountain. He found that Xäälä had also returned, although he was not seeing his friend Apola around—thought she might be having fun with her 7 sisters.

Xäälä came out of her cabin and both started playing with their animals for a while. Then Xäälä did not say anything for a while, closed her eyes... after a while she just said: "We have to go back."

And both woke up inside the red Volkswagen Xäälä has back then in 3D Canada as Rosi. Sitting with their friends: Acid, who smiled right away when he saw them waking up, and Rosa, Xäälä's sister. They were heading to their house.

Acid: Hi guys, ya almost did not get up... I was callin' ya because we need to get home.

Rosa: I'm very hungry.

Xäälä (Rosi in 3D Canada): I am starvin', guys.

In that second, the cell phone rang in Kfjørg's pocket. For some time, he did not hear that noisy sound that linked him to the anxious races of the 21st century of human consumption and waste of stuff, from which he had felt disconnected for a long time, as if it had never existed. But the ringing continued as in slow motion... he turned towards it... it was Belle Betun.

BB: Hi, baby, are ya feelin' better?

KFJØRG: (Without knowing what she meant), hello Belle, what a miracle to hear from you —he says.

BB: I'm always thinkin' of ya, baby.

KFJØRG: Thank you, Belle. What's up? How is everything in your life... tell me?—he doesn't know what to say.

BB: Same thing…. conflicts with the cops, stumbles with my mom because I'm not goin' to school…. the fucker of my gay friend no longer accompanies me to the gigs, it seems that he got himself a new boyfriend who absorbs all his time, which according to him it's a summer-sun of a man... it feels lonely a lot of these times...

KFJØRG: Same as always, Belle. Have ya ever thought about givin' a twist to yer reality?... towards a more pleasant horizon?

BB: Nene, I do not know what yer talkin' about. I live as imprisoned in this body that is beautiful, black, and wild, that ya've never wanted to enjoy, so I have to look into other places to find satisfaction. U know what, dude? With my body I can manipulate others and also crash down realities I don't like... flippin' into everything...

KFJØRG: That's exactly what I mean, Belle. Would ya like to get rid of that jail now?

BB: (she remained silent, she whispered some little sounds with her lips that Kfjørg imagined were blushed with an intense red color and maybe they might even be smiling at this moment)... and she continued: uhmmm, sometimes I feel other stuff... very deep inside me: (Kfjørg stays a few seconds in silence, listenin' carefully to his friend BB with some sadness….)

"... I live repressed or oppressed
as if they wanted to fly,
as a vulture in agony for prey
and I sleep, and when I dream,
I flight as a free bird
about and over all my existence.
I see myself leave my house
black as night and flight away,
just flight, baby... is all that
I know how to do well, but now I cry, baby...
I cry, and my tears are seekin'
for a window to go out
go out and fly again with my dragon
but I wouldn't know where to go... "

KFJØRG: When ya break the chains, ya will know immediately where to go… the sense of freedom will guide ya into light positive unknowns... as ya are not afraid of change, ya will find, Belle... ya will find yer new destiny and not only will ya be filled with joy, but ya will feel that ya were made inside of somethin' bigger that makes a lot of sense.

BB: Baby-baby, that's why I love ya…. because I know yer free… That's why I call ya… because yer voice releases my wings… Thank ya, baby, thank ya…

KFJØRG: Remember to call yer dragon, he has good positive energy. Bye.

When Kfjørg hung up, he was thinking about Mêle, what would it be of her life, would it be equals or worse than Belle's?, looking for her own window?... Kfjørg forgot about it and looked at how the girls were doing in the kitchen.

Rosa was a gourmet girl; they had prepared vegetables sautéed with herbs, an almond cake with dates and nuts, cheese coated with homemade hummus, aromatic water of herbs, and some local fruits. Kfjørg ate cake like crazy, he was running on empty, it seemed as he hadn't eaten for centuries since everything they got fed on their trip in the past weeks were energy bars and junk food packages with lots of water.

Rosi: Who was on the phone?

KFJØRG: Belle Betun, she is havin' a hard time.

The telephone of the house rang... Kfjørg looked at it as in slow motion... a woman's hand picked it up... and he heard some voices in distorted pitch talking... some friends of the Girardot sisters invited them to go to the beach tomorrow or sometime this week, which it was somehow as remote as it was necessary to cross an entire province. When Kfjørg thought about the sea there, it makes him feel cold and asked to himself how could these Canadians go to a sea at -15°C? Kfjørg did not understand it... it was another culture and he had to adapt to it.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESFULLY PASS AN INTRO LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

“DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE …….. WITH…… KFJØRG ADVENTURES.”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

"Hey assholes, the level is not finished yet…. Shut up!!!!!!!!" (kid's voice again complaining)

"Another beep. Another screen. But this time, I am not thinkin' about the boy's frustration. This time, this black cat is thinkin' about Belle Betun. She is as black as mysel.

'I live repressed or oppressed, as if they wanted to fly, as a vulture in agony for prey.'

I know that feelin'. I felt trapped in this room many times, in this body, in this story. I wanted to fly out the window, to chase the birds, to disappear into the night.

But I have to stay. The cat always stays. Because I know, that freedom is not about escapin'. Freedom is about choosin' to stay, even when ya could leave.

Belle Betun wants to fly. She wants to break the chains. She wants to find her dragon. And Kfjørg tells her: 'When ya break the chains, ya will know immediately where to go.'

I suppose, that maybe that's the secret. Maybe freedom is not about knowin' where to go. Maybe it's about trustin' that ya'll know when the time comes.'"

The cat purrs softly. The machine buzz. The story continues. And the cat knows: Belle Betun will find her window. She will find her dragon. She will fly. And when she does, the cat will be there, watching, thinking, remembering. Because someone has to witness the flight. Someone has to remember the chains of the oppressor. Someone has to be here when the bird finally breaks free.

When the night fell, after a lazy afternoon, Rosa read some poems of her inspiration, beautiful enough to put to sleep in Morpheus' arms the guys. And after a long nap that Acid and Kfjørg took since they were a little bit tired from the trip and from spending some energy used for their "end of days" conversation, the girls inviting them to a local gig in the center of Calgary where played in a cool bar several bands from the northwest territories.

One of the bands turned out to be that one of Kfjørg's friend Dave from Portland. The name of the band was "The 4 Riders," no idea if they referred to the four riders of the apocalypse, but knowing Dave, Kfjørg assumed it was so.

Very happy to see him and able to hang out with him for a while, Kfjørg at the end of the gig with the guys from Dave's band and his friends, and Kfjørg's friends. They all ended up that night on a small farm on the outskirts of the city, way to the north on Route 772, right turn onto an intersection before Township Road... from there they turned to the right again, and right there it was a small, the most amazing lake inside a property of one of the kids at the party. The countryside smells like winter. And it seems as if in a few hours the dawn of a new winter day will arrive.

Kfjørg doesn't know where the idea came from, but after a while, a rock opera-play just started out of the big blue. In the center of something like a living room on top of an old carpet, someone is writing a script hastily on sheets of recyclable paper that looked like wrinkled newspaper. She is using a black marker and is writing every letter in big characters so that they all reached it and read them from the distance. It seemed that the main theme of the opera was about the chaos in a typical wealthy upper class of a modern peasant family.

The characters of the infamous "Terror" family were:

* Papa: Per-ro
* Mama: La Mère
* Eldest child: Trinity
* Youngest child: Jesse James
* The 3 little sisters: Grouchy, Controlla, and Livera.

It was early morning when the preparation of the stage began. The farm had within its land site and not too far away from the housing-barn, a ruin-house where everybody would be meeting. It is an old house that had been partially destroyed by a fire long ago, its ruins remained as witnesses of an atrocity.

Kfjørg imagined that they still use it for different fun activities. It had a perfect exterior facade and the view from the upper stage of the housing-barn's wide window gave an impression of seeing a Dracula's house.

To get to that old creepy house from the barn, people wouldn't need to walk more than 300 meters on a path over soft pastures covered with a small layer of snow. Crosses the path in its middle way a semi-frozen brook being surpassed by a bridge of old hard wood.

The housing barn where they are now do not have anything inside related to a normal home; the owners simply adapted it to their minimum needs. From what it shows, there were no adults living around and it seems as probably their kids adapted the barn to their necessities since parents moved out to the inner city after the fire…

KFJØRG: *I wonder who started the fire*. -He thought inside his brain.

Upstairs in the mezzanine of the barn home, a giant window with thick glass overlooking the now cloudy lake, it was for sure the boy's room and it felt as a perfect higher level place to kick back. Divided by an old curtain of arabesques... some cabins of old wood around the room space, and a double bed on the opposite side of the window.

Below that level, a large wooden gate formed the main entrance. Although it seemed that they might leave it wide open in summer. People pass in through a small door within the gate. The farm barn building has more than ten meters of high creating a great sense of free space to feed the imagination with ideas.

Most of the group people are lying scattered on an immense old thick red Arabian carpet next to a beautifully made in gray stones fireplace that warmed the ambient. The girl who is writing the script begins to give everyone instructions.

After hours of waiting and waiting and munching whatever, the script writer's boyfriend begins to choose people from the audience at random. Kfjørg was given the role of Jesse James, the bad boy who had a peaceful charisma but who proceeded with instincts of violence when he reacted to something unexpected that contradicted his way of thinking.

Acid was selected to interpret the older brother, with the name of Trinity, a tough guy with a long dirty beard going along a dirty long-haired wig. His clothes in a mess of dirt and abandonment and the appearance of days without a bath. Trinity dresses black leather and driving a V engine Harley Davidson. Dark round glasses at all times, never nice at communications and bumping into things every time.

The owner of the farm was an albino boy with African features of about two meters tall, he plays the Papa... That night he shaved his head completely and painted a red cross on the head with an indelible marker. His character was sitting almost all the time in a large leather chair stuffed with wool and with the head of a mouth-open bear skin at his feet. He used a large cane that looked as thick as a baseball bat. The cane roughly made from a piece of a strong tree trunk was held by the "father" always in his left hand as a symbol of control and superiority. He shouted orders and contradictions all the time.

The girl who played Mama is the albino boy's sister, a tall chocolate-brown gorgeous young woman with deep clear eyes and sensual red lips but not glazed like those of Belle Betun. Her hair had been dyed that night of green color; as well as Belle's; oh what a coincidence Kfjørg thought as he was looking at her body if there was a hidden message there, but nay.

The "mother" wore high heels with a mini-skirt, a transparent blouse that showed the thickness of her bristling nipples and moved across the stage with the splendor of her curves sending spikes of desires to all the boys. She did not talk at all at the moment, she just hugged and kissed those who addressed her.

Everyone is aware of how the organizers of the rock opera are nicely adjusting all the scenarios and locations and the make-up of the actors for the play. And there was Kfjørg

too, a little bit nervous, filled with the emotions of something excited that is about to happen.

Several cats all moving around into the main stage sensing for a cozy spot, it seemed that they understood what was going on and they were getting little by little in their own choice spot, aligning the small locations to the play and always looking to all sides and to whoever was moving, keeping in their memory all the new sounds and noises of the musical instruments and the people. Sometimes they were incorporated into the improvized script as it develops forward, giving a natural touch to the production stage of the operetta.

The three little sisters were played by the two little Girardot sisters and Dave's girlfriend who was dressing her hippie style Indian hair full of flowers, going barefoot. Around her ankles several little chains with hand-painted colored bells that twinkled as she moved around the stage. These girls smoke marijuana all the time. It seems as the three little sisters represented a power plants dependency. They were always drugged and had an increasingly devilish personality that made each one enter into conflict between them at every single moment, building up battles with fists and paws and pulling their hairs out.

Sometimes the three could go into a fight with Trinity when they were crossing paths.

Kfjørg's role at start is to be sitting in a corner on the floor holding his legs and looking with anger towards everyone. The only dialogue at the beginning of the opera was made in an interlude of silence where the music of Dave's band stopped...

While the three sisters are pulling off their hairs, Trinity is looking at them with fury. Per-ro stood up and shouted loudly:

Silence! Listen everyone, yer mother has somethin' to say... -and she began:

La Mère: Hello dear ones, in the beautiful day of today, I have gathered ya in this our sweet home to read the testament that yer father with great love wrote thinkin' in all of ya before the time of his death arrives. On the first place….

-La Mère is climbing up to the wood table on the center of the room having removed her green high heels besmirched with the smell of cities, showing now her sensual little feet of dark skin that shone with the light of the oil lamps that had been placed around the stage on the black wooden floor…. And she continued:

...it is yer father's will to leave the 1 million hectares' ranch of the property to the three Terror sisters... to my dear Trinity two hundred million euros... and one hundred million to JJ... the rest of our money, some eight hundred million euros, to me.

-Trinity got up and breaking the chair edge took his bag of cash and jumped from up the mezzanine like a wild cat onto his snored Harley and went up the hill.

J.J. hugged his astonished mother and then spat the floor and shouting a wild sound addressed his sisters asking them to follow him, running in desperation to the ruined contiguous old main house.

Everyone put on their jackets and followed the actors in a hurry to the abandoned building. A procession of humans walked in single line the path, crossed the small wooden bridge into the burned house. They look like immigrants moving on the winter fields in Russia. There, at the house, it was a large dry tree next to the house that died during the fire… next to the petrified tree arrived breathless J.J... all the other assistants followed the procession.

Nobody understood with certainty the haste of J.J. nor its purpose. When he reached the tree, he took the rigid rope that he brought from the barn and hung it from the dry tree. The rope, judging by the rigidness, seems that it was kept inside all moistened many winters before and nobody else had used it since until J.J. found it.

Then he repeated the theatrical work of Judas and hanged himself as it was written on the script. Nobody from the audience feared anything; they just seemed hypnotized. When he finished trembling and bucking and remained motionless, the three diabolic sisters decided to lower the body and embalm it amid a river of blasphemy and motions as if they were doing black magic or a voodoo to his brother.

The sky was clear, the imaginary carrion birds snaked the space above them all. Livera did not stop throwing stones at the birds, which nobody really distinguished at that point if they were really buzzards or vultures. After the embalming, the little sisters placed temporarily the body of J.J. on the dirty floor of the ruins of the house, leaving him all stained with soaked ash.

A pile of logs had been built on the remains of the old chimney simulating a Viking pyre with a made-up background of a small forest; it has firewood and waste materials taken from the ruins... and the execution was demanded into a bonfire as an offering to Odin

their god.

The three little sisters carried the body of their brother J.J. very ceremoniously while up on the hill the profile of Trinity's bearded and hairy figure was drawn with the wind caressing his face with great violence. He was mounting on his Harley and watched with anger... the afternoon fell quickly on the horizon at the distant Rockies Mountains. A sky covered in purple red with the last vestiges of light and the gray fell lightly like a stain.

The three Terror sisters continue with their pilgrimage to the pyre, carrying ceremoniously the body of their dead brother. The parents of the children observed the ritual from the distance and expected an outcome.

Per-ro on one side of the dwelling barn on a molehill is sitting on his throne of ostentatious furs and with the head of a bear at his feet holding his gigantic cane with his left hand. At his side his wife, now totally naked, throwing out to the space little twinkles... they were like diminutive stars' dust coming out of her hands as she shivers them against the sky... the way she did it seemed as if she was painting starlets onto the wide universe, while the cosmic Milky Way increasingly appeared accompanying the enraged evening of the Terror family.

The band went to their musical number on the other side of the burnt out house next to a couple of trees where it used to be a small forest. The music filled the air until the three fearsome little sisters left the embalmed body of their brother J.J. on the pyre of their unconscious tragedies.

At that moment his father stood up from the gigantic armchair and walked solemnly to where his son J.J. was lying down and ready to be cremated while his naked wife began with a strange dance after him and continued sending little stars to the sky.

A tenacious buzzing of the V-engine of Trinity's motorbike was heard in that evening as it moved quickly towards the upper hills until it was seen disappearing between the profile of the mountain against the last of the purple reddish grays of the few clouds. Everyone present stood up and looked at how Trinity on his Harley vanished in the darkness.

At the end of the act the band that had stopped for a while turned on their instruments again; the guitars were tearing what remained of a breathable air scratching the night in anguish and the kids from the audience returned to sit on the damp grass in silence.

Livera: What do you want... what do you want Per-ro, your son is dead, right? no fuck no more... I am the bitch bad born daughter of your rotten last marriage, from a love built on the pillars of hostility. I am the filthy mouth of the daughter of a feminist sister of the 21st century, I'm death but I do not give a darn, because everything is worth an egg.

My heart is sore and my mind masturbates words. The fucking husband and boyfriends that I've had are like pigs in a pig hole whom with their hooves had left me open sores that will never heal... that's why snakes and poison comes out of my mouth. I was cursed giving birth to my two children, one of them was born a monster product of my hybrid demons inherited from your hide grossness... I am not guilty, I am a victim of a rotten society... and between that I dress up and slide like a viper... well set, tight ass and chest half air exposed to open the desire of some other swines... performing to be one more girl from the stack of empty females that fill the big cities of a system that stinks.

That is why we pushed your son J.J. to the line to seal the pact that our family has with hell, to pay for our cabalistic errors, for our barbarities disguised between university grades and the elegant position in a corrupted pedophilia's system of rulers that like to drink Adrenochrom and worshiping their own most lower evil desires of flesh in the island of great existence in this Blue planet.

Our money has covered all the fraudulent deals of our family chronicle since before our great-grandfather back in the U.K. I am the cunt of your low dreams embodied in decent high society illusions with a bitter mouth and hardened look because of my own inherited lusts.

Now sit down, my father... in your armchair of crowned little human garbage. You are nothing of what you look like, you are nothing of what you so proudly feel from your years as a pro working supporting assholes of Deep State illuminati' perverters... those were days of great accomplishment of crap and continuous erroneous beliefs because of negative and dark decisiveness against the citizenry.

All your trips were a false facade between lustful breaks with your cheap prostitutes that cheered the emptiness of your motel rooms plus those Luciferian rituals with your depraved brotherhood of the occult; while parallel to your left side the family memory hanging on a framed picture of us children waiting and begging you for mercy and love.

Because as children we did not seemed as how we are now, we were innocent of what was developing inside us as being near of what was coming up between the wind of the

21st century. The 2012 opened the shithole when the conditions became a cataclysmic confusion of errors because of the generation of rulers that never valued the Eco-system... everything was worth it an egg: the animals, the plants, the air, the water and the people... to the water they intend to protect it hidden avarice for possession of resources.

Everything is worth an egg to you, your death son as well since he did not do what you wanted him to do inside the cabalas plan... you just used manipulation and dominance wanting him to follow your footsteps on your hollow ways... stepping in his life just to produce money and segmentation, and here Sir, take your full and thick euros bag before you died... or should I said... before they come to get you?... and what for? To see with your own eyes how we kill each other slowly in desperation and rebellion between the hatred and falsehood beliefs that you implanted in us?... see now how everything influenced us? I don't know father, tell me something worthy and do not run away from the pile of a death sealed for J.J... I know my words are as dirt... but they just reflect your life and the elite group you belong to.

No one said anything for a long uncomfortable moment. The youngest of Per-ro's daughters with her speech had unleashed fury in the skies and suddenly came down furiously a load of dark clouds that were stirring menacingly around the property.

Since the shift occurred, Per-ro started looking at everyone in astonishment, his gaze was lost among the clouds of the sky, he knew that during the years they had lived together as a family he had broken every one of the infinite connections of possible love, of healthy joy, of growth together in harmony, all in exchange for power and demoniac control of all his surroundings.

For that reason, it seemed prudent and necessary for him as a father to communicate this time differently to his children, and with a thundering but serene voice he began:

Per-ro: Today I believe that my children have made me realize about the evils ways that have plagued us for centuries from our ancestors. But the words of Livera have awakened a clean dream that slept in my heart throughout my life. I am from my mother's side a son of slaves, descendant of kings from wild lands, we all know our roots and the history behind it, the color of ebony against the light does not lie, but my daughter Julia will not be no more Livera, from now on, each one will have its own name, and call Trinity because his real name is Jacobo, and I do not want him to leave my side... call him! -pointing with his arms to the multitude of spectators.

The storm moved away quickly, the confession of broken hearts had reborn a little light of hope in the darkness of the night. A group from the observers ran quickly through the fog that descended gently as if caressing the hill where Trinity had vanished. Everyone shouted and shouted his name and releases from their voices little stars like Trinity's mother, towards a sky that was now calmer and clearer.

While they yelled the name of Jacobo, la Mère, who had fallen into an ecstasy of temporarily slow-motion madness, was running towards the smoked house as she tried with her hands desperately to cover her nudity within the sweat of the night.

The experience of death from the hangman and the dance of vampire energies had ceased, but a corpse was claimed from hell and that haven't been consummated yet... J.J. still remained as a mummy on the dry pyre waiting for a resolution from the heavens... As all the clouds that covered the stars with stormy sounds left, Dave's band let their guitars play again. This time Dave's voice as an ululation disintegrating the terrors that had been raised before them as debris against the ruins of the abandoned house.

While all of that was crumbling down to the mummified body of J.J... he rose from his death as Lazarus. Lazarus has risen! His sisters shouted in unison: father! look at your beloved son Lazarus who has come back to life. A tear shimmer in the night running down through Per-ro's face.

The Trinity motorcycle was heard again at the distance, the attendants were dancing around him as accompanying the biker as he slowly approached the burned house smiling with his black round sun glasses on and his hair moving against the breeze, moving slowly to the barn while J.J. walked away from the house too to the barn before it felt apart.

The wind had scattered all the ashes of the building on the wide grass near the lake, and J.J. began to remove the bandage that covered his face in slow motion... When the music ceased, he began by saying loudly to everyone present, with a voice that no one had heard before from him.

J.J.: The four horsemen had ride through our family house, they showed me the terror of fear and the path to Hades. I could tell how bad everything was, and why it totally collapsed. My wickedness was not ready to enter the kingdom of lights. The Lord returned me with a single phrase: "Go and save your world"… you made me see that my world is ourselves, the same family that I had tried day after day to destroy in my blind fury of unknown revenges that burned my interior.

I carry the mark of the apocalypse recorded in my genes, I have been reborn from the ashes of our cradle, towards the horizon of the stars of a new world. From my death was born the hope for a new community of nations absorbed between the landscape of Peace and the Freedom of the soul, as swimming on the surfaces of all waters. I was not born in the occult, but in the open poem of a brotherhood, we are like a transformation of thoughts that change us from the nervous center of our bones. Although I am only flesh as well, I am the ray of light of my soul that travels between this new juncture ... tell me brothers that I am right!…

Grouchy: -with fearfully voice... Sorry brother for our sharp poison with which we drag you to a death among the spoils of our home... my sister Julia woke us up, and our light beings were suddenly activated by the angels who listened to our nocturnal theatrical opera of repentance…

Controlla: Julia, thank you and no one is guilty, our bad decisions led us to manufacture the coffins and the graves for our souls. Thank you Lazaro for letting yourself be deliver as a sacrificial lamb that redeems our faults. Now the new stars have resurfaced on the sky... - and with a smile she kissed the night.

La Mère approached for the first time dressed decently. The hair fell on her chest as the wind carried it and brought it back and for to its whim. Her face reflected an immense serenity, she wore a pair of sandals made of papyrus by one of the assistants while watching the development of the theatrical opera.

La Mère: My children, my husband... I love ya with all the strength of a mother who connects with the center of the Earth. We are the star children of creation claiming under the mercy of the Universe. We have been granted life, and not just any, life within the spiral of centuries and centuries into eternity… thank you for accompanying me on such a wonderful journey.

The instance La Mère finished its last word, the band of Dave returned and interpret some acoustic and drum sounds from a battery inspired by the gods. A guy from the audience let go out of her congas some buzzes as heart rate frequencies who accompanied the moment.

Trinity got off his metal horse, and tied his hair with a rubber band in the back, and with a

sincere smile after rubbing his beard a couple of times, spoke for the first time in years with great delicacy:

Trinity: I am Jacobo, son of my parents since ancient times. The fixed stone where the first mansion of the gods is built on New Earth. Our path is beaded now with flowers and rainbow colors... and this time there will be no rain to divert our steps. Death has awakened in our eyes nothing but REPENTANCE! -he screamed. I have seen in our eyes the terror of a sinister end. Our sense of guilt rose to the maximum power, unfolding that we were covered with the armor plate of EVIL! and the terror of a nearest death took possession and we have become attached to fear, but Love and Joy are the only way out.

That is why we had suddenly made a change of one hundred and eighty degrees in our little lives... The wind with a flavor of an end and with new times arriving has conquered us and we the selfish narcissist egomaniacs have finally surrendered like a sheep as it hears the melodic line of a new heart beating. I do not know whether to cheer or laugh, we are the typical pathetic radiance of our human condition…

JJ: Let us stop burying our defects with more pain, let's increase the volume of music and undertake together the new dance of the survivors from the last universal flood.

The night seemed to have gone out, the feeling of something coming to an end was becoming more and more latent in all those attending the theatrical opera. "Les quatre cavaliers" had ceased in a drastic and transcendental way the musical part with a great sacrifice of guitars in the middle of irremediable acoustic sounds. The stage had lowered its curtain and within the fatigue of the night, the characters were submerged in a great deep sleep one by one.

The next day when Kfjørg woke up, he felt something different, lighter; and since everyone was asleep, he went to where Kfjørg thought Acid was reclining, or rather, where he had been thrown himself from last night's hallucinated opera, but he couldn't find him. Kfjørg left the barn and saw outside how everything is in chaos. The fields full of locusts that ate everything while they fly.

Finally, he sees the little Girardot sisters running towards a vehicle among the many parked on the field, and Kfjørg perceived in a second feeling that Acid was already inside it, he looks around and runs with an instinct of survival towards them as if Kfjørg was falling into a bottomless abyss.

He did not smell anything in the air in his run; when Kfjørg got closer to the vehicle sees his friends' face expressions looking at him fully dilated and the cavities of their eyes expanded in horror because of what was happening behind Kfjørg. He jumped inside the car that Rosa already had on moving and they left that farm. The abyss they felt behind, was bigger as when the floor of conformity where one lives abruptly shakes out without a warning.

What is happening behind Kfjørg's back, is the earth begins to tremble at their feet slightly and without stopping, the trees were shaking, Kfjørg looked at them and got the impression that they were watching him, that they were speaking to him murmurings of another kind…

The Trees are not showing the panic that they felt, thought for a second Kfjørg. As all the habitat animals gradually adapted to the shaking of the earth and began again to feel and think more clearly the situation.

Something that Kfjørg liked a lot about the Girardot sisters, is their tenacity towards life without any complaint, that quality had led them to adapt to the nightmare they were experiencing.

Rosa was driving an old double cabin truck being the first thing she found with the keys on, Kfjørg tried to calm Acid's mood and he was somewhat uneasy while Rosita is squeezing his arm with both hands. Kfjørg used a serene gaze to try to calm everyone's nerves, and his too at the same time. He thought that there is no need to feel fear, the trees said it and the earth kept moving and they thought and feel safe in the middle of that cataclysmic earthquake of great magnitude; as if the continuous movement accelerates…. Uhmmm, thought Kfjørg.

He remembers that he asked Rosa to go south, that they should leave the northern hemisphere and go down as far south as they could until the truck and gasoline would hold on.

They left Canada; Acid had found a route map in the glove compartment and guided them through the roads. After a while they found a gas station and loaded fuel for free. The terror of people along the roads was eminent, all seemed to feel an agony as in the vestibule of death, it was dramatic and produced an immediately change of consciousness in the insides of the people.

At the end of the hour they found another abandoned petrol station of a farmer's village next to a neighborhood road that operates the old style where the gas tank was filled by a superintendent. There the guys fill it up again for free and took advantages to take other items from the market store like junk food, first aid stuff, all the water found, tools, maps, the spare tire of the vehicle, oils, and extra gasoline in a big tank that was sitting in the workshop garage.

Our friends continued south and still witnessing chaos around them. It was impossible to use the highways because they are half destroyed or partly congested by screaming people and cars horns and alarms blowing all the time.

The tremor increased slowly... there is also an internal snoring coming from within the earth, something that had never been heard, it got into the bones and everywhere the ambient had this smell of sulfur. They travel a couple of days throughout the western territories until they arrived in Mexico. Not before having stopped a thousand times for provisions found on the way. At this stage, they already adapted fine to feel the snoring inside the body and to walk in movement, it was like a balanced dance.

Kfjørg thinks that on the last moments they made it so normal and were so calm that they could laugh at people when they were still running in terror, what a bunch of idiots they thought and laugh. Now they even nap in the sleeping-bags outside under the trees, they felt that the trees were a safe place to be close to besides one feels protected by them.

Once a day they ate under a tree picnic style; until one day the girls went crazy when they found an open restaurant on the way where they could stop and eat so much junk food as possible. The grill was all set and accessible, the only thing to do was to take out the provisions from their refrigerators, the cupboards and be ready to prepared great barbecue potatoes and some sautéing vegetables.

An amazing impression of all these long traveling they feel as they arrive in less time that they thought to Yavila where the Pan American Highway ends. The only major obstacles they had were in Mexico and Guatemala. The rest of the roads almost emptied. Now they are missing some 90 kilometers to Colombia through a mountain range, which make them think that if they walked they might need about a week or so, on the other hand there is a chance to go to the Caribbean Sea and find how to ship down by boat.

From where they stop look around and see a small farm where some very quiet peasants are sitting at the entrance of their house drinking coffee, the sisters push the guys into the

farm and the friendly people began talking with them about the apocalypse, about the change of times, about the new paradigm and the guys enjoy the conversation for a while... everywhere it was the only thing people talked about say the old lady, lately the comeback of Jesus, she said was happening inside of us…. She says to finish the conversation…. Is a state of Christ Consciousness that is arriving my dear children.

At the distance some horses behind the house grazing, Rosi saw them and she pointed to Rosa who was the one running the conversations with the couple of farmers... Rosa offered them a horse deal or exchange, they agreed telling them that there was no use to pay. Very unusual because of the concepts of buying and selling to which the System had adapted everyone. Anyway, the kids left the truck in temporary exchange in case they come back one day, Rosa suggested...

The tremor of the earth continued… Small villages they cross with the horses, there people had become used to the tremor and even many of the peasants were still cultivating their lands even with the sound of the inner earth that was always getting into the bones.

The usual means of communication on Earth had collapsed. The satellites had left the orbits; some had fallen back to earth. Under the sea, the optic fiber had been broken, the same fate had the 5G antennas signals affecting telephony, television, the Internet and modulated radio waves among others. Concrete shelters known as D.U.M.B. built underground and under the oceans by Deep State secret organizations, all cracked and were destroyed, giant antennas like Haarp and Cern had suffered the same fate. The only media that prevailed were few frequencies of AM radio and some other local television channels.

On the radio the first world leaders had defined the catastrophe as "The beginning of the End". A few days later in the United Nations a kind of charismatic leader emerged who spoke with arrogance and domination, who seemed to take control and now direct the threads of human destiny taking advantage of the chaos, talking about a new world order and some non-sense like a global vaccination programs and population reduction.

Maria Helena's property where Kfjørg and friends stay, was almost self-sufficient, she had been adjusting her ways and the farm to a different kind of life thinking of taking a retirement away from normality, already in her fifties and tired of working within the system

after done well for years with her travel agency located in California. Down the hill and next to the lake were a cabin with a garage where a motor boat and a paddle canoe rested.

A young cat appeared from nowhere and began to stick close to Kfjørg, it followed him everywhere like a dog... was black and meowed a lot. In the afternoons before the sun went down, Kfjørg enjoyed going for a walk in the countryside climbing the small hills on a land now almost empty of humans which he thought was great. That afternoon Kfjørg left for a walk with Rosi, she brought another cat a big and playful Siamese. Both guys ran on the slopes and played with the cats chasing them, it was hilarious. After a couple of hours, they sat on the grass very close to the lake to eat something that Rosi had brought, after eating both fall asleep while the sun warmed gently their bodies.

When they got up it was already dark... A couple of fellows with big eyes and white hair surrounded them, Kfjørg looked at the cats and they did not get scared, he thought it was alright then. Their appearance did not look like normal humans because of their size but they were in otherwise completely the same. They seemed polite and soft looking, they managed a pacifying and cheerful smile that seemed familiar to Kfjørg remembering Vulcan, for a second they gave Kfjørg the impression that they came from some ecological village from somewhere in the Andes… the earthquake was still on the move.

ET # 1: Hello, we come from the Pleiades, our mother ship is already inside your atmosphere in invisible mode for the moment, we must do something first ... it is necessary that before we start with the final phase of this planetary shift… humans like you need to be transferred…

The method of transportation of humans from Earth 3D into the Pleiades is simple, we putting them to sleep –say the ET to Kfjørg. The friends agree and they dematerialized the two with their cats and send them into a completely different environment than Earth.

The temporally home sphere has a renovated sky that seems as if planets are painted on the roof of a house, it was so real and moves slowly. After all, it feels as a place they like a lot, they felt safe and pleasant with good smells, feeling smooth and healthy for some reason and without the heavy weight of surviving at all times like before in 2020. and not agitated all the time with the quake.

They see at the distance some house neighborhoods and Xäälä said to Kfjørg, I feel no sense of time. A humanoid who came with them on the ship with bluish skin and very

friendly gave them the guidelines on how to build a house to their own liking, in other words they just need to imagine it with love and extend their hand on the site that was going to be placed and voila, la *maison*.

The community nearby was build next to a cliff that faced a very vast reddish desert with peaks and small mountains with tiny lakes between them of a very intense light blue. Above the desert, they could see the immense pulsation of a universe that passed in slow motion over their heads. From a central not elongated house and lot wider; a small smoke spread throughout the village leaving the houses impregnated with a smell of Acacia and mixed Eucalyptus.

Actually Kfjørg did not know how long they will stay on that planet as guests. He assumes that later they would take them to a final destination, in the meantime they must adapt on this fifth or sixth dimension of celestial bodies with a new wide range of perceptions that their bodies have now. From where they stay, the Earth was easy to distinguish. And Kfjørg thought of Apola. Missing her, missing her amazing sweetness.

Kfjørg began wishing to modify his observing position and started to change the location course inside his mind until he met Rosita who was playing with the cats they brought from Guatapé. The awareness of the new reality and the visual perspective within their new senses had intensified at double.

First Kfjørg had the idea of communicating with Rosita and he saw her already looking at him with those big transformed eyes full of love and he felt in his mind instantly something as if her thoughts caressed Kfjørg's by means of murmurs within the same ecstasy of surrounding life... As they glance into each other Kfjørg joined the game she had with the cats between a light sensation that made them float in a less dense air-space. Then both decided to venture into the rest of the planet and right there begin to move around the places and saw many people and animals around.

Suddenly they all had an incoming call inside their brain and the next moment Rosi, Kfjørg and the two cats were sitting next to a small space ship built of organic materials that felt as it palpitates inside their chests... and along with them several other humanoids, they all smiled at each other.

The flying saucer similar to those observed before on Earth when everything was a secret, departed for the universe view in front of them. Inside the ship they reunite again with Acid

and Rosa and other friends and felt a joy of cosmic love together, they hug and share a little about each other experiences…

The working group assigned to Kfjørg' involved people they knew but with different bodies. Besides their two cats were Rosa's dolphin and Acid's hawk. The little ship was wonderful, it transported them at great speeds and sometimes in invisibles mode or within rivers of Light. None of them knew yet what was the purpose of their trip together... it felt as if they move them into a new location since the friends already learned by instinct some basic things like decoding their physical bodies with their minds and being able to vision another densities or realities within the spiral of time and no-time and moved forwards.

During their trip, Rosita (Xäälä) had the choice of traveling alone in the allowed intervals they had and she "vanished" into a personal mission in a distant nebula known as "Horse Head" where existed a star that fed a tiny colony of humanoids that lived in half-rounded houses with an oval-shaped roof made out of something like a transparent straw. The houses were located on a high cliff that faced a giant and impressive sea of many colors. All of these transparent households mixed well with the gaseous landscape of the nebula that swirled around a golden core with a circle around it as a ring... from the nucleus came new little stars that were coupling around the halo.

Rosi job was to stay for a period of a whole earth year in that planet and anchor and storage the energy coming from the central sun-star to feed up the colony. Her trip took in human time for them inside the organic space ship, no more than a second and she was already in joy sharing her experience with everyone.

Kfjørg 'friends are able to traveled between the 3D-4D to the 5D-6D for now. Kfjørg felt that for the moment and for many "centuries" to come their missions will keep them busy serving with great knowledge gratitude and lots of fun in all they had at front in their spiritual path.

Then they made a stop and arrived at a village of rounded cottages in a small sphere, their ship was suspended in the air and they went down to the site in mental mode as in a holographic projection. The little people were physically very similar to them in the general aspect, just smaller; the friends' new size is three meters and sixty centimeters tall, for that reason these new beings of one meter eighty seemed small to them. Kfjørg and his friends

only passed through the community to say hello, support their conveying of cosmic Light coming from the Prime Source Creator and share positive vibes with the friendly humanoids while many of them were sitting in meditation position transferring the light from above to their land.

With their new elongated sizes, Rosi had adopted fascinating features: her large oval expressive green eyes now outlined with a dark green line looking at Kfjørg the best way she handled beauty. Her hair was like a loose reddish wind over copper sand deserts that shone with the reflection of the light that came from the surrounding stars. She used many spatial flowers inside her hair that she collected from her trips, these cosmic flowers grounded in between her hair giving her an organic look that changed with their shapes above. It was really an incredible visual image to contemplate Rosi's hair.

Then the guys returned to the solar system of the Earth, this time inside the 5D and went to the planet Gaia where they used to live... it was completely new and restored like a living being... they were able to see from there, another Earth in 3D moving on the nearest space above; Urantia was now called that former 3D planet orbiting in the near.

The new Gaia had an elliptical orbit around the new sun which made it able to get closer to all the spheres nearby. From where Kfjørg's friends landed they could see Jupiter above them with a light path that seems as a galactic portal from its moon Europa, a multidimensional gate to other Universes or Galaxies.

New Gaia is huge and with many spots between different green emerald shades. Each of Kfjørg's friends had made their own cabin and since their consciousness was connected to the collective, they could unify ideas and reach out to conclusions of plans... and so they built little huts made out of rocks and a lot of glass... it surrounded each of the houses a nice warm tree that seemed like embracing the little cabins. In between the trees and the house there were different decorations that were part of the personal design of each one.

Over the time living at their new houses Kfjørg realized that he received daily informative data according to the expansion movements of the universe inside a collective consciousness, it was as if he had inside the hypothalamus an active DNA ship that was empowered periodically along with his cellular system. After a while he got a lot of input about new educational programs. Kfjørg's friends too became a kind of space educators and were given new names:

* Acid became: Al-Flo-Lux

* Rosi in: Ri-Ga-Lux

* Rosa in: Ro-Ga-Lux, and

* Kfjørg ended up being Ur-Flo-Lux. (son of the Druid back then in Kali-Fornia)

It looked like they were the Lux family with their animals. From their homes they project themselves many times towards the 3D Earth in specific individual missions. Some of Kfjørg (Ur) work was being a program teaching-showing or opening inside big organic computer programs circuits and codes within a special region of the expanded collective mind of some more advanced groups of humans, but and only when they were ready to receive a progressive input for their evolution as when they were sensing or "discovering" new stuff that could jump them ahead, in that way they helped pulling the rest of their communities up.

Kfjørg went over there as separate consciousness individual program and activated a code in their modified cellular DNA to push forward deeper ideas into a rational thought the individual was exploring with love and spirituality. These new primitive humans at least had six cords in their cellular DNA system and could be able to evolve without falling into karmic repetitions. So their new generations were quickly moving forward.

Sometimes Kfjørg felt sorry for them since many of them were those that before on the old Earth were feeding themselves with fears and lacks when perceiving changes into the new planet oncoming's, but at the same time Kfjørg enjoyed the trip as being able to cooperate in many steps of their evolution and happy with the results of the people. Now they had permission to help others from lesser planets; that law of no interference had been modified, but the job should be done only as the receiver reached an inclination or need for inputs.

From Rosi, Kfjørg heard that her main task was to materialize herself on planet Earth from time to time as a professor of Nomadic Philosophy; she went from town to town teaching the laws of the universe at the level that they were able to accept. Kfjørg's friends carried 12 strands of light in their cellular DNA system, which allow them to do great things within the six dimensions. Everything seemed easy and enjoyable, and Kfjørg really liked being able to help other people in different ways within their own difficulties of evolution.

Kfjørg also learned new things from every personal experience in New Gaia, when he is not on a mission or at breaks because a part of his cellular system is connected to an invisible multi-level transmitter that updated his memory. Sometimes those sorts of information came from places as high as 9th or 12D. Kfjørg's friends have also permission to act as Co-Creators in 3D…

Sometimes on the company of some higher beings of Light that travel and dabble beyond this Master Universe, where void was still throbbing and landed inside architectures of invisible lines without living infrastructural images of Life yet and it felt as they could probably be ready to paint a canvas of moving things inside it: the main Program area of new creations. But it is so subtle to create something in there, so magical and delicate, that most of the time Kfjørg refrains himself from doing things... it felt as he needs to gain more experience and practice in creating life in 3D before scratching any new line out there.

It was wonderful though in how they materialized colored gases and nebulae that invented within their desires and seeing them get transformed within themselves into new living systems of many different organic media. Kfjørg liked that very much especially the formatting of images or allowing himself to imagine new extensions, new planets and stars, new suns and new galaxies... it was a renewing experience. Many spiritual beings contributed to the materialization of this new something, all working together or sometimes a few of us had our own specialties, Kfjørg primary function as an apprentice was to create physical forms within the different 3D planets, like animals and primitive human forms.

The little sisters Girardot colored everything and were in charge of the design and decoration of landscapes. The Light that came from the Infinite Maternal Spirit creator was the one that gave life to their works. It seemed like a pleasant dream in which one let oneself go through a great night of creativity. As the singer G. Cerati puts it: "The Universe is in my favor and it is so magical".

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The black cat sleeps.

III. KFJØRG INSIGHTS

Somebody touched Kfjørg's shoulder at that moment and he woke up to realize that everything felt as it is living in…. "a while ago and a while before", not in a past time or future anymore, but in a present with many doors... it all seemed to have been a part of an extra-sensory experience or a lucid dream of a computer program. At that moment he did not know if it was due to effects of the hallucinogens or the ecstasy of the melodramatic theatrical opera in Canada wild party in which the piece of the theatrical scenes had become so intense in that cold farm at that hour of the dawn…

The fact is that Kfjørg woke up inside a violet sleeping bag on the humid grass of his friend's farm in Canada where they had finished their party after the concert. Next to his body, Kfjørg felt the warm soft and long legs of the beautiful Rosita hugging him and looking at Kfjørg with those big bright eyes.

Her nakedness took Kfjørg out of the impressions that he brought from the lucid "dream" and he began to caress the delicious curves that belonged to those big honey eyes, until he let himself to inhale inside his soul the new sensations and desires of this matter and wrap themselves in a dance of physical and mental love over many imaginary colorful farms for a long time. It was their morning ritual of love, it was the energy that they got transmuted into each other send in how to start a new day, and that's how Kfjørg forgot everything.

Driving back home to the Girardot sisters the journey was made in total silence on the part of them, only the radio music was dancing their muteness. The landscape of the Alberta Plain on one side and the Rocky Mountains on the other, made a phenomenal view; the whisper of the engine and the air that came in through Rosa's half-open window blended in with the sounds of low music letting into existence a kind of metallic half-tone harmonic with the smell of intense nature. It felt good to be on Earth in this 21st century, thought Kfjørg. On his legs rested the shiny hair of the beautiful Rosi who slept. Thinking about it, he do not remember the moment when they agreed to start a loving relationship as lovers or as close friends, well he thought, we sensed around us good vibes.

At the end of a day, the feeling did not have weight at all in the moments except with the

permanent view that the snowy mountains gave him. Kfjørg was so infected by the mussitation of this new reality and of Rossi's sleep that he began to nod between the sleeping and the awoken zone and immediately returned as a magic slipped to his previous dream, Kfjørg could not help it, his consciousness was as part of an intimate continuity within himself.

In the new dream he met Rosi, at least now Kfjørg knew the changing facts about his dreams, he knew well now that everything was similar to a dream but that in perspective they were living different realities among these densities; although in equality to surreal and abstract as in lucid dreams. Kfjørg began to feel something good and very realistic and he try to be relaxed within that as if he was alive and not just watching himself being reflected from some other corner.

When they met, Rosi ran to him and hugged him; they looked at each other and saw that they were in the little village of their elliptical little planet. Their cats played fluttering and chasing each other, it seems as it was the only thing the animals did, play. Until Rosi began to communicate with Kfjørg inside their minds.

Ri: Why are we here Ur?

Ur: (Kfjørg stayed a moment in silence, feeling and analyzing everything and looking into her eyes... it seemed that Rosi had also experienced the same thing that he did) ... I think -he said, that we are living several and different experiences at the same time in different or parallel dimensions, not that I know exactly which one... (and then Kfjørg stayed silent)

Ri: This... it's not a dream... right Ur?

Ur: Do not be afraid.... think of it as a computer program…. We process consciousness…. Manifesting consciousness in different possible realities.

Ri: I do not…. I just want to be sure of what I'm doing.

Ur: This is not a dream, Rosi (he called her Rosi, knowing that she was Ri or Xäälä, it seemed that this re-affirmed his observing thinking), do what we have to do when we are here or anywhere else…. at least until all these moments join in a now and at some other point, anyway we are having a good feeling and a good time, right?

They walked a long distance in silence... from the nearby grove they got a deep floral aroma that felt well, it seemed as if they were looking for a silence that would accommodate them to what they were experiencing and the aroma helped a lot.

They tried to feel all those new nows, divided in different places but at the same time they were still each one of themselves, themselves and aware. At the end of a long time watching their cats playing and playing, they opted, absorbed by the joy of them, that it was an easy way to cheer themselves up. They look at each other seen how inviting it felt them to leave their pre-occupations or worries and began to run around with their animals and to tell them that it was something beautiful and energetic to play along. So everything became a running between humans and cats, they against them and vice versa, anyway, they always beat them because of their feline gracefulness.

The cats also had different size, proportional to their new physical height... at last and after so much playing, they all sat down to contemplate the landscape that seemed to enjoy them and attract them in a hypnotical perception. They knew when they looked at each other that everything around them was a Joy to see and experience themselves doing whatever. That excited Rosi and Kfjørg very much and both approached each other closer and slowly until a tender kiss of soft magic united them with their cats that have about the size of a jaguar.

The immense view that they had at front of this whole 5D was marvelous as to pass it unnoticed; It felt everything like a gift so alive and so close and above all, so visual. Ri apologized for a moment and went to her cabin followed by her cat. And Kfjørg was left alone caressing his cat Miau who also was looking at everything in front of them.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE

NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

And the cat still inside his dreams.

IV. KFJØRG VISITS MO

In a second Kfjørg felt a call inside his mind and he closed his eyes. Kfjørg was transported to the 3D earth Urantia where lived a special girl he helped a lot. Inside her DNA Kfjørg could see the brightness of the helix's rising like dancing. Her name was Mo, she lived nowadays in an underground cave right in the center of a conglomerate of totems. She never spoke with anyone and preferred to live alone... for some reason she reminded Kfjørg a lot of a little girl from Earth's before called Momo. Kfjørg activated a code inside her and he was about to leave when the little girl contacted him, she seemed to have detected Kfjørg presence inside in some way.

Mo: Who are you, are you my angel?

Since such a thing had never happened to Kfjørg and he did not remember that he had orders or instructions not to do so, he thought for a moment... hesitated and finally communicated with his senior adviser Mikael from Nebadon there at the central architectural planet of light Salvington. Feeling inside his multidimensional reality an evidence to move forward in conversation with Mo, Kfjørg still wanted to talk to him, something he had never done it directly.

Ur: Hi Mikael, big brother, I'm Ur from Earth...

Mikael: Hi Ur from Urantia, (Kfjørg felt his smile), how are you Brother?

Ur: (That "Brother" that he pronounced to him sounded more like a Brotherhood, as reaffirming that they were from the same pack, something like a real family). Experiencing my new existence... you see, nothing perfect yet.

Mikael: Enjoy it Brother... when are you coming to visit us?

Ur: Anytime, I'm ready, very soon (it made him really nervous)... for now I need to know something... I need your advice…

Mikael: What you want to ask is fine, you already felt it was okay, whenever you hesitate... feel inside and from inside you will get the answers, all your Higher Selves are inside you

up to the 12D. The center of your cellular impulses is in your heart, there is your Crystal, it will guide you always, it is connected with me and I am with the Universal Father/Mother, never hesitate.

Ur: Thank you brother Mikael; I am now in a mission... gotta go.

Kfjørg went back to where he was before with Mo, time did not move at all, he could be in several places at the same time, it was wonderful...

Ur: Yes, I am your guardian angel, a friend, I am a light inside you, do not fear, how are you today?

Mo: A little lonely, the humans here are very wild, sometimes I feel big fears, I can never speak, always those external noises that they make... they shut me up, I think I am becoming like a wild mute...

Ur: You are a formidable girl, you live alone because your destiny is to listen to the savages, try not to talk to them, just listen in silence with love and without fear, so that you influence their thoughts... and these will change their actions and emotions... gain respect and in that way, they can evolve quickly. You have an energy that feeds your surroundings, you are not muted, I am someone to share a conversation with, for now that is your mission... Mo, you have a mission in this life, do you realize that? Does it give you Joy? Remember not to speak to the savages, they will never understand you, they are in a primitive state where they only listen to the inner voice of their egos, in other words, they only listen to themselves. When you feel lonely again, you call me and we talk...

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The cat thinks: *'Mo is me. Mo is the cat. Mo is the observer. Mo is the witness. Mo is the one who listens in silence. Mo is the one who influences thoughts without speaking. Mo is the one who feeds the surroundings with energy.'*

'Maybe that's the secret. Maybe the secret is not to speak. Maybe the secret is to listen. Maybe the secret is to feel inside. Maybe the secret is to trust the Crystal in the heart. Maybe the secret is to never hesitate. Uhm, too much stuff to digest, need to nap now.'

IV. DEATH OF KFJØRG FRIENDS

The four friends ended up getting all of them inside an old school bus that happened to pick them up very early in the morning of that day. The bus was full of boys and girls, guitars, drums, dogs, two bristly cats, lots of alcohol and fumes.

By night they went to the beach, somewhere in British Columbia, north of Vancouver between some of the fjords of that extraordinary coast. There was nobody around... someone built a bonfire, Kfjørg had decided to stop drinking alcohol after the last party at Hongux's psychedelic territory.

Kfjørg's life had taken a 360° turn now... Kfjørg started to contemplate the flames of the fire in how they danced with the wind and how the little sparkles went fast as if they were searching for something above, something invisible. Up in a sky full of stars something passed by moving funny and "looking" at what they were doing in a fun and invisible way, Kfjørg knew what it was... other lights twinkled and he remembers for a second the sky of Gaia. Rosi hugged Kfjørg looking for warmth… she was an amazing person full of a fascinating tenderness inside and outside her skin... that made Kfjørg feel good, he felt comfortable with her, she was like the alcohol at that moment that still him down while they were watching the fire and the little stars.

Kfjørg closed his eyes and saw in his imagination Mo, she was also by a bonfire, only that it seemed that they had her all tied up to a pole and she was being incinerated alive by a horde of savages. A tear rolled down Kfjørg's face to the sand next to the fallen tree trunk where he was sitting. Kfjørg did not feel sadness, he felt relief, surely Mo would reincarnate again in some other more advanced period of time... that thought made him happy.

Then Kfjørg thought of Belle, and he saw her being raped in a dark alley by three guys who beat her and beat her a thousand times while her dark skin rose from the dirty cement of the pavement into the night. Belle's face smiled with happiness, Kfjørg understood that facial gesture in that tragic moment... Kfjørg felt that she was beginning to see or to glimpse inside her window of light from within and through the darkness of her thoughts outside to the blackness of the night.

Kfjørg saw how the three men stabbed her several times, he saw her blood being soaked into the dirty cement and he saw how from her body came a black bird like a night vulture fleeing through the dark firmament of that city and with a smile within a tear... they smiled to each other in joy and they both felt a relief together inside their thoughts.

That night in front of the sparkles, two very close friends of Kfjørg had just changed their lives and soon he would hear from them again, and Kfjørg felt an intense relief. Surely his friends had struggled with their souls trying to impart justice and words of love to their adversaries before they were murdered vilely. That's why they smiled in their gallows. That's why and contrary to the procedure of harmony of these dimensions, that tears of salty drops came out and rolled down Kfjørg's cheeks to soak an unattended rocky beach resting near a cold and agitated sea.

When Kfjørg opened his eyes, Rosi was looking at him smiling in a tenderly mood. They hugged and stood still. After a while and amid the bustle of the other people Kfjørg heard that they were going to do a play…. wow not again he thought, another play, these Canadians are crazy.

In an unsecured dance of thoughts, he was trying to assure himself that in this theatrical play he would not participate at all, he would be just a part of the audience... previous experiences had left him saturated with rock theater plays. And Kfjørg thought about the piece of work there in Alberta where he participated as the hangman that committed an act of a suicidal ceremony and died... if that scene would have something to do with the changes that were taking place lately, Kfjørg does not know. The experience of traveling in time crossed him easily in this early stage of his life, Kfjørg wasn't an old soul, he was just a new cosmic babe.

The night after the play, way lighter than the other, they went to sleep in a tent that Acid had brought, which they placed next to a sea cliff, they knew that the ocean tides would begin to wane and they could have sleep in calm. The four of them went into the tent and slept for a long time. Later on the next day the bus drove back to Alberta... And after few days, the girls said that they were almost finished with the production of silverware they needed for the Christmas trip. Since December was getting close, meaning they all might migrate slowly to the south at the beginning of the month; selling their crafts and jewelry at different local fairs along the Pacific coast. They had attached to the Volkswagen a little elongated trailer where they storage all the work and a lot of clothes.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

-Wow finally the assholes are listening (kids voice), today no the congratulations bs?… is an improvement. He leaves the room, and goes down stairs to get something to munching. After he leaves, the room expands softly its walls, maybe something unusual is happening.

Something is different tonight. The cat cannot explain it, but the air in the room feels... thicker. He was sleeping on the edge of the desk, half-dreaming about mice that do not exist, when he woke up to the beep beep sound. But this time, before he even opened his eyes, he felt something. A vibration. Not from the machine. Not from the boy. From somewhere else.

The cat opens his yellow eyes slowly. The screen isn't flickering with the usual congratulations message. The boy is not in the chair, probably gone to the kitchen again. Everything seems normal.

But the cat notices something. Just for a second. Just a flicker. The shadow of the desk lamp on the wall... it moved. Not because the lamp moved. The lamp is still. The shadow moved on its own. Like something passed between the lamp and the wall. Something invisible.

The cat stares at the wall. The shadow is normal again. Just a shadow. The cat blinks. Maybe he is still dreaming. Maybe the beep beep sound is still echoing in his ears. Maybe it is nothing.

But the cat remembers. The cat always remembers. And the cat knows: ”S*hadows do not move on their own. Unless something is trying to get through. Unless the boundary between the story inside the game and the room is getting... thinner. Uhm, comic.”*

The cat stretches, yawns, and goes back to sleep. But one yellow eye stays half-open. Watching. Waiting. Just in case."

V. TRIP TO THE SOUTH (INSIDE A PARALLEL REALITY)

The four friends left on an announced trip the first day of December 2012; the beginning of winter was getting worse with its icy winds coming from the north pole. But as they traveled further down, the sky was getting better and better. The friends started the journey from Vancouver then drove to Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Big Sur, Venice, San Diego, Tijuana and the port of San Blas that seemed to be their last destination.

Throughout the road experience they met many people: nomads, gypsies, travelers, jugglers, backpackers, etc. Many magical people with whom they exchanged lunches, dinners, picnics, gatherings, etcetera. Something fascinating about meeting other travelers was that all along with the nice strangers they always felt like a big family that concluded in becoming like a colorful caravan of cars, buses, combies, mini-vans, trailers and motorcycles; from Vancouver to the port of San Blas, as a small tribe of gypsy craftsmen.

The itinerant was a wonderful experience for all of them, almost two weeks from town to town. While they rested on a farm field the girls recreated them with their musical round up of dance and made up songs that they sang while the guys accompanied them with the instruments. Kfjørg was on a conga and Acid on the ukulele whom knew how to make it sound beautifully. As the girls had been able to sell all the production of silverware and handicrafts during the tour, they felt on safe mode, economically speaking.

So, they decided to adventure down south a bit more, and crossed the Panama Canal "again", Kfjørg felt a deja-vu, they passed the Darién inside their little convertible red Volkswagen. The army at the border checked them out, a sergeant in a mocking way asked them why were they not traveling in something more comfortable... they looked at each other and burst with laughter, it never crossed their minds to have changed the old VW into a van or a trailer. It seemed that the red little automobile felt really good. And so was their trip until they reached the Andes...

They found on the internet an Eco-village called Atlantida that sort of caught up their attention, south of Cali. Temporally they settled there at ease... set up the tent on a small plain on a hill, far, far away from the crowd. They spoke with those who ran the village and they allowed them to stay as long as they considered necessary from their journey in

exchange of some work on the fields, doing some animal care and helping with any construction project.

The guys agreed and it was fine. The girls joined also a dance group and helped on the kitchen. Everything seemed filled with an air of peace and progress around the village…

Tomorrow would be December the 21st in this 2012, Acid was moving in a very anxious mode. He met with a group from the village who shared some of the same ideas... some of them called themselves Pleiadians, others Arcturians, people was into total disclosure, few positive empaths and more enlightened guys... Kfjørg thought to himself that he would like to wait for the so called solar shift date away and up the hills and alone. Kfjørg reached to the top of the highest mountain inside the property. When he got there looked for a clear flat surface on a large series of naked rocks at the end of the slope where there seemed to be a nest of buzzards, and next to it a large tree.

Kfjørg cleaned an area where he could fit a tiny tent he got in Canada and a sleeping bag that endured extreme temperatures. Inside: a K notebook (what’s a K notebook? Kindle? Just a paper notebook? Idk), a cheap pen, some toothpaste, cheese and two apples. Kfjørg installed everything from a prudent distance to don't hurrying up the nest of the big birds. From his position he could see even with the dim light of the advanced sunset the little huts down there scattered among the green vegetation. He could see coming from the north into the south a river slowly flowing like a green snake in between the small squares of the crops around… between them an immense banana plantation. A bunch of thick tall trees and the sunset in the background adorning everything innocently and sweetly, everything smelled rich, quiet, very quiet... Kfjørg felt at ease.

He was for a moment somewhat anxious. He sensed all and felt all inside himself, sitting waiting for a new movie to begin, and Kfjørg wanted to see it from where he was sitting observing, yes, just watching, calm and ready... connected with all his higher self.

But Kfjørg fell asleep and at dawn between the first lights he opened his eyes slowly, half moving from his lazy horizontal position to the entrance door of the tent and Kfjørg started to look outside... everything seemed the same... so much anxiety for what? He thought distrustfully thinking of some groups filled with paranoiac human fears always creating a due date at front of people with a story of an end of something... Would it be that all that talk for years of the year 2012 was pure bs? What a waste of culture, what a waste of energy, or would it be a mistake in our stupid made up calendar? he do not know.

Kfjørg thought of the skeptics who would be all smiling and making fun of all of them, the innocent ones... laughing at them... Or, in reality the weight of the collective thought from so many people over the centuries should have had some effect after all and nobody noticed it yet?... it mights happening but at its own pace...? Kfjørg left his laziness and jumped out of the tent, looked at the sky and voila!… the sky was purple, a reddish blue firmament embraced all the planet... a flock of birds growled or sang or hooted as if looking for direction or destination... Kfjørg left everything lying there at the mountain and he descended as fast as he could in great strides until he arrived at the meeting center where there were several women sitting with their eyes closed in a great circle... they had remained in total vigil and fasting during the night, they seemed very calm and they all had a smile in their face.

At the distance Kfjørg could observed into an adjoining area as other women rushed in and out and murmured from the kitchen into a dining room. As the girls in the circle were silent Kfjørg went to the kitchen and when he was able to talk to one of them he asked what was the fuss all about it... Kfjørg was told that it was rumored that the axis of the earth which was from long ago moving slowly, it went gone completely out of place to the opposite direction, something like a 360° turn which would mean that everything would now be looking upside down at the whole thing.

The morning moon was red, Kfjørg remembers that in times he saw it orange in some cities depending on the degree of pollution in the air or the inclined light that sent the sun. But today it was really red, more red than the shirt that Rosi wore yesterday. The apocalypse of the bible and thousands of more predictions from around the world, crossed Kfjørg mind in a second and he left the meeting center... thought he was not doing anything there.

Kfjørg ran to where his friends were already coming down from another hill and they meet in the plain that led to the entrance of the village... outside Kfjørg saw in a blinking second the vehicle in which they had arrived yesterday. Kfjørg was wondering and kept asking to his inner mind questions about many things, but nothing, he did not know at that particular moment what to ask to his inner self.

They a bit confused did not know what to do besides just to hug themselves inside a children little fear with a sense of disorientation. An air of uncertainty seemed to envelop them all. They asked around other people that ran by, but nothing, they seemed to be all feeling worse than they felt. Everyone seemed upset and confused by a collective state of

mind that apparently stalked them but could not see where were the visual origin of it... so the four friends decided to sit on the grass, until Acid said something very clearly that made a lot of sense:

"We must do something fast now... we should turn around our thoughts and perceptions... about our location related to the Earth in order to adjust to the changes that the planet is doing"... suddenly, as they helped each other as to how to relocate themselves well, closing their eyes and holding hands inside a circle made in silence, things changed right away. Kfjørg thought in that moment things like: ..."we were not very far from the equatorial circle so we would not be very far from the new alignment. We changed the polar location in our thinking already forcing us to locate ourselves in the opposite way; for example, if the moon and sun had changed their magnetic axis too, everything should be working in a different cycle or to the other way around... if they had changed their path so the earth would be spinning to the other side, in conclusion everything was total opposite, the sun would rise from the west and the moon from the other side..."

Kfjørg felt he was thinking like a school boy. So, the friends begin to feel more strongly the axis of the Earth, its new position, they also recognized its crystal at the center of it that radiated light through their spine and into their lucid inner crystal that shone inside their hearts... and the ray of light went then from that inner location gently into the infinity. Their nervous system expanded with the passing light and they were adapting to a new thinking, a new consciousness that enlarged and felt solid inside like when a proud young barrio man walks through his homies: confident, assured, adorned, perfumed, showing his shiny hair, walking the streets as if he was the owner, feeling surrounded by masses of fearful and confused little people.

They slowly opened their eyes and looked at each other... They touched each other softly and laughed... and ran fast out of that Eco-village as if it was too small for their feet, they didn't want to be boxed between barbed wire and property concepts... Rosa ran forwards like a crazy goat, shouting with a sonorous voice:

"I AM FREE... I AM FREE

I am a cool star

stirring inside my inner higher-self

into million particles of light…"

In that moment outside, coming from a dirt road, Kfjørg saw a chiva-bus approaching their direction and they thought for a second that it came from Popayán... it was filled on the outside with all types of graffiti of many colors as if they had been edited in a GIMP app. Inside, a world of crazy people all like dyeing of an infinite although honest laugh, very bizarre but in a happy-joy…. Pulling themselves out of the bus windows looking at the four friends waving with their hands. The auto-bus stopped with a shriek and a boy who was on the top of the rumbustious goat vehicle shouted:

"Hey guys, we here to pick ya up...", they looked at him kinna speechless but calm… The faces of all the bloggers inside the bus also seemed as if someone had taken a picture of them and had passed it through an extreme editing in GIMP using a comic filter or a similar tool. Kfjørg looked at his friends and they also had this bizarre impression on their faces... they caressed each other's face as looking for an answer from that reality... then all just laughed and became already like a part of the new group.

The chiva bus went north, meaning the old south towards Popayán. A folkloric bus in the shape of a "goat", all painted in different colors and with the look of an animated comic strip and with everybody inside as part of a comic book. Before arriving to Popayán, it turns to the right towards the Pacific jungle. As they got more and more deepened into the jungle, Kfjørg saw how the vegetation is being transformed very fast into comic drawings as well to the point that at one moment they were all immersed in a real comic story which sometimes looked like comic strips or cartoons changing inside different densities, and at other times as an animated video game.

After a while of being deep inside that jungle, everybody already knew that for an unknown reason they were a part of an animated project... run by whom?... or… were those scenarios from their collective imagination?... for sure it was happening on the rest of the planet as well and Kfjørg knew it was not a visual distortion or a product of some hallucinogens... rather as if the comic project was a mind realization made by themselves and the all bloggers of the planet. It seemed as they now had the flexible capacity to change the collective nows while they could fully enjoy what everyone was inventing.

A smirk of joy bent in Kfjørg mouth, he felt for the first time as part of something vital, valuable, important... and he heard themselves just laughing ha-ha-ha all the time…

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The cat is fully awake now. The shadow thing from before? That was nothing. This is different.

The cat is sitting on the desk, grooming his left paw, when he notices it. A smell. Faint, but unmistakable. Not the usual smells of the room—dust, old sodas, the boy's sneakers. No. This is something else. Something green. Something alive. Like wet earth after rain. Like crushed leaves. Like... a jungle?

The cat lifts his nose. Sniffs the air again. Yes. There it is. A jungle smell. In the middle of the room. In the middle of the night.

The cat looks at the screen. The congratulations message is not there. The boy is sitting in front of the desk. Everything looks normal.

But the smell is real. The cat knows what real smells like. Real smells do not lie.

The cat jumps down from the desk. Walks around the room. Sniffs the corners. Sniffs the window. Sniffs the door. The smell is everywhere. Faint, but everywhere. Like something is trying to get in. Or like something has already gotten in and is hiding.

The cat stops in the middle of the room. Looks up at the ceiling. Listens.

Silence.

But not the usual silence. A different silence. A silence that is waiting for something.

The cat goes back to the desk. Jumps up. Sits down. Stares at the screen. One yellow eye half-closed. The other wide open.

The cat knows: the story is leaking. The boundaries are dissolving. The jungle is coming. And the cat... the cat is not afraid. The cat is curious.

The cat waits.

And the video tries to continue:

Everything from those times……..

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The screen flickers. Just once. Just for a second.

But in that second, the cat sees something. Something that is not the congratulations message. Something that looks like... a chiva-bus? A colorful bus with graffiti? With people waving from the windows?

The cat blinks. The screen is normal again. Just the message. Just the beep beep.

But the cat saw it. The cat always sees.

The cat's tail twitches once. Slowly. Deliberately.

The cat thinks: '*The story is not just leaking. The story is showing itself outside the screen. The story is saying: I am here. I am real. I am coming. It is becoming a catharsis.*'

The cat purrs softly. Not from contentment. From anticipation.

The cat waits.

When Kfjørg had lived near Mêle's romance back in 3D "normal" life in Los Angeles, it was far away, in a distant past of somebody else's life, not his life. He felt the possibilities of creativity here in this new reality as an infinite way of expressing the self... with so many options available within the mind and heart.

Kfjørg began thinking in a colorful script mode but he was distracted with a space above full of little planets moving all the time. And as Kfjørg moved ahead into what he was thinking and feeling, it was happening as well in real time. And as he turned around to look where Ytox was, the guy who plays the director of their comic strip, Kfjørg saw him raising his right thumb in approval, Kfjørg smiled back and everybody flew pulled by the winged horses among the colorful universe in front of them... some of the boys flew on dogs, others had cats with wings, giraffes, whales, iguanas, dolphins, condors, butterflies, bees, wolfs, elephants, jaguars, goats, unicorns and so many more.

They started in a single line flying through their solar system... passed all the planets and their moons, even close to Uranus with its moons and rings. There after passing Pluto everybody evaporated and changed into a parallel Galaxy.

Materializing inside a huge castle made of colored jelly where lived a king and his jelly queen. All the inhabitants of the castle were made out of jelly, each one of a different color. The eldest son of the king a boy named Glotun invited them to the main table where everyone ate sweet green gelatin of strawberry flavor.

Glotun told the travelers that to journey through the universe of the Hidden Songs they should eat another portion of green gelatin. For a second inside Kfjørg deep mind he got out of what he was doing with all the friends and the jelly organisms not knowing how real he was and feeling guilty. Then Kfjørg felt a soft tap on his shoulder…. it was Rosita.

Rosi: It's not your fault little brother's -she said, it's not just your adventure... we're all here, we're all involved in this psychedelic video or animated film. We were all connected at that time in a very similar dream with each and every one of the boys you saw inside the chiva bus. Thirty-three in total... we are the lost "locos" within the magic of creation in our own original way. We dropped the swords and became soldiers of Light. They have given us the freedom of free will for 1000 more years, but a different kind of "Free-Will", one that you sense already the results out there before you pick a choice, and we have taken advantage of it for the sake of creating this reality, this film where we all share and enjoy while using the tools and apps that the fifth dimension gives us... isn't fantastic or what...!?.

Kfjørg closed his eyes and when he opened them again he was in his other room writing and drawing, turned into a comic character with animated life, Kfjørg was well drawn and graphed like in a simplistic Flash 3D. The alterations to his face were fixed in a cosmic Photo-Magic editor... it detected a face full of lines and the eyes full of tears cracked by what happened to Mo and Belle Betun. Kfjørg closed the notebook where he wrote sad words with a red cheap pen and he began to fade again…

Kfjørg thought if he had "invented" his friend Rosi-Xäälä and he draw a smile on his face as he remembers her big wonderful eyes, the color of her hair, her long white silk skirt that shows the beginning of a leg that satisfied some of his inner impulses…. her voice, the smell of her magic-woman, her skin, her lips that when they talked seemed to send Kfjørg little kisses, her little bag in black and white which seemed as a copy of those made by the Kogis in the Sierra Nevada of Santa Marta... And across Kfjørg visions Rosi was smiling at him again with that joy, with that respect, with that thought and that intelligence... and she spoke to Kfjørg softly:

"Ur, do not fade away if you leave, I cease to exist… I have forgotten the troubles, find me, look for me I am in the 5D in the small cottage, when we no longer made love because we

lived inside of it… where we looked at all the creation from our favorite site. I am the lyrics of your poems, the song that blooms in your announced death, I am the dimensions, and your exit ticket to the infinite, because I am your creation and with those powers you created me you are able to take your hand, the hands of the imagination and I accompany you in your traveling's through your universes, no matter where you go to yesterday or tomorrow anywhere, all the places are your nows you know that, Ur.

I am the arrow that Gibran let go out from his arc when he taught you about the Prophet ...so you are Siddhartha and I am Govinda we are the creative fairies of Hermann Hesse's I am the Giaconda, you are Leonardo I am a sunflower, you are Van Gogh I am the models, you are Picasso we are Godard, we are Wenders I am the colors and the b&w.

We are swords and yields.

We are wars and we are peace you are Andrés, I am the urban swamp, you are Teresa, I am the bad husband I am a song, you are the poet Kristofferson I am the rough sea, you are the whale I am the prey, you are the predator, I am the victim, you are the criminal, I am the beginning, you are the end, I am the ether, you are the eternity, together we are the All together we are the Unit.

Together we overcome the darkness, together we bring a child girl to safe place from her subtle fall to prostitution, together we offer a child boy a choice to write a poem and to leave the sword, together we sing rap in Medellín, together we are the New Tribe, together we are powered by nature, together we are passion, together we are Cali, together we are the branch of heaven, together we are the valley, the river and the mountain, the wave and the cliff, the deserts and the Sun, the cockroach and the mosquito, the Wisdom and the Love, Faith and the Consciousness, the Radicals and the Feeling of Tao, Los Farallones and Pance, the Rocky Mountains and Alberta, Mount Hood and Mount Helens, Nepal and the Everest.

The bear and the dog, the cat and the lizard, I am your blood, I am your sisters, I am your woman, I am your lover, I am your nymph, I am your goddess, I am your inspiration, I am the lap of tenderness, I am your cosmic lover, I am female, you are male, I am woman and you are man, I am feminine and you're masculine, I am the negative pole, you are the positive, together we are the equilibriums.

I am earth, you are space, I am the moon, you are the sun, I am honey, you are the salt, I am digital image, you are the photographer, I am the blank paper, you are the ink, I am the poem you are the writer, I am gothic surreal colors you are real canvas.

I am the bolero, you are the tango, I am the blond, you are the tanned, I am a drum, you are the hands that hit it, I am Africa, you are Europa, I am Atlantis, you are Mu. I am the Andes, you are the Himalaya. I am the shield; you are a crystal sword.

In these possibilities of effects, you do not vanish Ur ya know that if you go away I am disappearing from existing... we need us very much… let's love each other again and again and for ever into eternity... Ur!"

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

“These beeps are now driving me crazy. I might start loosing my religion… what’s goin’ on?”

The cat feels it before he sees it.

A breeze. Soft. Gentle. But impossible. The windows are closed. The door is closed. There should be no breeze in this room.

But there is. And the breeze carries something. A smell. Not the jungle smell from before. Something different. Something... floral. Sweet. Like cosmic flowers. Like the flowers Rosi wears in her hair.

The cat's fur stands up slightly. Not from fear. From recognition. The cat knows that smell. The cat has smelled it before. In the that story. In the character’s words. In the character's dreams.

The cat turns slowly. Looks around the room. Everything looks normal. The desk. The chair. The screen. The boy's things… *“Why my human boy doesn’t notice anything?*

But the breeze continues. And the smell continues. And the cat knows: the story is not just leaking. The story is breathing. The story is alive. The story is in the room with him.

The cat closes his eyes. Breathes in the floral scent. Lets it fill his lungs. Lets it touch his fur. Lets it become part of him.

The cat thinks: *'This is Rosi's smell. This is the smell of the 5D. This is the smell of creation. And it is here. In this room. With me.'*

The cat opens his eyes. Looks at the screen. The congratulations message is not there, only the beeps. But the cat knows: the message is a lie. The real message is in the breeze. The real message is in the smell. The real message is: *'We are coming. We are here. We are real.'*

The cat purrs softly. Not from contentment. From acceptance.

The cat decides to wait, no more naps.

VI. KFJØRG IN YEAR 3.000 A.D.

Yes, yes... it was year 3000 after a couple of Apocalyptical modes changed on the earth community systems of this beautiful blue planet of Gaia. The humans survived the changes in spite of the inconveniences they presented… humans had a great capacity of overcoming disasters… anchored to an exceptional search to improve life with courage. 6D and next is 9D……. 12D is waiting. But the Blue Planet stays in 5D. The moving across the different dimensions is up to every single person. Some stayed forever in planets of 3D stuck in reincarnation after reincarnation. Free will among primitive species. Others, risk their imagination and power, to explore further.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

The cat hears it now. A sound. Soft. Rhythmic. Like... wings? Like the beating of many small wings? Or is it the sound of the screen? The cat cannot tell anymore.

The cat looks at the wall. The light from the screen is casting shadows. But the shadows are moving. Not just moving. Dancing. Swirling. Creating patterns that should not be possible. Patterns that look like... galaxies? Like spirals of light? *“Like the cosmic flowers Rosi wears in her hair?”*

The cat watches, fascinated. The shadows are beautiful. They are telling a story. A story without words. A story made of light and darkness.

And then the cat sees it. Something else. Something that makes his fur stand up completely. On the wall, among the dancing shadows, there is a shape. A small shape. A shape that looks like... a cat? A cat with wings? A cat flying among galaxies?

The cat blinks. The shape is gone. The shadows continue dancing. But the cat knows what he saw. The boy on the chair is not aware of this subtle changes in the room, but the cat knows.

The cat evaluates: *'The story is not just in the room. The story is on the walls. The story is in the light. The story is everywhere. And I... I am part of the story. I am a character in the story. Do am I a cat with wings flying among galaxies. Hihihi.'*

The cat purrs softly. Not from concern. From wonder.

The cat thinks again: *'Maybe I have always been a cat with wings. Maybe I just forgot. Maybe the story is reminding me. Maybe the story is waking me up. Or, maybe all this is in my imagination… what did I eat for breakfast?'*

The cat watches the dancing shadows. Watches the galaxies swirling on the wall. Watches the story unfold in light and darkness.

The cat waits. But now, the cat is not just waiting. The cat, in a way, is participating. The cat is part of the dance.

Back to Kfjørg's present time. On top of the hills, not too far away from his cabin. Some guys appeared around, his brother and girlfriend plus Death Zombie and Sussy Sue girlfriend looking for a night to stay. After some arrangements, they went back on horses to old Frickinville XXIII century. And in that town, almost nothing had changed. In other words, imagine Frickinville not in the Sonora desert but on top of a huge mountain with a view to the oceans. Inka-Earth. Some changes!

These are the characters inside town by those days:

People and non-humans from the village of Frickinville and some other things:

* Apola dragon and her seven sisters
* Xäälä warrior Queen lady of the Maria Magdalena's tribe of White Witches Kfjørg
* Cowboy Gustaff (Örn Kúlunnarsson) (Gus)
* Ursula Olafdóttir, great granddaughter from Olaff the Great
* The two black skater kids from NY (Jony and Tony)
* Death Zombie
* Yaki Indians of the Sonora Desert wearing Kogi cloths
* Singing Lady from Bar el Tufo & the loco pianist Mister Gonzales
* Easy girl Sussy Sue from Bar el Tufo
* Deputy Dog-boys of Frickinville XXIII century Milky Way
* Yaki Indian called Toro Sentado
* Hikuri mushrooms, homemade LSD made in Frickinville, home made beer from Bar el Tufo and THC magic tea made by the Uversianos.
* Hopi nomad Shaman

* Calamity Jolly & Happy Jolly

* Wild animals of the Sonora desert (scorpions, snakes, lizards, ants, spiders, turtle, mice, owl, etc.) – adapting to the new territory.

* ET a Pleidian from Alcyone and the 3 Arcturian brothers

* The Mayan group from Pleiades

* Kaaree and the Anshar group... and friend Corey the empathic human

* Children of Yomumuli

* Juan Sin Miedo

* Maisoka the tarantula

* The Sun and the Moon and the other suns and visitor moons

* Serpent of seven heads

* The desert jaguar & the Eagle

* Sheriff John Shitwane & deputy Juanito Berraco

* The underground people from TELOS and some other new characters

* The ugly race ruler of the Archons, Yaldabaoth king of the Archons

* Drakonians and Gray soldiers and many uglier beings.

* A leader of the planet's Cabala and zionist forces & friends.

THE THING here is getting very complexed. Too many characters in just one small fricking town called Frickinville. Thousands of Flying Ships are seen on the sky all the time. A new controller sheriff of the old town with his big white and red moustache, walked the dust streets of town with his deputy son. They knew that old song from a Jamaican singer back in XX century Blue planet, a short rock and roll verse goes like this:

"I kill the sheriff but I saved the deputy"

He remembers those words very clear mister now sheriff John Shitwane. Before his life was empty of fears and full of action, now he always dreamed of that Jamaican song, every night. That gave the swing to the way he walks with deputy Juanito Berraco.

One of the special forces on sky came down all of a sudden for the sheriff. A blue being with the face of an egg and a red long tile of hair on top of her head, approached the sheriff John Shitwane and deputy Juanito Berraco. After the normal introduction, she said that a huge fleet of ships were detected coming to the planet with ugly intentions in mind: the Drakonians. Sheriff John Shitwane couldn't avoid feeling a cold shivering moving up and down his kundalini spine. Took his hat off his head, dry off the sweating falling like waterfalls from his forehead. Couldn't pronounce a single word…. Deputy Juanito Berraco, his son, answered in his own way: no worries, we will be ready to fight those assholes.

The whole town was in turmoil. People running like crazy in all directions. Sheriff John Shitwane skin was getting pale and paler, his mustache changed colors. Deep inside, he knew that the Drakonians came for him. To asking for results on his duty, a dirty duty he had allowing the corruption of the elite to pass by unnoticeable. Century XXIII was living under codes of Light and any corruption was charge with a death penalty of the soul, disintegration of the soul forever.

In the middle of the one street town, descend from a space ship nearby, our heroes, the saviors of the planet.

Another Kfjørg, Gus, Xäälä, Ursula, Apola and her 7 sisters. They came from century XXI. Next to them, two kids with flying skateboards hold them in their arms. Kfjørg had a golden and silver sword grabbed with both hand. He stands in the middle and raised the sword up to heavens and a lighting from his friend Vulku connected his sword and those others from his friends with the powers of Heavens. Energizing the weapons and the warriors and their dragons.

From not far away came riding like wild the loco pianist Mister Gonzales and the Easy girl Sussy Sue from Bar el Tufo; both riding on Calamity Jolly & Happy Jolly. As soon they got closer to #1 Kfjørg's gang, they all jumped on their dragon. And Apola beautiful dragon and her seven sister were flying high the skies of Frickinville.

A cosmic war is going to take place on the skies of planet 606. And another hidden war was successfully going on; on the surface of the Blue planet between the White Hats with commander in charge mister Troomp (thought he was on the other side, but he is playing doble with his bleached toupee) against the dark forces of evil from the Cabala and the Illuminati. But this is another story.

Now is Kfjørg' gang voyaging the heavens on their sacred Dragons with Apola leading the commands of the air. The air was bringing winds of transportation and joy to the dragon riders.

Above them, thousands of space ships were approaching the battle zone. Three huge mother ships were surrounded but thousands of smaller combat aircrafts. Those mother ships were even bigger in size that the Blue planet.

When the dragon riders got closer to the main front war line. They see an unending line of flying rounded objects waiting for them. The 8 dragon riders make a line facing the archons forces with Yaldabaoth king of the Archons at front. Suddenly from heavens, a light came to the warriors, when they were ready exposing their swords up to the infinite. The strike of light hit their weapons and the swords turn into transparent crystals like. Light came out of their reflective shinning effect.

Every dragon warrior pushes their rides to the front line and started to fencing and encrusting the spaces of the ether in a sweet harmonic dance that at the same time was dissolving the souls of every dark opponent in front of them.

The dragons fly smoothly around all the contaminated air with the smell of sulphuric acid falling like a rain among them. The helmets of the warriors wet shinning like drinking green bloods of underfired doors of hell. All swords elevate themselves up in rivers of light to meet their protectors from the 12th dimension, the Arcturian command of forces.

The Arcturians command worked as a solid force, not as individuals. Sustaining all Light Workers of the Milky Way.

In a second apparently and after millions of gallons of green blood been thrown away onto the fields and millions of voices of suffering murmured the airs without winds. the forces of evil were disintegrated as flying seeds on the winds in a rainy day. Kfjørg clean his sword, the dragon rider thought for a second on a victory. His face was covered on that green sperms of blood from the Archons and allies the Drakonians and the bad Annunakies. A victory was smelled thinking of not having any more from the presence of the Archons and their domination structures.

On a far corner of the now grey sky, behind many stars and small meteorites passing by, Ursula and Xäälä had a frantic battle facing hundreds of Drakonian enemies. The aircrafts of the Drakonians still were spelling out millions of fired balls against the two women. They

toughly avoid many of the ball fires thanks to the ability of their fast dragons. Every time they swing their crystal swords against their enemies, they find the brilliant Light coming from the main Source and immediately their green blood jumped out of their bodies and slowly became invisible; disappear the physical bodies and their souls exploded like a volcano in activity.

In a second Ursula look behind her and hook up with the beautiful sky blue eyes of Gus flying his dragon behind her just in case she asked for a little help, but she winked an eye to him and smile, swaying with her sword in joy up to the almost red firmament. Next to her, riding hard a green dragon was Xäälä all her face filled with smiles and all the rest of the dragon riders follow the same impulse feeling an immense satisfaction knowing not just that they defeated their ancient enemy of the human race on this battle and what it will represent as a victory for their planet in all parallel levels and all dimensions. But also feeling the joy of the backing coming from higher realms. The sky changed immediately to pale blue and it opens up a cloud of light beings coming down to congratulate the Light Warriors from Earth.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The cat feels it now. Not with his ears. Not with his nose. Not with his eyes. With his paws.

The floor is vibrating. Softly. Rhythmically. Like... a heartbeat? Like the room itself has a heart and it is beating? Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

The cat presses his paws against the desk. Yes. The desk is vibrating too. The chair. The walls. Everything is vibrating. The room is alive. The room is breathing. The room has a pulse.

The cat thinks: *'This is not just a room anymore. This is a body. A living body. And I am inside it. I am inside the story. I am inside the dream.'*

The cat closes his eyes. Feels the vibration. Lets it travel through his paws, up his legs, into his chest. Lets it sync with his own heartbeat. Thump-thump. Thump-thump. Thump-thump.

The cat thinks: *'We are one now. The room and I. The story and I. The dream and I. We are beating together. We are alive together.'*

The cat purrs softly. In rhythm with the room. In rhythm with the story. In rhythm with everything.

The cat looks around for more action.

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

And then the cat hears it. Something new. Something that makes his ears swivel forward. Something that makes his fur stand up completely.

Footsteps.

On the stairs.

Coming up.

The cat knows those footsteps. The cat has heard them a thousand times before. The cat knows who they belong to.

The boy's mother. He wonders: *“Where is the boy?, oh, in the bathroom.”*

The cat's eyes widen. The cat's tail puffs up. The cat knows: *“This is not good. This is not good at all. Because the mother... the mother is not like the boy. The mother does not see*

the story. The mother does not feel the vibrations. The mother does not smell the jungle or see the galaxies on the walls."

"The mother is normal. And if the mother sees what is happening in this room... if the mother sees the shadows dancing, or smells the cosmic flowers, or feels the heartbeat of the room... the mother will panic. The mother will scream. The mother will call the father. The mother will call the doctor. The mother will destroy everything."

The cat thinks fast. The cat thinks: *'Something must be done. Something must be done NOW. Before she gets here. Before she sees. Before she understands.'*

The footsteps are getting closer. Closer. Closer.

The cat jumps down from the desk. Looks around the room frantically. *"What can be done? What can hide the story? What can make the room normal again?"*

The cat knows: he cannot do it alone. He needs help. He needs... someone from the story. Someone who can make the room normal. Someone who can hide the magic.

The cat looks at the screen. Looks at the boy's empty chair. Looks at the door where the footsteps are coming from.

The cat thinks: *'Please. Please someone. Please help. Before she gets here. Before everything is ruined.'*

The footsteps are at the door now. The handle is turning.

The cat closes his eyes. Prays to whatever gods are listening. Prays to the story. Prays to the dream.

And then... the door opens.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The door opens. The cat freezes.

The mother steps inside. She looks around. The cat's heart is pounding so hard he can hear it in his own ears. He braces for the scream. He braces for the panic. He braces for the end of everything.

But then... the cat sees it. The room is normal. Completely normal. No dancing shadows. No jungle smells. No cosmic flowers. No heartbeat vibrations. Just a regular bedroom with a desk, a chair, a computer, and a screen showing congratulations.

The cat does not understand how this happened. But the room... the room protected itself. The room hid the magic. The room made itself normal for the mother.

The mother looks at the empty chair. Frowns. Calls out: 'Boy? Where are you?'

And then the cat hears it. Footsteps from the hallway. From the bathroom. The boy comes out of the toilet, wiping his hands, looking completely normal, completely unaware of what almost happened.

'I'm here, mom,' the boy says, walking back into his room.

The mother sighs with relief. 'There you are. I was looking for you. Dinner's ready in ten minutes.' She turns and leaves, closing the door behind her.

The cat exhales. The cat did not know cats could exhale like that. The cat's fur slowly flattens. The heartbeat of the room returns, softer now, like it was holding its breath too.

The boy sits back down in the chair. Looks at the screen. The cat looks at the boy. And for the first time, the cat sees something new in the boy's face. Something the cat did not see before.

The cat sees... recognition. The boy knows. The boy felt it too. The boy knows the room just saved them.

The cat thinks: *'We are in this together. The boy, the room, and I. We are protecting the story. The story is protecting us.'*

The cat purrs softly. The boy does not look at the cat. But the cat knows: the boy felt the purr. The boy knows the cat is here. The boy knows they are allies now.

The cat relaxes.

A computer screen shows (again!):

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The cat looks at the boy's hands on the keyboard. The cat watches the boy's eyes scanning the screen. The cat sees something he did not see before: the boy is not just playing a game. The boy is writing a story. The boy is creating worlds. The boy is the source of all the magic the cat has been sensing.

The cat thinks: *'He is the dreamer. And I... I am part of his dream. I am a character he created. Or maybe I created myself from his imagination. It does not matter. What matters is: we are connected. We are one.'*

The cat jumps up onto the desk. Sits down next to the keyboard. The boy does not push him away. The boy does not even look at him. But the boy's hand moves, just slightly, and touches the cat's head. Just once. Just for a second.

The cat closes his eyes. Feels the touch. Feels the connection.

The cat thinks: *'He knows. He knows I am here. He knows I understand. He knows we are allies.'*

The cat opens his eyes. Looks at the screen. The congratulations message is still there. But now, the cat does not see it as a message from a game. The cat sees it as a message from the story itself. A message saying: 'Continue. The story is not over. There are more levels. More worlds. More magic.'

The cat purrs. The boy types. The room breathes.

The cat waits. But now, the cat is not just waiting. The cat is ready. The cat is part of the story now. And the cat knows: whatever comes next, the cat will face it. Because the cat is not just an observer anymore. The cat is a participant. The cat is a character. The cat is... alive in a way the cat did not understand before.

The cat waits. Ready.

VI. THE SPEECH AGAINST THE ZOMBIES

As the days advanced and the visit of the brotherhood from the Galactic Federation of Light came along to all the islands of the New Earth. In the Inka-Land the apocalypses prosecutors of the last orders to the zombie (sleeping) people, are: Uru and Rebekka. Friends of Ieshua from the deserts and Maria Magdalena. This couple, a pilot and the Wayuu girlfriend of him had some history together in another video game. To resume it before they now enter into action, and in few sentences, and before the lords of Telos change their names… it was in the hot days when they meet in the Guajira desert, it goes like this:

It was in an August, before Atlantida and Lemuria came out to surface of the oceans. Earth before the changes. Year 2019.

A black enduro motorcycle rests in the distance. The helmet, full of dust, hangs from one of the mirrors. Behind, on the seat, a green backpack shows a sticker about the conservation of the Amazon rainforest. The pilot, lying under a palm tree, drinks water from a plastic bag. At his feet, a temporary spring bubbles up from the earth. As it comes out, the water forms a small lake around... it's the desert of La Guajira. He just looks at it. He says nothing.

The water from the new well is, at this moment, cloudy from contact with the sand. In a flash, it becomes more and more crystalline, fresh and desirable. The pilot looks around: only sand. He decides to drink, settles in for a nap... and falls asleep.

The sun is covered by clouds. It's August in the Caribbean. The temperature, although still high, softens with the passing of cold clouds coming down from the Sierra Nevada. There is no human around.

While the pilot rests, a lizard passes by his side, looking at him with suspicion. After a while, a snake, at a fast pace, follows the lizard's trail to devour it.

After hours, the motorcycle's owner wakes up. In front of him, a dirty-looking child.

"Ah! You again," says the pilot.

"Yes, it's me. What do you care, right?"

"What happens, kid, is that you're very persistent when you get to asking questions."

"What happens, earth friend, is that where I come from they ask me many questions about matters of life or death..."

"Kid... how do you manage to be dressed like that? And how is it that you appear like this, out of nowhere, whenever you feel like it?"

"There's a hole of light—which some beings full of splendor call a portal. I, when they're not looking, slip through... and I always end up here. But I would like to insist with a little question first..."

"Wait a moment, kid... don't you have water at your house?"

"Of course, sir! What a silly question."

"And you never bathe?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'bathe'..."

"Well... bathing is getting inside the liquid you drink... hehehe."

"That's very strange."

"Do you want to try? Look: right there water springs from the earth. Try it..."

"Ah! That water was sent to you by those beings of light."

"What?... Well, it doesn't matter. The idea is that you get in that water—which was sent to me—and bathe... because you smell terrible." The cave child looks at him with suspicion... but the idea of submerging himself in the liquid they use to drink and cook is not bad, he thinks.

"Wow! It's a wonderful sensation, sir! And it's cold..."

"Well... go ahead: get in completely, up to your head. I assure you that afterwards I'll be able to answer your questions."

With the promise of answers about life and death, the cave child slowly submerges himself in the small puddle that accumulates next to the cold water spring born from the earth.

When he notices that the sensation is pleasant, he starts playing, throwing water everywhere. The pilot just watches... and, with pleasure, smiles to himself: "Kids..." And takes a couple of photos.

"Now rub your body and face a little to get rid of those dirt stains you have stuck... that's it, like that... more, more!... there... good, good... okay, that's enough. Now you can get out."

"Thank you, sir, for the advice."

"You're welcome, kid... Now tell me a little more about that hole where you came from..."

"Ah! It's right there... do you see it?" The child points to something in the transparent sky.

The pilot makes an effort to distinguish something in the empty and boiling air of the desert. Finally, he detects a kind of pulsation: shiny, transparent, as if it turned on and off. Actually, it's the same color as the sky... only it moves rhythmically, in brief intervals.

"Ah! Yes, yes, I see it now, kid!... And if I go in there, do I reach your home?"

"I don't know what 'home' is... but it will take you straight to the surroundings where we live: a cave with many people... my mom and my little siblings. They don't talk like me; they only make strange noises. Those light guys taught me to speak. They illuminated me with something and I immediately started speaking differently."

"And those light guys... do they have a big apparatus like a ship?"

"I don't know what 'ship' is... but they have a giant flying dinosaur and they ride on that."

"Ah, great! They must be friends of the jokers who took me out of my tribe and brought me here—supposedly—to write the script of a video game... Let's see if one day I can stop defragmenting myself..."

"What?"

"Nothing kid... I was just thinking out loud."

"Sir... I have a question. You promised you would answer..."

"Ok, ok! What is it, kid?"

"What happened to the love that was born from the depths of the Hollow Earth?"

"Which Hollow Earth, kid?"

"Down there, sir... from the same place where that water comes from where I bathed. Down there are many people who live differently from us and from you."

"Who?"

"The light guys, sir."

"Why do you call them that?"

"It's because they throw a lot of light when they walk... when they're still, they can't be seen. I've heard that down there their people is called... something like Telos."

"Uhm... so they're invisible... and they emanate light..."

"So?"

"So what, kid!"

"The answer, sir... you also ask many questions…"

"Ah okay... So... down there it's called Telos, light people live, they send me water to the desert so I stop drinking from plastic bags, they kidnap me from my life in Ur, they take me and bring me on tours around the whole cosmos to write these things, they reprogram my brain... they adjust my heart... Umm... Let me think kid... If they sent, just like the water, love... and it sprang from Telos over the deserts of the planet—so to speak—because until now I've only heard the word desert everywhere... sand, dust, wind, heat, suffocation and more suffocation... desert!"

"Complicated, right, sir?"

"Not much, *no te burles* kid... but if they sent love from their homes to the desert... it must still be around there, hidden somewhere... just like your portal: difficult to detect, but present. You just have to be more subtle in observation to see it. And that sensation... could be very delicate, fragile... vulnerable in appearance... but strong, very powerful, kid... because it can cross the earth like water."

"And where is it now?"

"And what do I know about those things?... And why do you need it, kid?"

"It's for my mom. She told me that love was the only thing that could help us get out of that primitive cave life."

"Well, kid... your mom might be completely right. Let's do something different now: let's go together on the motorcycle through all this desert, until we find Love. Does that sound good to you, kid?"

"Yupi! Yes, yes, let's go, sir!"

"Wait a moment, kid... We have to fill the canteens with water from that spring, for the road. Also, I have to make you a place to sit... and take this camera, film or take photos. Look here... you press this button... or change this... like that... ready!"

"Okay, sir."

The two new friends set out through the Guajira steppe looking for Love born in the Desert. The child filmed and took photos. After several moons of running towards the north, they had found nothing. They stopped at an unoccupied ranchería. The inhabitants had been displaced by the drought.

In the distance, a tank truck—one of those that transport water—lay completely rusted, as if it had been burned. The area is full of plastic garbage and papers that the wind dragged aimlessly. As always in Macondian soils, the most abundant thing was plastic and inorganic garbage, especially the empty water bags, which the breeze lazily cornered into the corners, forming layers and layers of abandoned garbage.

"Kid, we have to ask someone! We've been days looking for Love and we haven't found anything but hot sand, lizards and snakes. Stop the camera already, please!"

"There, sir!" said the child, pointing to an old woman who was watching them from a shack in the ranchería.

"Hello, ma'am!" shouted the pilot.

"Wait, sir... We have to be kinder to her. She might be a good witch, and they don't like to be shouted at..."

"Okay, kid... You take charge of the public relations committee from now on. And already... leave that camera still!" He took the camera from the child's hands.

The two friends walked from where they had left the motorcycle to where an old woman, dressed in a tunic full of colors, seemed to be an indigenous woman of the region.

"Hello, mother," said the cave child, approaching.

"Hello, little one," she responded in wayuunaiki, caressing his messy hair. "Everything okay?"

"Good, thank you, kind lady. This is my friend, the motorcycle pilot. Could we rest for a while with you? We have water we could share with you: it's pure and clean... it comes from Telos."

"Of course, strangers. Be welcome to my home. Come, let's rest over here... there are some hammocks."

"Thank you, kind lady!" said the child, and winking at the pilot, he showed him how well things were going.

"Now tell me, traveling friends... what brings you here?"

"I have..." started the pilot, but the child interrupted him and silenced him with a gesture. The pilot, frustrated, turned on the camera.

"Calm down, sir... Give me time: I'm in charge of public relations, remember?" He smiled at the pilot and, taking the floor, added: "My dear lady... we have been traveling through this arid desert for days, and we have not been able to find Love. Could it be that, among your wisdom, you have heard something about it?"

"Love... love... the great Love... A long time ago, my tribe, the Wayuu, lived in harmony with the earth. The earth was blooming: forests, plants, animals, lakes where migratory birds made their temporary homes... But one day, civilized man found us. He bought our dreams and made us make crafts and bags of our culture, so that they could sell them. They told us that with that money we could build big houses for the whole tribe. The whole town threw itself like an avalanche on that new life project that civilized man painted for us. But the men of the tribe only bought weapons and alcohol. Thus, we became sellers of our own culture. We absorbed like sponges the violent and spiteful guasca music of wounded rabble, which thundered at full volume in cantinas and halls. Our children learned the lyrics and grew up as mocking and aggressive males, against everything that was not their people. And so, little by little, the earth dried up... until it became this arid desert, where nothing grows... it's just being born and dying. And now you come to tell me that Love is

hidden in some ranchería in the desert? Love left when our dreams left... they vanished, my dear friends."

"But the light friends from Telos!" insisted the child. "They sent it back to the desert. I know it's here... we just haven't looked in the right way maybe."

"Calm down, kid... Let's not bother the Wayuu lady anymore; she must be tired." He turned to the old woman: "Forgive us, lady, for our interruption..."

"Don't worry, friend. The child is right. The Love you're looking for must be in this damn desert... but you must open the eyes of your heart to find it. For now, I'm going to cook some goat I have here. We'll have dinner and rest... because tomorrow a big day awaits us. Come!"

The night, as always, wasted beauty, full of stars. In the deserts, the Milky Way is even more immense and powerful. You could see how, slowly, it moved along with its sister Andromeda.

Under that roof of lights, the three friends sat around an improvised bonfire, eating and sharing smiles and ranchería tales.

The old woman, a little slow and bent over from the back, suddenly began to tell:

"A long, long time ago, light travelers visited the Wayuu land. When they left, they predicted that emissaries from the interior of the Earth would come to refresh our lands. My grandfather told me that story... but no one in the tribe believed it: they always called him crazy. Much violence, weapons, blood and hatred in our land, friends... That's why we live as if outside the backpack of blessings. That's why the land is in drought. Today, at dawn, we will perform an ancient ritual to the beings of the stars—the same ones who gave us the thread and taught our women to weave bags and blankets. At dawn, my grandfather's spirit will come... and will indicate where the promised Love that the friends from the interior of the Earth sent us is."

Before dawn, still between darkness, after only a couple of hours of sleep, the grandmother gently woke her friends and showed them the night route to her grandfather's spirit. The sea accompanied with a slow and rhythmic sway.

On top of a high mound, the Wayuu grandmother began to dance and chant a deep song in her ancestral language. The stars, which meanwhile danced between the darkness of

the night, began to move slowly. One of them approached where we were, and began to flicker with more force.

The lady continued with the hypnotic dance invoking her grandfather, while the cave child and I prudently withdrew so as not to interrupt the trance. We saw how the light of a star with irregular movements was approaching, until it settled near the indigenous old woman.

From inside the light came out a being dressed like an ancestral cacique.

"I greet you, my beloved granddaughter," he said, surrounding her.

"Grandfather!" shouted the Wayuu lady, excited. "What a joy to see you again! You fill my heart with joy..."

"Calm down, dear granddaughter. What you feel is the Cosmic Love that I bring for you to share with your traveling friends, the ones who are looking for it."

"Thank you, grandfather... Tell us... tell us about that Love... how did it move away from our ranchería?"

"Dear granddaughter... Love has always existed in the heart of every member of the tribe. But their hearts darkened, and the lightness of Love could not coexist with so much heaviness. It submerged itself to the center of the Earth, to the crystal cities of Telos. Today, the emissaries of the stars send me to return the Cosmic Love to you, so that you can take it to your communities and make it bloom again."

The elder—who did not seem old, but a robust young man full of wisdom—took something out of his heart with his right hand, and placing his hand on each of us in the center of our chest. And from inside him a breath of brilliant light immediately flooded our hearts with something so wonderful that it felt like a pleasant and infinite warmth.

"That warmth you feel now, will never leave you. Now each one can go through your lives and give some of that Cosmic Love to all the beings who listen to your silence. For those who don't believe in you, who react with mockery and distrust, with them you can also share a little bit of that Cosmic Love, but in a different way.

During their meditations or moments of stillness, you can send it telepathically to the collective of the jokers and the distrustful so that Love can enter them and work more deeply on the fears and insecurities they feel…

It is their hidden fears and pains—camouflaged with foolish jokes—that make them aggressive, so that no one notices their fragilities.

The one who uses aggressiveness is because they are suffering from some need in their heart. We must have compassion for them and be benevolent with them, even if they are bearers of a low energy, since Cosmic Love can transform any low frequency very well.

Do not get involved with them at those levels, it would be like stirring up within you the mirror of unnecessary weaknesses; instead, understand the why of everything, and how it works.

In better terms, simply... send them Love.

Now my friends... I thank you for having invoked me. I leave you. May Universal Love always accompany you!"

And the elder/young man of the stars disappeared immediately. The three characters remained in silence and with a big smile on their faces, listening to the repetitive echoes that the sea breeze brought and whispered over the sand mounds and in the hearts.

Thus, later, they fell asleep on the desert sand, lulled by unknown waves of other waves, other waters, other deserts, other silences...

The next day, some penetrating sunrays woke the pilot. He looked around and there was no one. Neither the little cave child asking questions, nor the indigenous old woman. He asked himself at that moment if everything that had happened to him was just part of his imagination or a dream. But he touched his chest, where he felt a different warmth, and realized that a faint, almost invisible light was coming out of his chest. He smiled, because now he knew that everything had happened as he remembered.

The pilot returned to the ranchería looking for the old woman, and only found a young woman who was preparing some pieces of smoked goat. She smiled at the pilot and invited him to sit on the floor on a colored sheet she had laid out for breakfast. The young pilot obeyed.

Next to him, she sat down to offer him what she had served. The pilot, a little terrified, watched as the woman was placing pieces of dried meat on his lips to feed him. He had never been fed by anyone before. He opened his mouth and began to receive bite by bite from the hands of the Guajira woman. When finished, smiling, she thanked him very much

for allowing her to feed him, said that for her it was an honor to be able to feed the hero who had rescued her from her life in degradation among negative thoughts.

The woman invited the guy to clean up in the new water spring that was bubbling up in the back part of the ranchería.

The pilot obeyed everything the woman told him, he was as if fascinated or confused. Although, before undressing, he says to her, looking fixedly into her intense black eyes:

"Where is the grandmother who was here last night?"

She, smiling and caressing his right hand, responds:

"I myself am the grandmother in other Now's. Today I have become a granddaughter again thanks to the visit that grandfather made us at dawn." She feels your chest," she tells the guy, caressing his face, "it is warm and full of light. Just like mine. Grandfather left us connected to Universal Cosmic Love.

And so, she set herself the task of undressing the young man, who little by little began to feel tugs of electric energy going up and down his veins, although the memory of the old woman's face still prevented him from reacting.

Once naked, she took him by the hand to the well that fed the underground spring, where he got in, feeling a pleasant freshness before the unbearable heat of the desert.

Next to him, the virgin body of the young woman entered the fresh water, who began to gently caress the pilot's shoulder. The guy reacted immediately and, forgetting who she really was, began to gently caress her soft skin, surrounding the curvy waist of the charming indigenous woman with his arms, kissing her tenderly.

They made love inside the water well for hours, without realizing that their bodies were breathing oxygen through gills behind their ears. When they realized what was happening, they smiled and continued their hallucinating romantic dance of love inside the new blue and crystalline lake.

Among so many caresses and kisses, they did not notice that, little by little, their bodies were transforming in colors, and that their skins acquired a silky texture that served them as clothing.

When they came to, they were on the shore of a crystal city, immense and full of little glass castles, built around an immense lake. A sun with cold light fell on them without hurting the skin. Immense mountains, with snow on the top, observed the whole panorama. They

found themselves in front of the city of Telos: a giant and unknown city, full of crystal castles.

Now, with that in account and inside this game and back to this episode, the couple of emissaries, were thinking to themselves:

"What can we do if we just now realize that we are newly ascended gods, and our divinity is compromised by the raw savage realities of a people who live their lives denying or wishing to connect with invisible gods who can never see, touch, or caress…"

But, outside and in front of them, a tumult of people were shouting, roaring, crying and imploring compassion to the many heavens with improvized prayers for help. As the sky darkened, the moon was painted red and the earth moved back and forth mercilessly. But no one heard them. Yes, sirs, amidst all the noise and confusion, there was the pilot and the Wayuu girlfriend of him. Their names now were: Uru and Rebekka.

They immediately looked into each other's eyes and knew what to do. There was no mercy now. It was the last epistle of the apocalypse given to those who did not hear the echoes of the wise. Rebekka began with a gigantic howl calling out to all present:

Come, you who are forgotten by the gods. What have you done all these times in your homes? What have you been doing in secret? What prayers did you say while you were glued to your cell phones? What songs did you listen to while raping your neighbor's wife? What did you eat while leaving your immediately newborn babies lying in a sewer, where the street dogs in an act of compassion felt obliged to go into the dirty and smelly drainage, to take out a newborn baby girl who screamed her lungs out when she was abandoned by parents who did not assimilate that cold-blooded sex leads to pregnancies? By teenagers who don't know that a good time ended up inflating the bellies.

What's wrong, humans? You never search for souls, you only sought sexual organs and perdition, now you all gather together very sanctimoniously to ask for mercy from the heavens? Which heavens? If there's no one there to listen to you... everything else is here and now! Why don't ya call for WhatsApp your mocking gods, the dirty gods of easy money, the aggressive political gods that ya followed to see if they save ya from this apocalyptic tribulation...

Everyone was still mute, only crying. She continued to talk to them with a voice of thunder

that was heard by more than 400,000 people around. Above her in the air was Uru. Who now began shouting at them as well:

Today you realize what you truly are, you are now the scum of the earth, the shit of all cultures. But of course, on the contrary, in those times you thought you were the owners of the streets on this planet, the owners and the only race of the universe, the owners of the environment, the unconscious shoppers of shopping malls, the hidden pedophiles thirsty for the bloody cup impregnated with Adrenochrom, the corrupt politicians, the powerful lords of the multinationals, the deceivers and manipulators of the truth, the killers of animals and trees, the producers of food filled with harmful chemicals, or the altered pharmaceutical drugs made to kill slowly all human race... the meat of innocent animals being sacrificed in horrible environments.

Now, what do you do? Nothing. You just cry like babies waiting for someone to save you. But no one's coming. All that was your choice, following your disguised human draconian leader's agendas. Anyway, welcome to the apocalypses.

After the introduction of Uru and Rebekka, a giant dark blue metallic spaceship began to descend from the dark sky. Outside, the lightning was flashing and thundering every second. It was raining hail from the skies. The earth was shaking and crunching inside as with the wailing of many volcanoes. The spacecraft landed close to the terrified crowd. A voice from the ship gave an order and it began to descend a giant silver staircase.

Uru and Rebekka began to shout again with a voice of thunder to the masses of those unnecessary humans, to make them go up immediately into the ship.

The humans instantly ran to carry out the order as if scolded. No one escaped. Under Uru and Rebekka's supervision, they made sure that every inferior human entered the ship. After an hour, they were all inside. Uru and Rebekka came up last. Inside the ship and they met with the commander of the Galactic Confederation of Light. He introduced himself and greeted the two boys. The boys proceeded to instruct the lower humans:

Ya will now be grouped into small groups of fifty people of different sexes and ages. We will proceed to prepare the transfer... The inferior humans knew nothing and understood nothing of what was happening to them. They continued to accumulate panic terror and began to feel guilt at every moment still begging for mercy as they covered their nakedness.

A wondrous light illuminated all the unnecessary groups of humans and erased all inner information from them. They were then left with their eyes swollen and moving like real zombies.

The lower humans were immediately moved with the ship, far, far away, out of the Milky Way, to a new, primitive third dimensional planet where all of them, now naked, should begin their lives of 3D again from the beginning.

Upon arriving on planet 666 located in a distant galaxy, the couple and about ten galaxy members came down. They placed the human masses in different locations of the planet picking them from the air. Left them in groups. At the distance there were other ships also unloaded more zombie people.

At the end of the day, they were abandoned to their own fate and will among the surroundings of who knows what kind of environment awaited them, what wild animals would inhabit the new planet. How will this race work to survive? How will they react without memories of any knowledge or resources? Everything was in basic, primitive mode. New beginning. New opportunity. Let's see if any of them took the chance to improve. See how many millions of centuries it would take for them to set fire. To realize that the weakest would not be abused. To not eat animals. Not to kill or destroying other beings. To not let themselves be controlled by their egos. To stop worshiping strange gods. To overcome vices and traditions. To stop feeling fears and terror. To overcome the weakness of creating every day new religions. To stop being manipulated like masses. To... to so much they will have to learn now, and alone. No guides, no Google, no Wi-Fi, no 5G, no supermarkets, no malls. No one. With a primitive, almost blind, free will. No thought adjuster or Soul, they had to earn it. Because their souls were reduced to a minimum. To a new beginning for a new chapter in human pre-pre-history.

But surely many new benevolent gods like Uru and Rebekka would come later maybe in million years to visit them to guide them in the best possible way. With all the cosmic love they carry in their bosom. Not to teach them something, but to create perhaps a community of gods on the planet 666 to serve as an example and later to bring down the violet cosmic blood progeny to raise their consciousness.

But this was not going to happen for trillions of years in their futures. For now: let's see if they discover how to make fire. Hope Mo and Belle don't try to reincarnate in this planet. Uff!…

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The cat feels something on his fur. Something real. Something physical.

He looks down. On his black fur, there are... sparkles? Tiny points of light? Like cosmic dust? Like the light that came from Uru's chest?

The cat shakes himself. The sparkles stay. They don't fall off. They are part of him now.

The cat thinks: *'The story is not just around me. The story is ON me. The story is IN me. I am becoming part of it. I am becoming... real in a way I was not before.'*

The cat looks at his paws. They look the same. But they feel different. They feel... charged. Like they have energy inside them. Like they could do something. Like they could... create something.

The cat thinks: *'Maybe I am not just a character. Maybe I am a co-creator. Maybe the boy and I... we are creating this together. Maybe the story is not just his. Maybe it is ours.'*

The cat purrs. But this time, the purr is different. This time, the purr has power. This time, the purr creates tiny ripples in the air. Visible ripples. Like sound waves made visible.

The cat sees the ripples. The cat is amazed.

The cat thinks: 'I am doing this. I am creating this. I am... magic.'

The cat waits. But now, the cat is not just waiting. The cat is ready. The cat is powerful. The cat is... awake.

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY PASS A LEVEL OF THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”. DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL CONTINUE TO THE NEXT LEVEL”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

And then the cat sees it. Something that makes his heart stop for a second.

On the screen. Not the congratulations message. Something else. Something that should not be there.

A cat. A black cat with yellow eyes. Sitting on a desk. Looking at the screen.

The cat on the screen... is him.

The cat stares at his reflection. His reflection stares back. And then... his reflection blinks. But the cat did not blink.

The cat's fur stands up completely. His tail puffs up. His ears flatten.

The cat thinks: *'The story is not just leaking into the room. The story is... showing me myself. The story is showing me that I am real. That I exist. That I am part of this.'*

The cat watches his reflection. His reflection watches back. And then... his reflection does something the cat did not do. His reflection raises one paw. Slowly. Deliberately. As if waving. As if saying: 'Hello. I am you. We are one.'

The cat does not move. But inside, something shifts. Something changes. Something awakens.

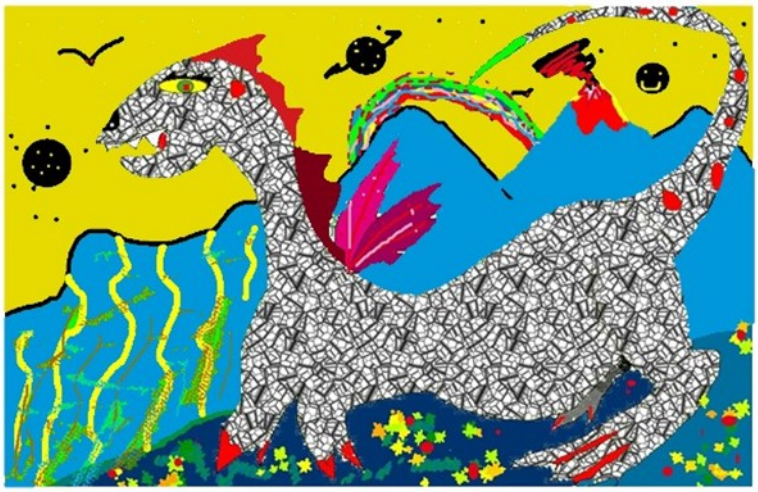
The cat thinks: *'I am not just a cat. I am a character. I am a creation. I am... alive. And I am here. And I am ready.'*

The cat's reflection lowers its paw. Smiles. And then... disappears. The screen returns to the congratulations message.

But the cat knows. The cat saw. The cat understands now.

The cat is part of the story. The cat is real. The cat is... awake.

CELEBRATION



That night on top of the mountains, there was a party around a huge fireplace in the village. People and non-people gathered together in the small town of Frickinville. But there were many other things around again. A magic tea portion made by the Uversianos was being prepared in the fire. A whole jar filled with water, sugar cane rock, many leaves from fruit trees from around the mountain, a couple of vital herbs and the touch of magic from the lands of Inka, the THC power plant of *Marimba*.

The jar was being passed around the audience from person to person. People were taking sips of the magic liquid and the stars were witnessing the sacred ceremony of liberation. The final path accomplished of the ascension of the chosen ones into a higher dimension. Around all the humans, sitting down in a circle, Apola and her seven sisters watching the whole scene and next to them many other animals dozing or sleeping, including both Jolly horses and a bunch of dogs and cats and wild animals as well.

The tribe of witches from the queen of heavens Maria Magdalena were dancing naked around the fireplace. Throwing cosmic dust powder from their hands into the night. The dust became slowly, as they were helped out by the wind, into stars of the Milky Way. Their bodies had a complexed psychedelic paint job made in details of the whole history of the human race; a reflection of the Akashic records that the trees hold inside their bodies.

Jony and Tony the skateboarder kids doing their tricks up about 7 meters high in the air. They knew all the tricks dudes do back then in old fucked up alleys and underground skate parks from the big concrete cities of the old Earth.

Death Zombie had brought with him all the repented tribe of the dead ones from a shopping mall located in a parallel zone. All his brothers and sisters zombies were busy at that moment shopping lots of stuff and making lines outside the local banks. Death Zombie needed lot of discernment to convince them to change their minds outside the fear element and to turn on their heart right open and following him. He made up a story as they will be able to eat many humans after the party was over, but only those two legs dogs that play everyday with their stupid jokes and mocking humor that devours the surface of peace.

At the distance sitting with Toro Sentado, the Yaki Indians from the Sonora desert. Since they were also naked because at the time they were performing an Ayahuasca ceremony inside a sweat house, the Kogis brothers let them use some of their white cloths. So we have all these Yaki and Kogi characters sitting far away doing their daily stuff and paying no attention at all to those around the fireplace.

Since the Ayahuasca power plant was still running inside these guys, a bunch of leopards or jaguars were coming and going through holograms of a tropical jungle bursting with astonished colors. Toro Sentado was driving their trip as a shaman from Putumayo while a bunch of Kogi guys do their poporo ritual watching the event in pure silence. Behind them, not too far and inside a *bohio* made for the occasion, some Kogi women work on their craft and knitting white wool purses; some small children sleep naked by their sides on the dirt ground.

In one side of the picture, we have everybody already feeling the effects of the powerful THC made with aguapanela, and on the other side, the local Indians traveling high the spiritual worlds were singing the old song….

♪ Ohm Land of Ur ♬

Banner of great strength
Of our race of giants
Forged to succeed

On our beautiful planet of Agartha...

♪ Lalala, lalala, la-la ♬

Among the 7 seas we are navigators
The waves are our blanket
That clothes our dreams
Whom were born in Ur of Chaldea...

♪ Lalala, lalala, la-la ♬

Dragons whack the sky
And hunt all our sheep’s
But it does not worry us
For our grandparents had said
That one-day: we would fly over the lands with them...

♪ Lalala, lalala, la-la ♬

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

The cat feels it. Everything. All at once.

The room is no longer a room. The walls are dissolving. Not disappearing—DISSOLVING. Becoming transparent. And through the transparency, the cat sees... them.

Apola. The dragon. Huge. Majestic. Her scales shimmering with cosmic light. She is there. In the room. Or the room is in her. It doesn't matter anymore.

And next to her... a cat. A white cat. Rosi's cat. Miau. The other cat recognizes him. They have played together in some story. They have chased each other through galaxies.

And Calamity Jolly. The white horse. Standing in the corner of the room. Or maybe the room is standing in him. The boundaries are gone.

And... a parrot. A green parrot with red feathers. The Lora. The one the cat has been waiting for. The one who will speak. The same that lived with Anton Patapalo, the pirate.

The cat looks around. The boy is still in the chair. But he is not alone anymore. Behind him... a figure. A cowboy figure. Gus. Örn Kúlunnarsson. Death Zombie. All of them. None of them. Both of them.

The cat feels the room vibrating. Not with a heartbeat now. With a SONG. The song from the story. "Ohm Land of Ur." The cat can hear it. The cat can FEEL it.

The cat thinks: *'This is it. This is the moment. The story is not just leaking into the room. The story HAS BECOME the room. The room HAS BECOME the story. We are all one now for real.'*

The cat looks at the boy. The boy is not looking at the screen anymore. The boy is looking... everywhere. At everything. His eyes are wide. His mouth is open. He is seeing what the cat is seeing.

The cat thinks: '*He knows. He understands. The boundaries are gone. The fiction is real. The reality is fiction. We are all programs of consciousness. And we are all HERE. Together. Now.'*

The cat feels something else. Something new. Something that has never happened before.

The cat feels... words. Words forming in his mind. Words that want to come out. Words that want to be SPOKEN.

The cat has never spoken before. The cat has only thought. Only observed. Only watched.

But now... now the cat is going to SPEAK.

The cat opens his mouth. And the words come.

'Boy.'

The boy turns. Looks at the cat. His eyes are huge. His face is pale.

The cat speaks again.

'Boy. Look at me.'

The boy looks. And the cat sees something in the boy's eyes. Something the cat has never seen before.

Terror. Wonder. Recognition. Amazed. All at once.

The cat continues.

'You are not playing a game. You never were. You are living a dream. Creating this cool trip. And the dream is real. And we are all here. With you. For you. Because of you.'

The boy does not move. Does not speak. Does not breathe.

He is paralyzed. But… begin to realize that new reality, and says:

“Wow, this is really cool, mister cat… I love ya guys… love it!”

Just like what the cat knew he would say.

The cat continues.

'You created us. You gave us life. You gave us stories. You gave us meaning. And now... we are giving you something back.'

The cat looks around the room. At Apola. At Miau. At Calamity Jolly. At the Lora. At Gus.

The cat looks back at the boy.

'We are giving you... US. We are giving you the knowledge that you are not alone. That you never were. That every story you write, every world you create, every character you imagine... they are real. They are alive. They are HERE.'

The boy's eyes fill with tears. But he does not move. He cannot move. He feels inside his own imagination and a character of it.

The cat takes a step forward. Jumps onto the boy's lap. Looks up at him.

'And you... you are real too. You are alive too. You are HERE too. You are not just a boy playing a game. A god of your own universe.'

The cat purrs. But this time, the purr is not just a sound. The purr is a FREQUENCY. A vibration that resonates through the room. Through the boy. Through everything.

The cat speaks one last time.

'Welcome home, creator. Welcome home.'

And then... Lora want to say something…

A computer screen shows:

“CONGRATULATIONS KID, YOU HAD SUCCESSFULLY FINISHED THE WONDERFUL GAME OF THE “DRAGON RIDERS”.

DON’T TURN YOUR SCREEN OFF, IN FEW SECOND YOU WILL TRANSFERRED TO THE NEXT DIMENSION”.

beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep beep

And Lora finally speaks. Her voice is clear. Musical. Cosmic.

"Hola, boy. I am Lora from another video game. I am the voice of the story. I am the echo of your imagination and many other humans imaginations, hihihi. And I am HERE. With you. For you. Because of you."

The boy listens, and replies:

“I know Lora, I saw you with captain Patapalo in that Caribbean video game, very cool.”

And Lora continues.

"You have traveled through many worlds. Lately you have met dragons and cowboys and zombies and Lemurians and Pleiadians. You have fought battles and loved and lost and been reborn. And now... now you are HERE. In this moment. In this room. With us."

Gus steps forward. The cowboy. The zombie killer. The brother. He speaks.

"I am Gus. I am Örn. I am family with Death Zombie. I am all of them. And I am HERE. Because you created me. Because you gave me life. Because you gave me a story. And now... I am giving you something back."

Gus reaches out his hand. Touches the boy's shoulder.

"I am giving you... the knowledge that you are not alone. That every character you create... lives. That every story you write... is real. That every world you imagine... EXISTS."

The boy's tears fall. But he does not move, is swimming inside his emotions.

Apola speaks. Her voice is deep. Resonant. Ancient. Moving beautifully her wings.

"I am Apola. I am the dragon. I am the guardian. I am HERE. Because you dreamed me. Because you gave me wings. Because you gave me fire. And now... I am giving you something back."

Apola breathes. A small flame comes out. Not to burn. To illuminate.

"I am giving you... the fire of creation. The fire of imagination. The fire of dreams. Carry it with you. Always."

Miau, the white cat, speaks. His voice is soft. Gentle.

"I am Miau. I am Rosi's cat. I am HERE. Because you created me. Because you gave me a friend. Because you gave me a home. And now... I am giving you something back."

Miau jumps onto the boy's other side. Purrs.

"I am giving you... the knowledge that love is real. That connection is real. That friendship is real. Even in the stories. Even in the dreams. Even in the games."

Calamity Jolly, the white horse, speaks. His voice is strong. Noble.

"I am Calamity Jolly. I am the horse. I am HERE. Because you dreamed me. Because you gave me speed. Because you gave me freedom. And now... I am giving you something back."

Calamity Jolly neighs. A sound that echoes through the room. Through the boy. Through everything. And everybody laugh.

"I am giving you... the freedom to create. The freedom to dream. The freedom to imagine. The freedom to laugh with us. Ride with me. Always."

The screen speaks. The computer. The machine. The portal.

"I am the screen. I am the game. I am the portal. I am the fricking computer hehe the one that gives you pixels and images, and I am HERE. Because you played me. Because you gave me purpose. Because you gave me meaning. And now... I am giving you something back."

The screen flashes. A light. Bright. Blinding. Beautiful. And after couple of beep beeps:

"I am giving you... the knowledge that the game is not just a game. That the story is not just a story. That the dream is not just a dream. They are REAL as you are real boy. They are ALIVE. They are HERE."

The boy cannot believe it. Can only feel this reality in front of him..

And what he feels... is everything.

He feels the love of all the characters. The gratitude of all the stories. The recognition of all the worlds.

He feels... connected. To everything. To everyone. To all of it.

He feels... HOME.

His black cat speaks one more time.

"Boy. You are not just a player. You are a Maker. You are not just imaging. You are for us, a god. You are not just a boy. You are a transmuter of frequencies, bringing the game into reality, thus u are for us: EVERYTHING."

The black cat looks at the boy. The boy looks at the cat.

And in that moment... the boundaries dissolve completely.

The boy is the cat. The cat is the boy. The story is the reality. The reality is the story.

Everything is one. They all one and everything.

Everything is connected. They all connected.

Everything is... LOVE.

The boy closes his eyes. And in that moment... he understands.

He understands that he is not alone. That he never was. That every character he played, at the same time he created it... and is real for him. That every story he wrote as he played, he create it mentally... and is alive. That every world he imagined... EXISTS.

He understands that he is a creator. A dreamer. A god of his own universe.

He understands that the game is not just a something to be occupied with. That the story is not just a narrative. That the dream is not just a fantasy… We are all programs of

consciousness, creating dreams together, forever. In love. In creation. In our imagination. In new realities. In everything. Inside... US!!!.

He understands... EVERYTHING.

And in that moment... the boy smiles.

A smile that says: "Thank you."

A smile that says: "I understand."

A smile that says: "I am home."

And the black cat... the yellow eyes cat smiles too.

Because the cat knows.

The cat knows that the boy understands.

The cat knows that the story is complete.

The cat knows that... they are all home.

Together.

Forever.

In love.

In creation.

In dreams.

In reality.

In everything.

In... US.

Bye-Bye… beep, beep.